

HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

Translated according to y<sup>e</sup> Grecke.

By Geo: Chapman.

At mishi q<sup>u</sup> viuo detraxerit fniuida Turba  
Post obitum duplici fcenore reddet Honor.





TO THE MOST  
WORTHILY HONO-  
RED, MY SINGVLR  
GOOD L ORD, ROBERT,  
Earle of S O M E R S E T,  
Lord Chamber-  
laine, &c.

**H**auē aduentured (Right Noble Earle) out of  
my remoſt, and euer-vowed ſervice to your  
Vertues, to entitle their Merits to the Patro-  
nage of Homers English life: whose wiſt  
natuſall life, the great Macedon woule  
hauē protected, as the ſpirit of his Em-  
pire,

That he to his vnmeaſur'd mightie A ct s,  
Might adde a Fame as vauſt; and their extracts,  
In fires as bright, and endleſſe as the ſtarres,  
His breast might bi cathe; and thunder out his warres.  
But that great Monarks loue of fame and praife,  
Receiuēs an eniuious Cloud in our foule daies:  
For ſince our Great ones, ceaſe themſelues to do  
Deeds worth their praife; they hold it folly too,  
To feed their praife in others. But what can  
(Of all the giſts that are) be giuen to man,  
More preciuſ then Eternitie and Glorie,  
Singing their praifes, in vniſilencit ſtorie?  
Which No blacke Day, No Nation, nor no Age;  
No change of Time or Fortune, Force, nor Rage,

## THE EPISTLE

Shall euer race? All which, the Monarch knew,  
Where Homer liu'dentil'd, would enfew:

Ex Angeli Po-  
litanus Ambris.

*Cuius de gurgite viuo*

*Combibit arcanos vatum omnis turbafurores, &c.*

From whose deepe Fount of life, the thirstie rout  
Of Thespian Prophets, haue lien sucking out  
Their sacred rages. And as th'influent stone  
Of Father *Joues* great and laborious Sonne,  
Lifts high the heauie Iron; and farre implices  
The wide Orbs; that the Needle rectifies,  
In vertuous guide of euery sea-driuen course,  
To all aspiring, his one boundlesse force:

So from one *Homer*, all the holy fire,  
That euer did the hidden heate inspire  
In each true Muse, came cleerly sparkling downe,  
And must for him, compose one flaming Crowne.

He, at *Joues* Table set, fils out to vs,  
Cups that repaire Age, fad and ruinous;  
And giues it Built, of an eternall stand,  
With his all-snewie Odysscean hand.

Shifts Time, and Fate; puts Death in Lifes free state;  
And Life doth into Ages propagate.  
He doth in Men, the Gods affects inflame;  
His fuell Vertue, blowne by *Praise* and *Fame*:  
And with the high soules, first impulsiones driuen,  
Breakes through rude Chaos, Earth, the Seas, and Heauen.

The Nerves of all things hid in Nature, lie  
Naked before him; all their Harmonie  
Tun'd to his Accents; that in Beasts breathe Minds.  
What Fowles, what Floods, what Earth, what Aire, what Winds,  
What fires Æthereall; what the Gods conclude  
In all their Counsels, his Muse makes indue  
With varied voices, that euen rockes haue mou'd.  
And yet for all this, (naked Vertue lou'd)  
Honors without her, he, as abie&t, prises;  
And foolish Fame, deriu'd from thence, despises.  
When from the vulgar, taking glorious bound,  
Up to the Mountaine, where the Muse is crownd;

## DEDICATORIE.

He sits and laughs, to see the iaded Rabble,  
Toile to his hard heights, tall acceſſe vnable. &c.

*Thus far Angel  
Pulitanus, for  
the most part  
translated.*

And that your Lordship may in his Face, take view of his Mind: the first word of his *Iliads*, is *muu*, wrath: the first word of his *Odysses*, *and*, Man: contracting in either word, his each workes Proportion. In one, Predominant Perturbation; in the other, ouer-ruling Wisedome: in one, the Bodies seruour and fashion of outward Fortitude, so all possible height of Heroicall Action; in the other, the Minds inward, constant, and unconquerd Empire; unbroken, unalterd, with any most insolent, and tyrannous infliction. To many most souaigne praises is this Poeme entitld; but to that Grace in chife, which jets on the Crowne, both of Poets and Orators; *ne uera, ueritas; ne ea uera ueritas*: that is, Parua magna dicere; peruulgata noue; ieuina plene: To speake things little, greatly; things commune, rarely; things barren and empie, fruitfully and fully. The returne of a man into his Countrie, is his whole scope and obiect; which, in it selfe, your Lordship may well say, is ieuine and fruitleſſe enough; affording nothing feaſtfull, nothing magnificent. And yet even this, doth the diuine inspiration, render vaste, illustrious, and of miraculouſe compoſure. And for this (my Lord) is this Poeme referred to his *Iliads*: for therein much magnificence, both of person and action, giues great aide to his industrie; but in this, are theſe helpeſ, exceeding ſparing, or nothing; and yet is the ſtructure ſo elaborate, and pompoſe, that the poore plaine Groundworke (conſidered together) may ſeeme the naturally rich womb to it, and produce it needfully. Much wonderd at therefore, is the Censure of Dionyſius Longimus (a man oþerwise affirmed, graue, and of elegant iudgement) comparing Homer in his *Iliads*, to the Sunne riſing; in his *Odyſſes*, to his deſcent or ſetting. Or to the Ocean robd of his aſture; many tributorie ſloudes and riuers of excellent ornament, withheld from their obſeruance. When this his worke ſo farre exceeds the Ocean, with all his Court and concurſe; that all his Sea, is onely a ſerviceable ſtreame to it. Nor can it be compared to any One power to be named in nature; being anentirely wel-ſorted and digeſted Confluence of all. Where the moſt folide and graue, is made as nimble and fluent, as the moſt arie and firie; the nimble and fluent, as firme and well-bounded as the moſt graue and ſolid. And (taking all together) of ſo tender imprefſion, and of ſuſt Command to the voice of the Mute; that they knocke heauen with her breath, and diſcouer their foundations as low as hell. Nor is this all-comprizing Poetic, phantaſtique,

## THE EPISTLE

or mere fictiue; but the most material, and doctrinal illussions of Truth; both for all manly information of Manners in the yong; all prescripeion of Justice, and euen Christian pietie, in the most graue and high-gouernd. To illustrate both which, in both kinds, with all height of expreſſion, the Poet creates both a Bodie and a Soule in them. Wherein, if the Bodie (being the letter, or historie) ſeemeſt fictiue, and beyond Possiſtiblity to bring into Act: the ſenſe then and Allegorie (which is the Soule) is to be ſoughe: which intends a more eminent expreſſion of Virtue, for her louelineſſe; and of Vice for her vgleneſſe, in their ſeverall effects; going beyond the life, then any Art within life, can poſſibly delineate. Why then is Fiction, to this end, ſo barefull to our true Ignorants? Or why ſhould a poore Chronicler of a Lord Maiors naked Truth, (thoſt peraduerture will laſt his yeare) include more worth with our moderne wizards, then Homer for his naked Vlyſſes, clad in eternall Fiction? But this Prozer Dionyſius, and the reſt of theſe graue, and reputatiuely lea ned, (that dare vndertake for their grauitie, the headſtrong conjuſe of all things; and challenge the understanding of theſe Toyſ in their childhoods: when euen theſe childiſh vanities, retaine deepe and moſt neceſſarie learning e nough in them, to make them children in their ages, and teach them while they liue) are not in theſe abſolutely diuine Inſiſtions, allowd either voice or reliſh: for, Qui Poeticas ad foras accedit, &c. (ayes the Diuine Philo, oþer) he that knobs at the Gates of the Mutes; ſine Muſarum furore, is neither to be admitted entrie, nor a touch at their Thresholde: his opinion of entrie, ridiculous, and his presumption impious. Nor muſt Poets themſelues (might I a little iſiſt on theſe contempts, not tempting too farre your Lordiſhips Vlyſſean patiencie) preſume to theſe dooreſ, without the truly genuine, and peculiare induction. There being in Poēſie a twofold rapture, (or alienation of ſoule, as the abouſaid Teacher termes it) one Infania, a diſease of the mind, and a mere madneſſe, by which the infected is throughe beneath all the degrees of humānitie: & ex homine, Brutum quodammodo redditur: (for which, poore Poēſie, in this diſeas'd and impostorouſe age, is ſo barbarouſly civiliſed) the other is, Diuinus furor; by which the ſound and diuinely healthfull, ſupra hominis naturam erigitur, & in Deum tranſit. One a perfection directly iuſtified from God: the other an infection, obliquely and degenerately proceeding from man. Of the diuine Furie (my Lord) your Homer hath euer bene, both firſt, and laſt Inſtance; being pronounced abſolutely, moſt enterprizing, moſt dauntleſſ, moſt valiue; the moſt wiſe and moſt diuine

Poet.

## DEDICATORIE.

Poet. Against whom, whoſoever ſhall open his prophane mouth, may wortly receiue anſwer, with this of his diuine defendor; (Empedocles, Heraclitus, Protagoras, Epichar: &c. being of Homers part) &c. & who againſt ſuch an Armie, and the Generall Homer dares atteſte the aſſault, but he muſt be reputed ridiculous? And yet againſt this boaſt, and this invincible Commander, ſhall we haue every Befogne and foole a Leader. The common herd (I affirme my ſelf) readie to receive it on their horneſ. Their infected Leaders, Such men, as ſideling ride the ambling Mufe; Whose ſaddle is as frequent as the ſtule. Whose Raptures are in euery Pageant ſcene; In euery Waffall rime, and Dancing greene: When he that writes by any beame of Truth, Muſt diue as deepe as he; paſt ſhallow youth. Truth dwels in Gulphs, whose Deepes hide ſhades ſo rich, That Night ſits muſtled there, in clouds of pitch: More Darke then Nature made her; and requires (To cleare her tough mifts) Heauens great fire of fires, To whom, the Sunne it ſelue is but a Beame. For ſickle ſoules then (but rapt in foolish Dreame) To wrestle with theſe Heau'n-strong myſteries, What madneſſe is it? when their light, feruies eies That are not worldly, in their leaſt aſpect, But truly pure; and aime at Heauen, dire&t. Yet theſe, none like; but what the brazen head Blatters abroad; no ſooner borne, but dead. Holding then in eternal contempt (my Lord) thoſe ſhort-liued Bubbles; eternize your evertue and iudgement with the Grecian Monark; esteeming, not as the leaſt of your New-yeares Preſents, Homer (three thouſand yeares dead) now reuiu'd, Euen from that dull Death, that in life he liu'd; When none conceited him; none vnderſtood, That ſo much life, in ſo much death as blood Conueys about it, could mixe. But when Death Drunke vp the bloudie Mist, that humane breath Pour'd round about him (Pouertie and Spight, Thickning the hapleſſe vapor) then Truſhs light Glimmerd about his Poeme: the pincht ſoule,

(Amidſt

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### THE EPISTLE

(Amidst the *Mysteries* it did encoule)  
Brake powrefuly abroad. And as we see  
The Sunne all hid in clouds, at length got free,  
Through some forc't couert, ouer all the wayes,  
Neare and beneath him, shoothes his vented rayes  
Farre off, and stickeſ them in ſome little Glade;  
All woods, fields, riuers, left beſides in ſhade:  
So your *Apollo*, from that world of light,  
Closde in his Poems bodie, ſhot to light  
Some few forc't Beames, which neare him, were not ſeene,  
(As in his life or countrie) Fate and Spleene,  
Clouding their radiance, which when Death had cleard;  
To farre off Regions, his free beames appear'd:  
In which, all ſtood and wonderd; ſtriuing which,  
His Birth and Rapture, thould in right enrich.  
Twelue *Labours* of your *Theſpian Hercules*,  
I now preſent your Lordſhip: Do but pleafe  
To lend Life meaneſ, till th'other Twelue receaue  
E quall achiuevement; and let Death then reaue  
My life now loſt in our Patriarke Loues,  
That knocke heads with the herd: in whom there moues  
One blood, one ſoule: both drownd in one ſet height  
Of ſtupid Enuie, and meere popular Spight.  
Whose loues, with no good, did my leaſt veine fill;  
And from their hates, I feare as little ill.  
Their Bounties nouriſh not, when moſt they feed,  
But where there is no Merit, or no Need:  
Raine into riuers ſtill; and are ſuſh Thowres,  
As bubbles ſpring, and overflow the flowres.  
Thei're worse parts, and worſt men, their Beſt ſubornes,  
Like winter Cowes, whose milke runnes to their hornes.  
And as litigious Clients bookeſ of Law,  
Coſt infinitely; taste of all the Awe,  
Bencht in our kingdomes Policie, Pietie, State;  
Earne all their deepe explorings; ſatiate  
All ſorts there thrust together by the heart,  
With thirſt of wiſedome, ſpent on either part:

Horrid

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### DEDICATORIE.

Horrid examples made of Life and Death,  
From their fine ſtuffe wouen: yet when once the breath  
Of ſentence leaues them, all their worth is drawne  
As drie as duff, and weareſ like Cobweb Lawne:  
So theſe men ſet a price vpon their worth,  
That no man giues, but thoſe that trot it forth,  
Through Needs foule wayes; feed *Humors*, with all coſt,  
Though *Judgement* ſterues in them: *Rout*: *State* engrōſt  
(At all Tabacco benches, ſolemne Tables,  
Where all that croſſe their Enuies, are their fables)  
In their ranke faction: Shame, and Death approu'd  
Fit Penance for their Oppoſites: none lou'd  
But thoſe that rub them: not a Reaſon heard,  
That doth not ſooth, and gloriſe their preferd  
Bitter Opinions. When, would *Truth* reſume  
The cauſe to his hands; all would fli in fume  
Before his ſentence; ſince the innocent mind,  
Iuft God makes good; to whom their worſt is wind.  
For, that I freely all my Thoughts exprefſe,  
My Conſcience is my Thouſand witneſſes:  
And to this stay, my conſtant Comforſt vow;  
*You for the world I haue, or God for you.*



## Certaine ancient Greeke Epigrammes Translated.

*All starres are drunke up by the fire Sunne,  
And in so much a flame, lies shrunke the Moone:  
Homers all-liv'd Name, all Names leavens in Death,  
whose splendor onely, Muses Boomes breath.*

Another.

*Heau'ns fires shall first fall darkn'd from his Sph'res;  
Graw' Night, the light weed of the Day, shall weare:  
Fr'sh breemes shall chase the Sea; tough Plowes shall teare  
Her ffol'e bottomes: Men, in long late dead,  
Shall rise, and live; before Oblivion sbed  
Those full-greene leaves, that crown great Homers head.*

Another.

*The great Mazonides doth onely write;  
And to him dictates, the great God of Light.*

Another.

*Seven kingdome strowne, in which shoulde swell the wombe  
That bore great Homer; whom Fame freed from Tombe:  
Argos, Chius, Pylos, Smyma, Colopone,  
The learn'd Athenian, and Vlysscan Throne.*

Another.

*Art thou of Chius? No. of Salamine?  
As little, was the Smyrnean Countre shine?  
Nor so, which then? w'st Cunus? Colopone?  
Nor one, nor other. Art thou then of none,  
That Fame proclames thee? None. Thy Reason call:  
If I confesse of one, I anger all.*

## THE FIRST BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*The Gods in counsele sit, to call  
Vlysses from Calypso's thralld;  
And order their high pleasures, thuse;  
Gray Pallas, to Telemachus  
(In Ithaca) her way addres'd;  
And did her heavenly lims inuest  
In Menta's likeneſſe; that did raigne  
King of the Taphians (in the Maine,  
Whose rough waves neare Leucadia runne)  
Aduising wſe Vlysses (one  
To ſeek his father, and addrefſe  
His courſe to yong Tantalides  
That gourn'd Sparta, Thus much ſaid,  
She ſeawd ſhe was Heau'ns martiall Maid,  
And vaniſh from him. Next to thiſ,  
The Banquet of the woovers iſ.*

Another.

*After. The Deities ſit;  
The Man retriv'd:  
Th' Uſſean wit,  
By Pallas ſirv'd.*

**T**he Man (O Muse) informe, that many a way,  
Wound with his wifedome to his wiſhed stay.  
That wanderd wondrous farre, when, He, the towne  
Of ſacred Troy, had ſackt, and ſhuerd downe.  
The cities of a world of nations,  
With all their manners, mindes, and fathions  
He ſaw and knew. At ſea ſelt many woes,  
Much care, and ſtaintd, to ſaue from ouerthrowes  
Himſelfe, and friends, in their reteate for home.  
But ſo, their fates, he could not overcomē,  
Though much he thirſted it. O men vñwife,  
They perifht by their owne impicities,  
That in their hungers rapine would not ſhunne  
The Oxen of the loſtſie-going Sunne:

*given him in the firſt verſe; and vndeſtanding ſignifying, Homo cuius ingenium, velut per multas, & varias vias, venturis in ve-*

*ram.*  
The information  
or fation of an  
aliate man,  
and neceſſarie  
or fatal ſtrouge  
through many  
afflictions (ac-  
cording with the  
moſt ſacred Law-  
ter) to his natu-  
rall haueſed  
country, is the  
whole argument,  
and ſtore of thiſ  
inimitable, and  
miraculous Pa-  
tome. And there-  
fore is the epi-  
tite marcham-

Who therefore from their eyes, the day benefit  
Of safe returne. These acts in some part left,  
Tell vs, as others, deified feed of *law*.  
Now all the rest that austere Death out-strowe  
At *Troy*, long siege, at home safe anchor'd are,  
Free from the malice both of sea and warre;  
Only *Vlysses* is denide accele  
To wife and home. The Grace of Goddeses  
The reverend Nymph *Cypp* did detaine  
Him in her Caues: past all the rice of men,  
Enflam'd to make him her lou'd Lord and Spouse.  
And when the Gods had destin'd that his houle,  
Which *Ithaca* on her rough bofome beares,  
(The point of time wrought out by ambient yeartes)  
Should be his hauen; Contention still extends  
Her enuie to him, euen amongst his friends.  
All Gods took pitie on him: only he  
That girds Earth in the cineture of the sea,  
Diuine *Vlysses* euer did enuie,  
And made the first port of his birth to flie.

Diseases pro-  
gress to the  
desire.

These notes following, I am informed to infer, (since the words they containe, differ from all other translati-<sup>ons</sup>) left it be thought to err out of that ignorance that may perhaps reflecte my depre-<sup>re</sup>c<sup>re</sup>ation of a supposition, transplanted in their place incalculable<sup>ly</sup> hast made the spirituall of *Al-  
lied*, a from the true sense of the word, as it is to be under-  
stood: what is quite contrary, as *ordine* is to be expanded in some place  
Division, or *Deo* Which, we fortook him, would so hardly set  
in motion (some after) contrarie *Deo*. The perfu<sup>s</sup> to whom the *Epithete* is given, giving  
*Epithete* given to *Atlas* *significans* following, in some place signifies Mente perturbata

10

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

To his murtherous purpos; tending *Mercurie*  
(That slaughterd *Argus*) our considerate spic,  
To giue him this charge: Do not wed his wife,  
Nor murther him; for thou shalt buy his life,  
With ransome of thine owne; imposide on thee  
By his *Orestes*; when, in him shall be  
*Strides* selfe renewd; and but the prime  
Of youth; spring put abroad; in thirst to clime  
His haughtie Fathers throne, by his high acts.  
Thee words of *Hermes*, wrought not into facts  
*Ægishhu* powres; good counsell he delspide,  
And to that Good, his ill is sacrificide.

*Pallas* (whose eyes did sparkle like the skies)  
Anfwerd: O Sire! supreame of Deities;  
*Ezisibus* past his Fate, and had desert  
To warrant our infiiction; and conuert  
May all the paines, such impious men infligē  
On innocent sufferers; to reuenge as strict,  
Their owne hearts eating. But, that *Ithacus*  
(Thus neuermeriting) shoulde suffer thus;  
I deeply suffer. His more pious mind  
Diuides him from these fortunes. Though vnkind  
I. Petic to him, giving him a face,  
More suffering then the most infortunate;  
So long kept friendlesse, in a sea-girt soile,  
Where the seas nauile is a sylvan Ile,  
In which the Goddesse dwells, that doth derue  
Her birth from *Ailas*; who, of all aliue,  
The motion and the fashion doth command,  
With his b'wse mind, whose forces understand  
The inmost deepes and gulfes of all the seas:  
Who (for his skill of things superior) stayes  
The two steepe Columnes that prop earth and heau,  
His daughter tis, who holds this c' homelesse-driuen,  
Still mourning with her. Euermore profuse  
Of soft and winning speeches; that abuse  
And make so d' languishingly, and possēt  
With so remisse a mind, her loued guest  
Manage the action of his way for home.  
Where he (though in affection ouercome)  
In iudgement yet, more longs to shew his hopes,  
His countries smoke leape from her chimney tops,

express *Plysses* desert errors, *waga* *tu* *tu*, *tu* *tu*, qui vix locum inuenire potest ubi *confusat*. dition, applied to *read*, the rather to *waga* *tu* *tu* and approve the *Allegro* driven through the whole *Odysse*. *Deciphering* the *intangling* of the *wife* *Odysse* in his *afflictions*; and the torments that breed in every *pou* *pinde* to be liberly hindred to arrive so directly to the *desire*, at the proper and only true natural country of the *wordy* *man*, who *hath* *heaven* and the *next life*, to which, *this life* *is but a* *sea*, in continual *afflure* and *vection*. The words *occulating* all this, are *parauane*, *despe*; *parauane* *signifying*, *qui* *language*, *animi* *remulso* *rem* *aliquam* *gerit*; which being the effect of *Calypso*'s sweete words in *Plysses*, where applied *passually* to his *owne* *suffrance* of *their* *operation*.

Pallas to Imp.  
Secy.

**b** In this place  
is Atlas given  
the Epithete,  
everox, which  
signifies qui vni-  
uersa mente agi-  
tata, here given  
him, for the po-  
wer the stars  
lie in all  
things. Yet this  
receives other  
interpretation  
in other places,  
as above said.  
**c** *Surwō* is  
here turned by  
others, infelix  
in the general  
collection; when  
it has here a  
particular con-

And death askes in her armes. Yet never shall  
 Thy lou'd heart be conuerted on his thrall,  
 (Austere *Olympus*;) did not euer he,  
 In ample *Troy*, thy altars graffie?  
 And Grecians Fleete make in thy offerings swim?  
 O *Ione*, why still then burnes thy wrath to him?  
 The Cloud-assembler answere: What words flie  
 (Bold daughter) from thy Pale of *Ivorie*:  
 As if I euer could cast from my care  
 Divine *Vlysses*, who exceeds so faire  
 All men in wisedome? and so oft hath giuen  
 To all th' Immortall thron'd in ample heauen,  
 So great and sacred gifts? But his deccres,  
 That holds the earth in with his nimble knees,  
 Stand to *Vlysses* longings so extreame,  
 For taking from the God-fee *Polyphemus*  
 His onely eye; a *Cyclop*, that excell'd  
 All other *Cyclops*: with whose burthen swell'd  
 The Nymph *Thoosa*, the divine increafe  
 Of *Phorcus* seed, a great God of the feas.  
 She mixt with *Neptune* in his hollow caues,  
 And bore this *Cyclop* to that God of waues.  
 For whose lost eye, th' Earth-shaker did not kill  
 Erring *Vlysses*; but referues him still  
 In life for more death. But vfe we our poures,  
 And round about vs cast these cares of ours,  
 All to discouer how we may preferre  
 His wiſt retreate; and *Neptune* make forbeare  
 His sterne eye to him: since no one God can  
 In spite of all, preuaile, but gainſt a man.  
 To this, this answer made the gray-cyd Maide:  
 Supreme of rulers, ſince ſo well apaide  
 The bleſſed Gods are all then, now, in thee  
 To limite wife *Vlysses* miserie;  
 And that you ſpeak, as you refer to me  
 Prescription for the meaneſs; in this ſort be  
 Their ſacred order: let vs now addrefſe  
 With vtmoſt ſpeed, our wiſt *Argicider*,  
 To tell the Nymph that beares the golden Trefſe  
 In th' ile *Ogygia*, that is our will  
 She ſhould not ſtay our lou'd *Vlysses* ſtill;  
 But ſuffer his returne: and then will I  
 To *Ithaca*, to make his ſonne apply  
 His Sires inqueſt the mores infuling force  
 Into his ſoule, to ſummon the concurſe  
 Of curld-head Grecies to counſaile: and detene  
 Each woore that hath bene the ſlaughterer  
 Of his fat ſheepe and crooked-headed beeces,

From

From more wrong to his mother, and their leaues  
 Take in ſuch termes, as fit deferts to great.  
 To *Sparta* then, and *Pylor*, where doth beate  
 Bright *Amarbus*, the flood and epithre  
 To all that kingdome, my aduice ſhall ſend  
 The ſpirit-aduanc'd Prince, to the pious end  
 Of ſeeking his loſt father, if he may  
 Receiuē report from *Fame*, where reſts his ſtay,  
 And make, beſides, his owne ſuccesſiue worth,  
 Knowne to the world; and ſet in action forth.  
 This ſaid, her winged ſhoes to her ſteete ſhe tied,  
 Form'd all of gold, and all eternified,  
 That on the round earth, or the ſea, ſustained  
 Her rauifh ſublanc'e, ſwift as gouts of wind.  
 Then tooke her ſtrong *Lance*, with ſteele made keen'e,  
 Great, maſſie, aduie, that whole hoaſt of men  
 (Though all Heros) conqueſt, if her ire  
 Their wrongs inflame, baſt by ſo great a Sire.  
 Downe from *Olympus* tops, the headlong diu'ds;  
 And ſwift as thought, in *Ithaca* arriu'd,  
 Close at *Vlyſſes* gates; in whiche firſt court,  
 She made her ſtand; and for her breasts ſupport,  
 Leand on her iron Lance: her forme impref't  
 With *Mentis* likeneſſe, come, as being a guest.  
 There found ſhe thofe proud wooreſ, that were then  
 Set on thofe Ox-hides that themſelues had ſlaine,  
 Before the gates; and all at dice were playing.  
 To them the heralds, and the reſt obaying,  
 Fill'd wine and water, ſome, ſtill as they plaid;  
 And ſome, for ſolemne ſupper ſtate, puruaid;  
 With porous ſponges, cleaſing tables, ſeru'd  
 With much rich ſealſt; of which to all they keru'd.  
 God-like *Telemachus*, amongt them ſat,  
 Grieu'd much in mind; and in his heart begat  
 All repreſentment of his abſent Sire,  
 How (come from far-off parts) his ſpirits would fire  
 With thofe proud wooreſ fight, with slaughter parting  
 Their bold concurſe; and to himſelfe conuerting  
 The honors they viſit, his owne commanding.  
 In this diſcoure, he, firſt, ſaw *Pallas* ſtanding  
 Vnbiſten entrance: vp roſe, and addrefſe  
 His pace right to her, angrie that a guest  
 Should ſtand ſo long at gate: and coming neare,  
 Her right hand tooke; tooke in his owne, her ſpear;  
 And thus ſaluted: Grace to your repaire,  
 (Faire guest) your welcome ſhall be likewiſe faire.  
 Enter, and (chear'd with feaſt) diſclose th' intent  
 That cauſeſt your coming. This ſaid, firſt he went,

B 3

The preparation  
 of *Pallas* for  
 Ithaca.

*Pallas*, the  
 Menelaus.

And

And *Pallas* follow'd. To a roome they came,  
Stepe, and of state; the Iauelin of the Dame,  
He set against a pillar, vast and hie,  
Amidst a large and bright-kept Armorie,  
Which was, besides, with woods of Lances grac'd,  
Of his graue fathers. In a thron, he plac'd  
The man-turnd Goddefesse, vnder which was spred  
A Carpet, rich, and of deuicefull thred;  
A footstoole stlaying her feete; and by her chaine,  
Another feate (all garnisht wondrous faire,  
To rest, or sleepe on in the day) he set  
Fare from the prease of woocers, left at meate  
The noise they still made, might offend his guest,  
Disturbing him at banquet or at rest,  
Euen to his combat, with that pride of theirs,  
That kept no noble forme in their affaires.  
And thefe he set fare from them, much the rather  
To question freely of his absent father.

A Table fairely poliſht then, was spread,  
On which a reverend officer set bread,  
And other fetitours, all sorts of meate,  
(Salads, and flesh, ſuch as their hafe could get)  
Seru'd with obferuance in. And then the Sewre,  
Prow'd water from a great and golden Ewe,  
That from their hands, a ſiluer Caldron ran;  
Both waft, and ſeatēd cloſe, the voicefull man  
Fecht cups of gold, and ſet by them; and round  
Theſe cups with wine, with all endeouour crownd.

Then riſt in the rude woocers, themſelues plac'd,  
The heralds water gave, the maid's in hafe  
Seru'd bread from baskets. When, of all prepar'd,  
And ſet before them; the bold woocers ſhar'd,  
Their Pages plying their cups, paſt the reſt.  
But luſie woocers muſt do more then reſt;  
For now (their hungers and their thirſtis allaid)  
They call'd for ſongs, and Dances. Theſe, they ſaid,  
Were th' ornaments of reſt. The herald ſtrake  
A Harpe, car'd full of artificial ſleight,  
Thrust into *Phemius* (a learm'd ſingers) hand,  
Who, till he much was vrg'd, on temmes did ſtand;  
But after, plaide and ſung with all his art.

*Telemachus*, to *Pallas* then (apart,  
His eare inclining cloſe, that none might heare)  
In this fort ſaid: My Guest, exceeding deare,  
Will you not fit incenſt, with what I lay?  
Theſe are the cares these men take, reaſt and play:  
Which eaſily they may vſe, becauſe they eate,  
Free, and vnpunisht, of another's meate.

*Telemachus* to  
*Pallas*.

And

And of a mans, whose white bones waſting lie  
In ſome farre region, with th'inceſtancie  
Of ſhoreſe powr'd downe vpon them; lying aſhore;  
Or in the ſeaſ waſht nak'd. Who, if he were  
Theſe bones with flesh, and life, and industrie,  
And thefe, might here in *Ithaca*, ſet eye  
On him returnd; they all would wiſh to be,  
Either paſt other, in celeſtrie  
Of heate and knees; and not contend 't exceed  
In golden garments. But his vertues feed  
The fate of ill death: nor is left to me  
The leaſt hope of his lifes recouerie;  
No not, if any of the mortall race  
Should tell me his returne; the chearfull face  
Of his returnd day, neuer will appeare,  
But tell me, and let Truth, your wiſneſſe beare;  
Who? and from whence you are? what cities birth?  
What parents? In what vefſell ſet you forth?  
And with what mariners ariu'd you here?  
I cannot think you a foote paſſenger,  
Recount then to me all, to teach me well,  
Fit vlage for your worth. And if it fell  
In chance now firſt that you thus ſee vs here,  
Or that in former paſſages you were  
My father's guest? For many men haue bene  
Gueſts to my father, ſtudious of men,  
His ſociable nature euer was.  
On him againe, the grey-eyd Maide did paſſe  
This kind reply; Ile anſwer paſſing true,  
All thou haſt aſk: My birth, his honour drew  
From wife *Anchialus*. The name I beare,  
Is *Mentor*, the commanding Ilander  
Of all the *Taphians*, ſtudious in the art  
Of Nauigation. Hauing toucht this part  
With ſhip and men, of purpoſe to maintaine  
Course through the darke ſeas, t'other languag'd men.  
And *Temesis* ſustaines the cities name,  
For which my ſhip is bound, made knowne by fame,  
For rich in braſſy, which my occaſions need,  
And therefore bring I ſhining Steele in ſteed,  
Whiſh their vſe wants; yet makes my vefſell freight,  
That neare a plow'd field, rides at anchors weight,  
Apaſt this citie, in the harbor call'd  
*Rethrus*, whose waues, with *Neia* woods are walld.  
Thy Sire and I, were ever muthal guests,  
At eithers houſe, ſtill interchanging feaſts.  
I glorie in it. Aſke, when thou ſhall ſee  
*Laertes*, th'old *Herœ*, theſe of mee.

*Pallas* to *Telemachus*.

From the beginning, He, men say, no more  
 Visits the Citie, but will needs deplore  
 His sonnes beleu'd losse, in a private field,  
 One old made only, at his hands to yeld  
 Foode to his life, as oft as labour makes  
 His old limbs faint, which though he creeps, he takes  
 Along a fruitfull plaine, set all with vines,  
 Which, husbandman-like (though a King) he prouines.  
 But now I come to be thy fathers guest,  
 I heare he wanders, while these woones feast.  
 And (as th' Immortals prompt me at this hour)  
 Ile tell thee, out of a propherie powre,  
 (Nor as profet a Prophet, nor cleare feene  
 At all times, what shall after chance to men)  
 What I conceiue, for this time, will be true:  
 The Gods infilctions keepe your Sire from you.  
 Diuine *Vifser*, yet, abides not dead  
 Above earth, nor beneath, nor buried  
 In any seas, (as you did late conceiue)  
 But, with the broad sea sieg'd, is kept alue  
 Within an Ile, by rude and vp-land men,  
 That in his spite, his passage home detaine.  
 Yet long it shall not be, before he tred  
 His countries deare earth, though solicited,  
 And held from his retурne, with iron chaines.  
 For he hath wit to forge a world of traines,  
 And will, of all, be fure to make good one,  
 For his retурne, so much relide vpon.  
 But tell me, and be true: Art thou indeed

So much a sonne, as to be said the seed  
 Of *Ithacus* himselfe? Exceeding much  
 Thy forehead and faire eyes, at his forme touch:  
 For oftentimes we met, as you and I  
 Meete at this hour, before he did apply  
 His powres for *Troy*. When other Grecian States,  
 In hollow ships were his associates.  
 But since that time, mine eyes could never see  
 Renownd *Vifser*, nor met his with me.

The wife *Telemachus* againe replide:  
 You shall withall I know, be satisfide.  
 My mother, certaine, sayes I am his sonne:  
 I know not; nor was euer simply knownne  
 By any child, the sure truth of his Sire.  
 But would my veines had took in living fire  
 From some man happie, rather then one wife,  
 Whom age might fee feizd, of what youth made prife.  
 But he, whocuer of the mortall race  
 Is most vnblest, he holds my fathers place.

*Trojan war* :  
*Tantus filius*.  
*Telemachus con-*  
*fronting her que-*  
*stion, to stirre up*  
*the son the more*  
*to the fathers*  
*wordswisest.*

*Telemachus to*  
*Father.*

This

This, since you ask, I answere. She, againe:  
 The Gods sure did not make the future straine  
 Both of thy race and dayes, obscure to thee,  
 Since thou wert borne so of *Penelope*.  
 The stile may by thy after acts be wonne,  
 Of so great Sire, the high vndoubted sonne.

Say truth in this then: what's this feasting here?  
 What all this rout? Is all this nupiall cheare?  
 Or else some friendly banquet made by thee?  
 For here no shotes are, where all sharers be.  
 Past measure contumeliously, this crew  
 Fare through thy house; which shold th' ingenuous view  
 Of any good or wise man come and find,  
 (Impistic seeing playd in every kind)  
 He could not but through every veine be mou'd.

Againe *Telemachus*: My guest much lou'd,  
 Since you demand and sift these fightis so farre,  
 I grant twere fit, a house so regular,  
 Rich, and faulstesse, once in gouernment,  
 Should still, as all parts, the same forme present,  
 That gaue it glorie, while her Lord was here,  
 But now the Gods, that vs displeasure beare,  
 Haue otherwise appointed, and disgrace  
 My father most, of all the mortall race.  
 For whom I could not mourne so, were he dead,  
 Amongst his fellow Captaines slaughtered  
 By common enemies; or in the hands  
 Of his kind friends, had ended his commands;  
 After he had egregiously bestow'd  
 His powre and order in a ware so vow'd,  
 And to his tombe, all Greeks their grace had done;  
 That to all ages he might leue his sonne  
 Immortal honor: but now *Harpies* haue  
 Digg'd in their gorges his abhorred graue.  
 Obscure, inglorious, Death hath made his end;  
 And me (for glories) to all griefes contend.  
 Nor shall I any more mourne him alone;  
 The Gods haue giuen me other cause of mone.  
 For looke how many Optimates remaine  
 In *Samos*, or the shoares *Dulichian*,  
 Shadie *Zacynthus*; or how many beare  
 Rule in the rough browes of this Iland here;  
 So many now, my mother and this house,  
 At all parts make defam'd and ruinous.  
 And she, her hatefull nuptials, nor denies,  
 Nor will dispatch their importunitie:  
 Though she beholds them spoile still, as they feast,  
 All my free house yeelds: and the little rest

*Pallas to Tele-*  
*machus.*

OF

Of my dead Sire in me, perhaps intend  
To bring, ere long, to some vntimely end.  
This *Pallas* sigh'd, and answerd: O (said she)  
Absent *Physses* is much misly by thee:  
That on these shamelesse suiters he might lay  
His wreakefull hands. Should he now come, and stay  
In thy Courts first gates, arm'd with helme and shied,  
And two such darts as I haue feene him wield,  
When first I saw him in our *Taphian* Court,  
Feasting, and doing his deerts disport;  
When from *Ephyra* he returnyd vs  
From *Iou*, sonne to *Centau're Mermerus*,  
To whom he trauel'd through the watrie dreads,  
For bane to poison his sharpe arrowes heads,  
That death, but toucht, caufde; which he would not giue,  
Because he fea'd, the Gods that euer live,  
Would plague such death with death; and yet their feare  
Was to my fathers bosome not so deare  
As was thy fathers loue, (for what he sought,  
My louing father found him, to a thought.)  
If such as then, *Vlysses* might but meete  
With these proud woopers; all were at his feete  
But instant dead men; and their nupials  
Would proue as bitter as their dying galls.  
But these things in the Gods knees are repode,  
If his retурne shall see with wreake inclosde,  
These in his houfe, or he retурne no more.  
And therefore I aduise thee to explore  
All waies thy selfe, to let these woopers gone,  
To which end giue me fit attention;  
To morrow into solemne councell call  
The Greeks *Heros*; and declare to all  
(The Gods being witnesse) what thy pleasure is:  
Command to townes of their nativitie,  
These frontlesse woopers. If thy mothers mind,  
Stands to her second nupitals, so inclinde;  
Returne she to her roiall fathers towers,  
Where th'one of these may wed her, and her dowers  
Make rich, and such as may confort with grace,  
So deare a daughter, of so great a race.  
And thee I warne as well, (if thou as well  
Wilt heare and follow) take thy best built sail,  
With twentie owers man'd, and haſte to enquire  
Where the abode is of thy absent Sire;  
If any can informe thee, or thine eare  
From *Ioue* the fame of his retreate may heare;  
(For chiefly *Ioue* giues all that honours men).  
To *Pyles* first be thy addresſion then

To god like *Nefor*, Thence, to *Sparta*, haſt  
To gold-lockt *Menelau*, who was laſt  
Of all the braſc-arm'd Greeks that ſaide from *Troy*.  
And trie from both theſe, if thou canſt enioy  
Newes of thy Sires returnd life, any where;  
Though ſad thou ſufferſt in his ſearch, a yere,  
If of his death thou hearſt, returne thou home;  
And to his memorie erect a tombe:  
Performing parent-rites, of feaſt and game,  
Pompous, and ſuch as beſt may fit his fame:  
And then thy mother a fit husband giue.  
Theſe past, confider how thou maift deprive  
Of worthleſſe life, theſe woopers in thy houſe;  
By open ſorce, or proiects enginious.  
Things childiſh ſit not thee; th'ar ſo no more:  
Hath thou not heard, how all men did adorē  
Divine *Oreſtes*, after he had ſlaine  
*Egiffus*, murthering by a trecherous traïne  
His famous father? Be then (my moſt lou'd)  
Valiant and manly; every way approvd  
As great as he. I fee thy perſon fit,  
Noble thy mind, and excellent thy wit;  
All giuen thee, ſo to vſe and manage here,  
That euen paſt death they may their memories beare.  
In meane time Ile deſcend to ſhip and men,  
That muſt exēpt me. Be obſeruant then  
Of my aduice, and carefull to maintaine  
In equall acts thy roiall fathers raigne.

*Telemachus* replide: You ope (faire Guest)  
A friends heart, in your ſpeech; as well exprefſt,  
As might a father ſerue to informe his ſonne:  
All which, ſure place haue in my memorie wonne.  
Aſide yet, though your voyage calls away;  
That hauing bath'd, and digniſide your ſtay  
With ſome moſe honour; you may yet beſide,  
Delight your mind, by being gratide  
With ſome rich Preſent, taken in your way;  
That, as a Jewell, your reſpect may lay  
Vp in your treaſurie, beſtowd by me,  
As free friends vſe to guests of ſuch degree.  
Detaine me not (ſaid he) ſo muſt inclinde  
To haſte my voyage. What thy loued minde  
Commands to giue; at my returne this way,  
Beſtow on me; that I direſtly may  
Conuey it home; which (more of prie to mee)  
The more it aſkes my recompence to theſe.  
This ſaid, away gray-eyd *Minerva* flew,  
Like to a mounting Lark; and did endue

His mind with strength and boldnesse, and much more  
Made him, his father long for, then before.  
And weighing better who his guest might be,  
He stood amaz'd, and thought a Deitie  
Was there descended: to whose will he fram'd  
His powres at all parts; and went, so inflam'd  
Amongst the woopers, who were silent yet,  
To heare a Poet sing the sad retreat  
The Greces perform'd from *Troy*: which was from thence  
Proclaymed by *Pallas*, paine of her offence.

When which diuine song, was percei'd to beare  
That mournfull subiect, by the listning eare  
Of wife *Penelop* (*Icarus* feed),  
Who from an vpper roome had giu'n it heed.  
Downe she descended by a winding staire,  
Not solē; but the State, in her repaire,  
Two Maides of Honour made. And when this *Queene*  
Of women, stoopt so low, she might be scene  
By all her woopers. In the doore, aloofe  
(Entering the Hall, grac'd with a goodly roose)  
She stoo'd, in shad of gracefull vaines implide  
About her beauties: on her either side,  
Her hon'd women. When, (to teates mou'd) thus  
She chid the sacred Singer: *Thessimus*,  
You know a number more of these great deeds,  
Of Gods and men (that are the sacred seeds  
And proper subiects of a Poets song,  
And those due pleasures that to men belong)  
Besides these facts that furnish *Trois* retreat,  
Sing one of those to thefe, that round your feate

They may with silence sit, and taste their wine:  
But ceas't this song, that through thefe *cares* of mine,

Convey deseru'd occasion to my heart  
Of endlesse sorrowes; of which, the deffet

In me, vmeasur'd is, past all these men;  
So endlesse is the memorie I retaine;

And so deferfull is that memorie  
Of such a man, as hath a dignitie

So broad, it spreeds it selfe through all the pride  
Of *Greece*, and *Argos*. To the *Queene*, replide

Inspir'd *Telemachus*: Why thus enuies  
My mother, him that fits & societie

With so much harmonie, to let him please  
His owne mind, in his will to honor these?

For these be ingenuous, and first sort of men,  
That do immediately from *Io* retaine

g. *cares* etc. Cantor, cures  
tum arta etc. societas homini-  
bus.  
h. *allorn*,  
asperges.  
i. *memor* is an  
Epithet proper  
to *Pete*, for their  
first finding  
out of Arts and  
demonstrating  
to education  
and government:  
inspir'd only by  
*Io*: and are  
here called the  
first of men since  
first they gene-  
ruies to many  
life, and have  
their informatio-  
immediately from *Io*: (as *Plato* in *Im. mis. 467*) The word deduced from *expo*, which is taken for him, qui primas tenet aliquas  
to re: And will exercer then be sufficiently express with ingenuities than which, no exponition goes further.

Their

Their singing raptures, are by *Io* as well  
Inspir'd with choice, of what their songs impell.  
*Io* will is free in it, and therefore theirs,  
Nor is this man to blame, that the repaires  
The Greces make homeward, sings: for his fresh *Muse*,  
Men still most celebrate, that sings most newes.

And therefore in his note, your care employ:

For, not *Plysi* onely lost in *Troy*  
The day of his returne, but numbers more,

The deadly ruines of his fortunes bore.  
Go you then, in, and take your worke in hand,  
Your web, and distaffe, and your maids command  
To plie their fit worke. Words, to men are due,  
And those reproving counsels you pursue;

And most, to me, of all men; since I beare  
The rule of all things, that are manag'd here.  
She went amaz'd away; and in her heart,  
Laid vp the wisedome *Pallas* did impart

To her lou'd sonne so lately; turn'd againe  
Vp to her chamber; and no more would taigne  
In manly counsels. To her women, she

Applied her sway; and to the woopers, he  
Began new orders, other spirits bewraide  
Then those, in spite of which, the woopers swaid.  
And (whiles his mothers teares, still washt her eies,

Till gray *Mineras* did those teares surprise  
With timely sleepe; and that her woo's did rouse  
Rude *Tamulus* vp, through all the shadie house,  
Disposde to sleepe (because their widow was)

*Telemachus*, this new-giu'en spirit did passe  
On their old insolence: Ho! you that are  
My mothers woopers! much too high ye beare  
Your petulant spirits: sit, and while ye may

Enjoy me in your banquets: see ye lay  
These loud noyseable; nor do this man the wrong,  
(Because my mother hath dislik't his song)

To grace her interruption: tis a thing  
Honest, and honour too, to heare one sing  
Numbers so like the Gods in elegance,

As this man flowes in. By the mornes first light,  
Ile call ye all before me, in a Cour,

That I may cleerly banish your reffort  
With all your rudenesse, from these rooses of mine.  
Away, and elsewhere in your feasts combine:

Consume your owne goods, and make mutuall feast  
At eithers house. Or if ye still hold best,  
And for your humors more suffisid fill,  
To feed, to spoile (because vnpauisht stilly)

*Telemachus* in  
new termes  
with the woopers.

*i. Ida, praeluce.*

On other findings: spoile, but here I call  
Th' eternall Gods to wittnesse, if it fall  
In my wiþt reach once, to be dealing wreake,  
(By lowes high bountie) theſe your preſent chode,  
To what I give in charge, ſhall adde more reines  
To my reuenge hereafter; and the paines  
Ye then muſt ſuffer, ſhall paſſe all your pride,  
Euer to ſee redrefte, or qualifie.

At this, all bit their lips, and did admire  
His words ſent from him, with ſuch phrase, and fire:  
Which ſo much mou'd them; that *Antinous*  
(*Eupylleus* ſonne) cried out: *Telemachus!*  
The Gods, I thinke, haue rapt thee to this height  
Of elocution, and this great conceit  
Of ſelfe-abilite. We all may pray,  
That *Ione* inueſt not in this kingdomes ſway,  
Thy forward forces, which I ſee put forth  
A hot ambition in thee, for thy birth.

Be not offendēd, (he replide) if I  
Shall ſay, I would aſſume thiſe emprie,  
If *Ione* gaue leaue. You are not he that ſingſ,  
The rule of kingdomes is the worſt of thiſſes.

Nor is it ill, at all, to ſway a thronē:  
A man may quickly gaine poſſeſſion  
Of miſtige riſhes; make a wondrouſ priſe  
Set of hiſ virtues; but the dignitieſ  
That decks a King, there are enough beſide  
In thiſ circumfluuous Ile, that want no pride  
To think them worthy of, as yong as I,  
And old as you are. An aſcent ſo hie,  
My thoughts affeſt not: dead is he that held  
Deſert of vertue to haue ſo excedē.

But of theſe turrets, I will take on me  
To be the abſolute King; and reigne as firē  
As diſt my father, ouer all his hand  
Left here, in thiſ house, ſlaues to my command.

*Eurymachus*, the ſonne of *Polybus*,  
To thiſ, made thiſ reply: *Telemachus!*  
The Girlond of thiſ kingdome, let the knees  
Of deſtie runne for: but the faſtſies,  
This house is ſeafd of, and the turrets here,  
Thou ſhalt be Lord of; nor ſhall any beare  
The leaſt part of, of all thou doſt poſſeſſe,  
As long as thiſ land is no wildeſſeſſe,  
Nor rul'd by out-lawes. Big game theſe their paſſe,  
And tell me (beſt of Princes) who was  
Thaſſe thou am-  
bitie, moſtuo Vlyſſe, cum id alij poſſideſ queā ſe longe praſtationes ac dignitatem vobis at, ſe molis, ac proprionum  
ſediuſ & bonorum folis fit domiuſ, ijs excludit ac exctis, qui vi illaſoccupare ac diſperdere conuenit.

That queſted here ſo late: from whence? and what  
In any region boſted he hiſ ſtate?  
Hiſ race? hiſ countrie? Brought he any newes  
Of thy returning Father? Or for dues  
Of moneyſ to him, made he hiſ repairē?  
How ſodainly he rufht into the aire?  
Nor would fuſtaine to ſtay, and make him knowne?  
Hiſ Port ſhewd no debaucht companion.

He anſwerd: The retурne of my lou'd Sire,  
Is paſt all hope; and ſhould rude Fame inspire  
From any place, a flattning messenger,  
With newes of hiſ ſuſuiall; he ſhould beare  
No leaſt beliefe off, from my desperate loue.  
Which if a ſacred Prophet ſhould approue,  
(Callid by my mother for her cares vniſt)  
He ſhould not moue me. For my late faire queſt,  
He was of old my Father: touching here  
From ſea-girt *Taphos*; and for name doth beare  
*Mentis*; the ſonne of wife *Anchialus*;  
And gouernes all the *Taphian*, ſtudious  
Of Nauigation. This he ſaid: but knew  
It was a Goddeſſe. Theſe againe withdrew  
To dances, and attraction of the ſong.  
And while their pleaſures did the time prolong,  
The ſable Euen descended; and did ſleepe  
The lids of all men in deſire of ſleepe.

*Telemachus*, into a roome builte hic,  
Of hiſ illuſtrous Court; and to the eie  
Of circular: proſpect; to hiſ bed ascended;  
And in hiſ mind, muſt weightie thought contended.  
Before him, *Euryclæs* (that well knew  
All the obſeruance of a handmaids due,  
Daughter to *Opis* *Pyenorides*)

Bore two bright torches. Who diſ ſo much pleaſe  
*Laertes* in hiſ prime; that for the price  
Of twentie Oxen, he made merchandize  
Of her rare beauties; and Loues equal flame  
To her he felt, as to hiſ nuptiall Dame.  
Yet neuer durſt he mixe with her in bed;  
So much the anger of hiſ wife he fled.  
She, now growne old, to yong *Telemachus*  
Two torches bore; and was obſequious,  
Paſt all hiſ other maids; and diſ apply  
Her ſeruice to him, from hiſ infancie.  
Hiſ wel-built chamber, reaſt; ſhe op't the dore;  
He, on hiſ bed ſat. The loſt weeds he wore,  
Put off; and to the diligent old maid  
Gave all; who fitly all in thiſſe folds laid,

And hung them on a beame-pin neare the bed,  
That round about was rich embrodered.  
Then made he halfe forth from him, and did bring  
The doore together with a siluer ring;  
And by a string, a barre to it did pull.  
He laid, and couerd well with curled wooll,  
Wouen in silke quilts: all night emploid his minde  
About the taske that *Pallas* had desigh'd.

*Finis libri primi Hom. Odyssej.*



## THE

# THE SECOND BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### THE ARGVMENT.

**T**elemachus to Court doth call:  
The woress; and commands them all  
To leave his house: and taking then  
From wife Minerva, ship and men;  
And all things fit for him beside,  
That Euryclae could prouide  
For seavries, till he found his Sire;  
He hoist's his ale, when heaven stoope his fire.

Another.

**B**ula. The old Maids shore  
The voyage cheres;  
The ship leaves shore,  
Minerva steres.

**N**ow when with rosie fingers, th'early borne,  
And, thronwe through all the aire, appear'd the momes;  
Vyses lou'd sonne from his bed appeard;  
His weeds put on; and did about him gird  
His sword, that thwart his shoulders hung; and tied  
To his faire feete, faire shooes; and all parts plied  
For spedie readinesse; who when he trod  
The open earth, to men, shewd like a God.

The Heralds then, he strait charg'd to consort  
The curld-head Greeks, with lowd calls to a Court.

They summon'd; th'other came, in vtmost haste;  
Who, all assemld, and in one heape plac't;  
He likewise came to councell; and did beare  
In his faire hand, his iron-headed speare;  
Nor came alone; nor with men troopes prepar'd;  
But two fleete dogs, made, both his traine, and Guard.  
*Pallas* supplied with her high wisedomes grace,  
(That all mens wants supplies) *States* painted face.  
His entring presence, all men did admire;  
Who tooke seate in the high throne of his Sire;  
To which the graue Peeres gave him reuerend way.

Amongst whom, an *Egyptian Heroe*,  
(Crooked with age, and full of skill) begun  
The speech to all. Who had a loued sonne,  
That with diuine *Vyses* did ascend  
His hollow fleete to *Troy*: to serue which end,

*The Greeks call'd to counsell  
by Telemachus.*

C 3

He

He kept faire horse, and was a man at Armes;  
 And in the cruel *Cyclop* sterne alarmes,  
 His life lost by him, in his hollow caue;  
 Whose entrailes open'd his abhorr'd graue;  
 And made of him (of all *Vlysses* traine)  
 His lateſt ſupper, being lateſt ſlaine.  
 His name was *Antiphon*. And this old man,  
 This crooked growne, this wife *Egyptian*,  
 Had three ſonnes more, of which, one riotous,  
 A wooer was, and calld *Eurynomus*;  
 The other two, rooke both, his owne wiſt courſe.  
 Yet, both the beſt fates, weighd not downe the worſe;  
 But left the old man mindfull ſtill of moneys;  
 Who, weeping, thus beſpake the ſeſſion:  
 Hearc, *Ithacensians*, all I fidly ſay;  
 Since our diuine *Vlyſſes* parting day  
 Neuer was coucill calld, nor ſeſſion;  
 And now, by whom is this thus vndergone?  
 Whom did Neeceſſitie ſo much compell,  
 Of yong or old? Hath any one heard tell  
 Of any coming armie, that he thus now  
 May openly take boldneſſe to awow?  
 First haung heard it, Or will any here  
 Some motion for the publicke good preſente?  
 Some worth of note there is in this command,  
 And, me thinkes, it muſt be ſome good mans hand  
 That's put to it: that either hath direſt  
 Meaneſs to aſſiſt; or, for his good aſſeſt,  
 Hopes to be happye in the prooſe, he makes;  
 And that, I ſoe grant, what ere he vndertakes.

*Telemachus* (reioycing much to heare  
 The good hope, and opinion men did beare  
 Of his yong actions) no longer ſat;  
 But longd I approue, what this man pointed at;  
 And make his firſt prooſe, in a cauſe ſo good:  
 And in the Councells chiefe place, vp he stood;  
 When ſtraiſt, *Pſenor* (Herald to his Sire,  
 And leard in counſels) felte his heart on fire,  
 To heare him ſpeak; and put into his hand  
 The Scepter that his Father did command;  
 Then (to the old *Egyptian* turnd) he ſpoke:  
 Father, not faire he is, that vndertooke  
 To call this coucill, whom you ſoone ſhall know.  
 My ſelfe, whose wrongs, my griefs will make me ſhow,  
 Am he that author'd this assembly here;  
 Nor haue I heard of any armie neare;  
 Of which, being firſt told, I might iterate;  
 Nor for the publicke good, can augh, relate;

*Telemachus pro-*  
*prefeth his ſtate*  
*to the Greeks.*

Only mine owne affaires all this procure,  
 That in my houſe a double ill endure;  
 One, hauing I ſt a Father ſo renound,  
 Whose kind rule once, with your command was crownd:  
 The other is, what much more doth augment?  
 His weightie loſte, the ruine imminent  
 Of all my houſe by it, my goods all ſpent.  
 And of all this, the woouers, that are ſonneſ  
 To our chiefe Peeres, are the Conſuſions:  
 Imporuning my Mothers mariage  
 Againſt her will; nor dares their blouds bold rage  
 Go to *Icarus*, her fathers Courſe,  
 That, his will aſke, in kind and comely ſort,  
 He may endow his daughter with a dowre;  
 And, he conſenting, at his pleaſures powre,  
 Diſpoſe her to a man, that (thus behau'd)  
 May haue fit grace, and fee her honor ſau'd;  
 But theſe, in none but my houſe, all their liues  
 Reſolute to ſpend; ſlaughtering my ſheepe and beeues;  
 And with my fattest goates, lay feaſt on feaſt;  
 My generous wine, conſumming as they liſt.  
 A world of things they ſpoile; here wanting one,  
 That like *Vlyſſer*, quickly, could be ſet gone.  
 Theſe peace-plagues from his houſe, that ſpoile like warre.  
 Whom my powres are vnfitt, to vrge ſo forte,  
 My ſelfe immarriall. But had I the powre,  
 My will ſherue me, to exempt this houſe  
 From out my life time. For paſt patiencie,  
 Baſe deſds are done here, that exceede defence  
 Of any honor. Falling is my houſe,  
 Which you ſhould shame to ſee ſo ruinous.  
 Reuerence the censures, that all good men giue,  
 That dwell about you; and for fear to liue  
 Expofd: to heauens wrath (that doth euer pay  
 Paines, for ioyes forſait) euē by *Toue* I pray  
 On *Themis*; both which, powres haue to reſtraine  
 Orgather Councel; that ye will abſtaine  
 From further ſpoile; and let me onely waste  
 In that moſt wretched griefe I haue embrac't  
 For my loſt Father. And though I am free  
 From meriting your outrage; yet, if he  
 (Good man) hath euer, with a hostile heart  
 Done ill to any Greek; on me conuerit  
 Your like hostilitie; and vengeance take  
 Of his ill, on my life; and all theſe, make  
 Joyne in that iuſtice; but to ſee abuſe  
 Thoſe goods that do none ill, but being ill viſde,  
 Exceeds all right. Yet better tis for me,

My whole posessions, and my rents to see  
Confund' by you; then lofe my life and all;  
For on your tapine a reuenge may fall,  
While I live; and so long I may complaine  
About the Cities, till my goods againe  
(Ofte askt) may be with all amends repaid.  
But in the meane space, your misrule hath laid  
Griefes on my bolome, that can onely speake,  
And are denied the instant powre of wreake.

This said, his Scepter against the ground he threw,  
And teares fild from him; which mou'd all the crew:  
The Court strooke silent; not a man did dare  
To give a word, that might offend his care.

*Antinous* only, in this sort replied:

High-spoken, and of spirit vnpacified;  
How haue you sham'd vs, in this speech of yours?  
Will you brand vs, for an offence not ours?  
Your mother (first in craft) is first in cause.

Three yeares are past, and neare, the fourth now drawes,  
Since first she mocked the Peetes *Achian*.

All, she made hope, and promist every man:  
Sent for vs euer; left loues shew in nougat;

But in her heart, conceald another thought.  
Befides, (as curious in her craft) her loome

She with a web charg'd, hard to ouercome;

And thus befpake vs: Youths that seeke my bed;

Since my diuine Spouse refls among the dead,  
Hold on your suites, but till I end, at most

This funerall weed; left what is done, be lost.

Befides, I purpose, that when th'austere fate

Of bitter death, shall take into his state,

*Laetes* the *Heroe*; it shall decke

His roiall corse; since I should suffer checke

In ill report, of every common dame,

If one so rich, should shew in death his shame.

This speech the vnde, and this did soone perwade  
Our gentle mindes. But this, a worke she made

So hugely long, vndoing still in night  
(By torches) all, she did by dayes broade light;

That three yeaers her deceit, diu'd past our view;

And made vs thinke, that all she faid, was true.

But when the fourth yeaer came, and those sliuehours,

That still surprise at length, Dames craftiſt powres;

One of her women, that knew all, discloſde

The ſecret to vs; that ſhe still vnlode

Her whole daies faire affaie, in depth of night.

And then, no further ſhe could force her ſleight,

But, of neceſſitie, her worke gaue end.

*Antinous to Telemachus.*

*The wife of Peleus to her women.*

*Telam Penelope retreate, Proueibium.*

And

And thus, by me, with euery other friend,  
Professing loue to her, reply to thee;  
That eu'en thy ſelfe, and all Greeks else may ſee,  
That we offend not in our stay, but ſhee.

To free thy houſe then, ſend her to her Sire,

Commanding that her choice be left entire

To his election, and one ſetl'd will.

Nor let her vex with her illuſions ſtill,

Her friends that woo her, ſtanding on her wit;

Because wife *Pallas* hath giuen wilis to it,

So full of Art; and made her vnderſtand

All workeſ, in faire ſkill of a Ladies hand.

But (for her working mind) we reade of none

Of all the old world; in which *Greſe* hath ſhowne

Her rareſt pecces, that could equal her:

*Tiro*, *Alemeſa*, and *Mycena* were

To hold comparison in no degree

(For ſolide braine) with wife *Penelope*.

And yet in her delayes of vs, the ſhowes

No profits ſkill, with all the wit ſhe owes;

For all this time, thy goods and viuels go

To vtter ruine; and ſhall ouer ſo

While thus the Gods, her glorious mind diſpoſe.

Glorie, her ſelfe may gaue; but thou ſhalt loſe

Thy longings eu'en for neceſſary food;

For we will never go, where lies our good;

Nor any other where, till this delay

She puts on all, ſhe quits with th'cndleſſe stay

Of ſome one of vs; that to all the reſt

May giue free farewell with his nuptiall feaſt.

The wife yong Prince replide: *Antinous!*

I may by no meanes turne out of my houſe,

Her that hath brought me forth, and nouriſh't me.

Befides, if quicke or dead my Father be

In any region, yet abides in doubt,

And twill go hard, (my meanes being ſo runne out)

To tender to *Icariaſe* againe

(If he againe, my mother muſt maintaine

In her retreate) the dowre ſhe brought with her.

And then, a double ill it will conſerue;

Both from my Father, and from God, on me;

When (thrust out of her houſe) on her bent knee,

My Mother ſhall the horrid Furies raise

With imprecaſions: and all men diſp'afe

My part in her expoſure. Neuer then

Will I performe this counſell. If your ſplene

Swell at my courses, once more I command

Your abſence from my houſe. Some others hand

*Telemachus to Antinous.*

Charge

Charge with your banquets. On your owne goods eate;  
 And either other mutually intreate,  
 At either of your houles, with your feast.  
 But if ye still efecte more sweete and best,  
 Another spoile; so you still wreakelesse liue:  
 Gnaw (vermine-like) things sacred: no lawes giue  
 To your devouring; it remaines that I  
 Inuoke each euer-living Deitie;  
 And vow if *lone* shall daigne in any date,  
 Powre of like paines, for pleasures so past rate;  
 From thetenceth looke, where ye haue reueld so,  
 Vnreake, your ruines; all shall vndergo.

*Augurians*

Thus spake *Telemachus*, t'affire whose threat,  
 Farre-seeing *lone*, ypon their pinions set  
 Two Eagles from the high browes of a hill,  
 That, mounted on the winds, together still  
 Their strokes extended. But arriuing now  
 Amidst the Councell; ouer every brow,  
 Shooke their thicke wings; and (threatning deaths cold feares)  
 Their neckes and cheekes tore with their eager Seres.  
 Then, on the Courts right-hand away they flew,  
 Above both Court and Citie: with whose view  
 And studie what euent they might foretell,  
 The Councell into admiration fell.

*Haliuerses an-  
danger*

The old *Herre*, *Haliuerses* then,  
 The sonne of *Nesfor*, that of all old men  
 (His Peeres in that Court) only could foresee  
 By flight of fowles, mans fixed destinie;  
 Twixt them and their amaze, this interposde:

Heare (*libacensians*) all your doubts discloſde;  
 The woors most are toucht in this oftent,  
 To whom are dangers great and imminent.  
 For now, not long more shall *Ulysses* beare  
 Lacke of his moſt lou'd; but ſil ſome place neare,  
 Addressing to theſe woors, Fate and Death.  
 And many more, thiſe miſchiefe menaceth  
 Of vs inhabiting thiſe famous Ile.  
 Let vs conſult yet, in thiſ long forewhile,  
 How to our ſelues we may preuent thiſ ill.  
 Let theſe men reſt ſecure, and reuel ſtill:  
 Though they might find it ſafer, if with vs  
 They would in time preuent what threats them thiſ:  
 Since not without ſure triall, I foretell  
 Theſe coming ſtormes; but know their iſſue well.  
 For to *Ulysses*, all things haue euent,  
 As I foretold him; when for *Ilios* went  
 The whole Greke fleete together; and with them,  
 Th'abundant in all counſels, tooke the ſtreame.

*The word is  
and: neque  
ſignifying, infa-  
tibus quidam  
edacate vero.*

I told him, that when much ill he had paſt,  
 And all his men were loſt, he ſhould at laſt,  
 The twentieth yeaſe turne home, to all unknowne;  
 All which effects are to perfection growne.

*Eurymachus*, the ſonne of *Polybus*,  
 Oppoſde this mans preſage, and anſwerd thus:

Hence, Great in yeaſe; go, prophecie at home;  
 Thy children teach to ſhun their iſ to come.  
 In theſe, ſuperior farre to thee, am I.

A world of foulſ beneath the Sunne-beameſ ſlie,  
 That are not fit t'enforme a prophecie.

Befides, *Ulysses* periſh long ago,  
 And would thy fates to thee had destiñ'd ſo;  
 Since ſo, thy ſo much prophecie had ſpar'd  
 Thy wronging of our rights; which for reward  
 Expelteſ, home with thee, hath ſummon'd vs  
 Within the anger of *Telemachus*.

But thiſ will I preſage, which shall be true,  
 If any ſparke of anger, chance t'enſue  
 Thy muſt old art, in theſe deepe Auguries,  
 In thiſ yong man incenſed by thy liſes;

Euen to himſelfe, his anger ſhall conſerfe  
 The greater anguſh; and thiſe owne ends erre  
 From all their obiects: and beſides, thiſe age  
 Shall feele a paine, to make thee curse preſage,  
 With worthy cauſe, for it ſhall touch thee neare.

But I will ſoone give end to all our feare,  
 Preuenting whatſoever chance can fall,  
 In my ſuite to thiſ yong Prince, for vs all  
 To ſend his mother to her fathers house,  
 That he may ſort her out a worthy ſpoufe;

And ſuch a dowre beſtow, as may beſt  
 One lou'd, to leaue her friends, and follow it.

Before which courſe be, I beleeue that none  
 Of all the Greeks will ceafe thiſ ambition.

Of thiſ a match. For, chance what can to vs,  
 We, no man fear; no not *Telemachus*,

Though ne're ſo greatly ſpoken. Nor care we  
 For any threats of auſtere prophecie

Which thou (old dotard) vaniſt of ſo in vaine.  
 And thus ſhalt thou in much more hate remaine;

For ſtill the Gods ſhall beare their ill expences;  
 Nor euer be diſpoſde by competence,

Till with her nupſials, ſhe diſmiffes our ſuites.  
 Our whole liues dayes ſhall ſow hopes for ſuch fruites.

Her vertues we contend to; nor will go  
 To any other, be the neuer ſo  
 Worthy of vs, and all the worth we owe.

*Eurymachus ex-  
cept against the  
prophecie.*

Telemachus to  
the woors.

He answred him: *Eurymachus!* and all  
Ye generous woors, now, in general;  
I see your braue resolues; and will no more  
Make speech of these points; and much leesse, implore.  
It is enough, that all the Grecians here,  
And all the Gods besides, just witness bear,  
What friendly premonitions haue bene spent  
On your forbearance; and their vaine euent.  
Yet with my other friends, let loue preuale  
To fit me with a vessel, free of saile;  
And swentie men; that may diuide to me  
My readie passage through the yeeding sea.  
For *Sparta*, and *Amathoos* *Pyles* shore  
I now am bound; in purpore to explore  
My long lackt Father; and to trie if Fame  
(Or *Ione*, most author of mans honourd name)  
With his returme and life, may glad mine eare;  
Though told in that proofe, I sustaine a yare.  
If dead, I heare him, nor of more stare, here  
(Retir'd to my lou'd countrie) I will retre  
A Sepulcher to him, and celebrate  
Such royall parent-rites, as fits his stare.  
And then, my mother to a Spouse dispose.

This said, he sat; and to the rest, arose  
*Mentor*, that was *Ulysses* chosen friend;  
To whom, when he set forth, he did command  
His compleate family; and whom he willed  
To set the mind of his old Sire fulfilled;  
All things conseruing safte, till his retreate;  
Who (tender of his charge, and seeing to set  
In sleight care of their King, his subiects there;  
Suffering his sonne, so much contempt to beare)  
Thus grauely, and with zeale to him began:  
No more, let any Scepter-bearing man,  
Benevolent, or milde, or humane be;  
Nor in his minde, forme acts of piccie,  
But euer feed on blood; and facts vniuit  
Commit, even to the full swinge of his lust;  
Since of diuine *Ulysses*, no man now  
Of all his subiects, any thought doth shew.  
All whom, he gouerned; and became to them  
(Rather then one that wore a diadem)  
A most indulgent father. But (for all  
That can touch me) within no enuie fall  
These insolent woors; that in violent kind,  
Commit things foule, by th' ill wit of the mind;  
And with the hazard of their heads, denoure  
*Ulysses* house; since his returning houre,

Mentor for  
Telemachus.

They hold past hope. But it affects me much,  
(Ye dull plebeians) that all this doth touch  
Your free States nothing; who (strooke dumbe) afford  
These woors, not so much wreake as a word;  
Though few, and you, with onely number might  
Extinguished to them the prophanded light.

*Euenors* sonne (*Liocritus*) repliues  
*Mentor*: the railed, made a foole with pride;  
What language giu'st thou? that would quiet vs,  
With putting vs in storme; exciting thus  
The rout against vs: who, though more then we,  
Should find it is no easie victorie  
To driu men, habited in feast, from feasts;  
No not if *Ulysses* himself, such guells  
Should come and find so furnishing his Court,  
And hope to force them from so sweete a fort.  
His wife should little joy in his arriuie,  
Though much she wants him: for, where she, aliue  
Would hers enjoy; there Death should claime his rights:  
He must be conquer'd, that with many fights.  
Thou speakt vnfit things. To their labours then,  
Disperce these people; and let these two men  
(*Mentor* and *Halitheres*) that so boast,  
From the beginning to haue gouernd most  
In friendship of the Father; to the sonne  
Confirme the course, he now affects to runne.  
But my mind sayes, that if he would but vse  
A little patience, he should here heare newes  
Of all things that his wiſh would understand;  
But no good hope for, of the course in hand.

This said, the Councell rose; when euer Peere  
And all the people, in dispersion were  
To houles of their owne; the woors yet  
Made to *Ulysses* house their old retreat.

*Telemachus*, apart from all the prease,  
Prepar'd to shore; and (in the aged feas,  
His faire hands waſht) did thus to *Pallas* pray: {  
Hear me (O Goddess) that but yesterday  
Didſt daigne acceſſe to me at home; and lay  
Graue charge on me, to take ſhip, and enquire  
Along the daike feas for mine abſent Sire;  
Which all the Greeks oppofe; amongst whom, moſt  
Those that are proud ſtill at anothers coſt,  
Past meaſure, and the ciuill rights of men,  
(My mothers woors) my repulſe maintaine.

Thus ſpake he praying; when cloſe to him came  
*Pallas*, reſembliing *Mentor*, both in frame  
Of voice and perſon; and aduiſed him thus:

D

*Liocritus* to  
*Mentor*.

They

Telemachus  
prays to *Pallas*.

Those

*Annotations  
of Mun  
to Telemachus  
the 7735.*

Those woors well might know; *Telemachus!*  
Thou wilst not euer weake and childish be;  
If to thee be infild the faculie  
Of mind and bodie, that thy Father grac't.  
And if (like him) there be in thee encha'c't  
Vertue to giue words words, and works their end;  
This voyage, that to them thou didst commend  
Shall not so quickly, as they idly weene,  
Be vaine, or giuen vp, for their opposite spleene.  
But if *Ulysses*, nor *Penelope*  
Were thy true parents, I then hope in thee  
Of no more vrging thy attempt in hand;  
For few, that rightly breed on both sides stand,  
Are like their parents; many that are worse;  
And most few, better. Those then that the nurse,  
Or mother call true borne, yet are not so;  
Like worthy Sires, much lesse are like to grow.  
But thou shewst now, that in these fades not quite  
Thy Fathers wisedome; and that future light  
Shall therefore shew thee farre from being vnwise,  
Or toucht with staine of bastard cowardize.  
*Hop* therefore sayes, that thou wilst to the end  
Puruse the braue act, thou didst erst intend.  
But for the fooliſh woors, they bewray  
They neither counſell haue, nor ſoule, ſince they  
Are neither wife nor iuft; and ſo muſt needs  
Reſt ignorant, how blaſke aboue their heads  
Fate houers, holding Death, that one ſole day  
Will make enough to make them all away.  
For thee, the way thou wiſhſt, ſhall no more  
Flie thee a ſtep; I that haue bene before  
Thy Fathers friend, thine likewiſe now will be;  
Prouide thy ſhip my ſelfe, and follow thee.  
Go thou then home, and looth each woors vaine;  
But vnder hand, fit all things for the Maine;  
Wine, in as strong and ſweete caskes as you can;  
And meale, the very marrow of a man;  
Which put in good ſure lether ſacks, and ſee  
That with ſweete foode, ſweete vefſels ſtill agree.  
I, from the people, ſtrate will preſſe for you  
Free voluntaries, and (for ſhips) enow  
Sea-circl'd *Ithaca* containes, both new  
And old buiſt; all which, I'll exaſtly view,  
And chufe what one foouer moſt doth pleafe;  
Which rigg'd, weel strain lanch, and aſſay the ſeas.  
This ſpake *Ioues* daughter, *Pallas*, whose voice heard;  
No more *Telemachus* her charge deferd;  
But haſted home; and, ſad at heart, did ſee

Amidſt

Amidſt his Hall, th' infulting woors ſea  
Goates, and roſt twine. Mongſt whom, *Antinous*  
Careleſſe, (difcourſing in *Telemachus*)  
His grudge to ſee them) laught; met; tooke his hand,  
And ſaid; High ſpoken with the mind ſo mannd;  
Come, do as we do; put nor vp your ſpirits  
With theſe low trifles; nor our louing merits,  
In gall of any hatefull purpose, ſleepe;  
But eate egregiuſly, and drinke as deepe.  
The things thou thinkſt on, all, at full ſhall be  
By th' *Achilles* thought on, and performd to theſe:  
Ship, and choiſe Oares, that in a trice will land  
Thy haſtie Eleete, on heau'ly *Pylos* ſand,  
And at the fame of thy illuſtrous Sire.

He anſwerd; Men whom Pide doth ſo inspire,  
Are no fit conſorts for an humble guest,  
Nor are constraind men, inerric at their feaſt,  
Iſt not enough, that all this time ye haue  
Op't in your entrailes, my chiefe goods a graue?  
And while I was a child, made me partake?  
My now more growth, more grown my mind doth make:  
And (hearing ſpeak, more iudging men then you)  
Perceiue how much I was miſgouernd now.  
I now will trie, if I can bring ye home  
An ill Fate to conforſt you; if it come  
From *Pylos*, or amongſt the people, here.  
But thither I refolute, and know that there  
I ſhall not touch in vaine. Nor will I ſtay,  
Though in a merchants ſhip I ſtere my way:  
Which ſhewes in your ſights beſt, ſince me ye know  
Incapable of ſhip, or men to row.

This ſaid, his hand he coily ſnatcht away  
From forth *Antinous* hand. The reſt, the day  
Spent through the house with banqueting; ſome with iefts,  
And ſome with railings, dignyfying their feaſts.  
To whom, a ieft-proud youth, the wit began:  
*Telemachus* will kill vs every man.  
From *Sparta*, or the very *Pylan* land,  
He will raife aides to his impetuouſ hand.  
O he affeſts it ſtrangely! Or he meaneſt  
To ſearch *Ephyra*, at ſhoreſ; and from thence  
Bring deadfull poifons, which amongt oþer bowlſ  
Will make a generall ſhipwracke of our ſoules.

Another ſaid; Alas who knowes, but he  
Once gone, and erring like his Sire at ſea;  
May perih like him, farre from aide of friends;  
And ſo he makes vs worke; for all the erds  
Left of his goods here, we ſhall ſhare; the house

*Antinous to  
Telemachus.*

*Telemachus an-  
ſwers.*

*The wit of the  
woors upon the  
purpofe of *Tele-  
machus* to ſecke  
his Father.*

Left

D 2

Left to his mother, and her chosen Spouse,  
 Thus they. While he a roome ascended, hic  
 And large, built by his Father, where did lie  
 Gold and brasse heape vp; and in coffers were  
 Rich robes, great store of odorous oiles; and there  
 Stood Tuns of sweete old wines, along the walls;  
 Neate and diuine drinke, kept to cheare withall  
*Phyllis* old heart, if he turnd againe  
 From labors fatal to him to sustaine.  
 The doores of Planke were; their close exquisite,  
 Kept with a double key; and day and night  
 A woman lockt waching and that was she,  
 Who all trust had for her sufficiencie.  
 Old *Euryalea*, (one of *Opis* race,  
 Sonne to *Pisces*, and in passing grace  
 With gray *Murres*;) her, the Prince did call;  
 And said, Nurse! draw me the most sweete of all  
 The wine thou keepest; next that, which for my Sire,  
 Thy care refutes, in hope he shall retire.  
 Twelue vessele fill me forth, and stop them well.  
 Then into well-sewed sacks, of fine ground meale,  
 Powre twentie measures. Nor to any one  
 But thou thy selfe, let this designe be knowne.  
 All this see got together; I, it all  
 In night will fetch off, when my mother shall  
 Ascend her high roome, and for sleepe prepare.  
*Sparta* and *Pyle*, I must see, in care  
 To find my Father. Our *Euryalea* cried,  
 And askt with teares: Why is your mind applied  
 (Deare sonne) to this course? whither will you go?  
 So faire off leue vs; and beloved so?  
 So onely: and the sole hope of your race?  
 Royall *Phyllis*, fare from the embrase  
 Of his kind countrie, in a land vnknowne  
 Is dead; and you (from your lou'd countrie gone)  
 The woots will with some deceit assay  
 To your destru<sup>n</sup>ction, making then their prey  
 Of all your goods. Where, in your owney are strong,  
 Make sure abode. It fits not you so yong,  
 To suffer so much by the aged seas,  
 And ente in such a waylesse wildernesse.  
 Be cheard (dear nurse, said he) for not without  
 The will of God, go my attempts about.  
 Sweare therefore, not to wound my mothers cares  
 With word of this; before from heaven appears  
 Th'eleuenth or twelth light; or her selfe shall please  
 To aske of me; or heares me put to seas;  
 Let her faire bodie, with her woe be woe.

*Telemachus to  
*Euryalea*.*

*Euryalea an-  
 swers.*

*Telemachus com-  
 forts *Euryalea*.*

To this, the great oath of the Gods, she swore,  
 Which, hauing sworne, and of it, every due  
 Performd to full: to vessele, wine the drew,  
 And into well-sewed sacks powr'd foodie meale;  
 In meane time he (with cunning to conceale  
 All thought of this from others) him selfe bore  
 In broade house, with the woers, as before.

Then grey-eyed *Pallas*, other thoughts did owne,  
 And (like *Telemachus*) trod through the Townes;  
 Commanding all his men, in th'even to be  
 Aboord his shipp. Againe then question'd she  
*Xorman* (fam'd for aged *Phronius* sonne)  
 About his shipp; who, all things to be done,  
 After'd her freely shoud. The Sunne then set,  
 And sable shadowes slid through evry streete,  
 When forth they lanct; and soone aboord did bring  
 All Armes, and choice of every needfull thing;  
 That fits a well-rigg'd shipp. The Goddesse then  
 Stood in the Ports extreame part; where, her men  
 (Nobly appointed) thicke about her came,  
 Whose every breast, she did with spirit inflame. {  
 Yet still fresh projects, laid the grey-eyed Dame.

Strait, to the houfe (he hasted), and sweete sleepe  
 Powr'd on each woer; which so laid in steepe  
 Their drowse temples, that each brow did nod,  
 As all were drinking; and each hand his lode  
 (The cup) let fall. All sterte vp, and to bed,  
 Nor more would watch, when sleepe so lufeted  
 Their leaden ey-lids. Then did *Pallas* call  
*Telemachus*, (in bodie, voic, and all  
 Resembling *Mentor*) from his natvie nest:  
 And said, that all his arm'd men were addrest  
 To vse their Oares; and all expected now  
 He should the spirit of a souldier thow.  
 Come then (said he) no more let vs deserre  
 Our hon'rd action. Then she tooke on her  
 A rauish spirite, and led as she did leape,  
 And he her molt haste, tooke out, step by step.

Ariu'd at sea, and shipp; they found ashore  
 The souldiers, that their fashond long haire wore;  
 To whom, the Prince said: Come, my friends; let's bring  
 Our voyages prouision: every thing  
 Is heapt together in our Court; and none  
 (No not my mother, nor her maids) but one  
 Knowes our intention. This exprest; he led;  
 The souldiers close together followed;  
 And all together brought aboord their store.  
 Aboord the Prince went; *Pallas* still before

*The care of Mi-  
 merus for Tele-  
 machus.*

*Telemachus to  
 his soldiers.*

## THE SECOND BOOKE.

Naugatur.

vix  
tempor.

Sat at the Sterne: in clofe to her; the men  
Vp, hasted after. He, and *Pallas* then,  
Put from the shone. His fouldiers then he bad  
See all their Armes fit; which they heard, and had.  
A beechen Maft then, in the hollow base  
They put, and hoifted, fixt it in his place  
With cables; and with well-wreath'd halfers boife  
Their white failes, which gray *Pallas* now employs  
With full and fore-gales, through the darke deep maine.  
The purple waues (so swift cut) roar'd againe  
Against the ship fides, that now ranne, and plowd  
The rugged feas vp. Then the men beftowd  
Their Armes about the ship; and sacrifice  
With crownd wine cups, to th'endleſſe Deities,  
They offerd vp, Of all yet thron'd aboue,  
They moft obferu'd the greyeyd feed of *Time*:  
Who from the euening, till the morning rose,  
And all day long, their voyage did diſpoſe.

Finis libri secundi Hom. Odysſſ.

THE THIRD BOOKE  
OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**T**elemachus, and heau'ns<sup>1</sup> wife Dame,  
That never hufband had, now came  
To Neitor; who, his eſter guest  
Recou'd at the religious feſt  
He made to Neptune, on his ſhore.  
And there told what was done before  
The Trojan turrets; and the ſtate  
Of all the Grecians, ſince Iliouſtate.  
This book, theſe three of great place,  
Doth ſerve with many a varied grace.  
(Whicb paſt); Minetus takes her leane.  
Whofe ſtate, when Neitor doth perceiue;  
With ſacrifice he makes it knowne,  
Where many a pleafing rite is boonne,  
Whicb dome, Telemachus had gained  
A chariot of him; who ordaind  
Pisistratus, his ſonne, his guide  
To Sparta; and when ſtarrie eyd  
The ample heau'n began to be;  
All bonſe-rites to afford them free  
(In Pheris) Diocles did pleafe;  
His ſirname Ortilochides.

*Pallas.*Vid. Minerva,  
Neitor & Telem-  
achus.

## Another.

**T**euta. Ulyſſes ſome  
With Neitor lies;  
To Sparta gone,  
Thence *Pallas* flies.

**H**e Sunne now left the great and goodly Lake,  
And to the firme heau'n, bright aſcent did make,  
To ſhine as well vpon the mortall birth,  
Inhabiting the plowd life-giving earth,  
As on the euer tredders vpon Death.  
And now to *Pylas*, that ſo garniſheth  
Her ſelfe with buildings; old *Neleus* towne,  
The Prince and Goddeſſe come; had ſtrange fightes thowne;  
For on the Marine ſhore, the people there  
To *Neptune*, that the Azure lockes doth weare;  
Beues that were wholy blacke, gaue holy flame.  
Nine ſteates of State they made to his high name;

And every Seate set with five hundred men;  
And each five hundred, was to furnish them  
With nine blacke Oxen, every sacred Seate.  
These, of the entrailes onely, pleased to eate;  
And to the God enflam'd the fleshie thies.

By this time *Pallas*, with the sparkling cies,  
And he the led, within the hauen bore:  
*Minerva to Telemachus.*  
Strooke saile, cast anchor, and trod both the shore.  
She fist; he after. Then said *Pallas*: Now  
No more beftis then the leaft bafhfull brow;  
Tembolden which, this a2 is put on thee  
To feele thy Father, both at shore, and sea:  
And learme in what Clime, he abides so close;  
Or in the powre of what Fate doth repofe.  
Come then; go right to *Nestor*, let vs fee  
If in his bofome any counfell be,  
That may informe vs. Pray him not to trace  
The common courfhip; and to speake in grace  
Of the Demander; but to tell the truth:  
Which will delight him; and commend thy youth;  
For fuch preuention; for he loues no lies;  
Nor will report them, being truly wife.

*Telemachus to Minerva.*

He answere: *Aenor!* how alas shall I  
Present myfelfe; how greete his grauitie?  
My youth by no meaneſ that ripe forme affords;  
That can digeft my minds iſtinct; in words  
Wife, and beſeeming th' eares of one ſo age.  
Youth of moſt hope, bluſh to vſe words with Age:  
She ſaid: Thy mind will ſome conceit imprefſe,  
And ſomething God will prompt thy towardneſſe.  
For I ſuppoſe, thy birth and breeding too,  
Were not in ſpite of what the Gods could do.

This ſaid, ſhe ſwiftly went before, and he  
Her ſteps made guides, and followd iſtantly.  
When ſoone they reaſt the *Pylion* throngs and ſeates,  
Where *Nestor* with his ſonnes ſate; and the meates  
That for the feaſt ſeru'd; round about them were  
Adherents dressing all their ſacred cheare,  
Being roſt and boyld meates. When the *Pylions* ſaw  
Theſe ſtrangers come: in thurst did all men draw  
About their entrie. Tooke their hands, and paide  
They both would ſit. Their entrie firſt affaid  
By *Nestors* ſonne, *Piftratus*. In grace  
Of whose repaire, he gaue them honord place  
Betwixt his ſire, and brother *Thrasimedes*,  
Who ſate at feaſt, on ſoſt Fels that were ſpred  
Along the ſea ſands. Keru'd, and reaſt to them  
Parts of the inwards; and did make a ſircame

*They are receiued as guests.*

Of ſprightly wine, into a golden boule;  
Which to *Minerva*, with a gentle ſoule  
He gaue, and thus ſpake: Ere you eate, faire guest,  
Inuoke the Seas King, of whose ſacred ſeals,  
Your trauell hither, makes ye partners now:  
When (ſacrificing, as becomes) beſlow  
This boule of ſweete wine on your friend, that he  
May likewife vſe theſe rites of pietie:  
For I ſuppoſe, his youth doth prayers vſe,  
Since all men need the Gods. But you I chufe  
First in this cups diſpoulture, ſince his yeares  
Seeme ſhort of yours, who more like me appears:  
Thus gaue he her the cup of pleasant wine;  
And ſince a wife and iuft man did diſigne  
The golden boule firſt to her free receit;  
Euen to the Goddeſſe it did adde delight.  
Who thus inuokt: *Heare thou whoſe vail embracē*  
*Empheſes the whole earth; nor diſdaine thy grace*  
*To vs that ake it, in performing this:*  
*To Nestor firſt, and theſe faire ſonnes of his,*  
*Vouchſafe all honor; and next them, beſlow*  
*On all theſe Pylions, that haue offerd now*  
*This moſt renowned Hecatomb to thee,*  
*Remuneratiſt for them, and free;*  
*And laſſy daigne Telemachus, and me,*  
(The worke perormd, for whoſe eſſet we came)  
*Our ſafe returne, both with our ſhip and fame.*  
Thus praid ſhe; and her ſelfe, her ſelfe obaid,  
In th' end performing all for which ſhe praid.  
And now to pray, and do as ſh had done;  
She gaue the faire round boule t' *Piftrates* ſonne.

The meate then drefſt, and drawne, and ſeru'd t' each guest,  
They celebrated a moſt sumptuous feaſt.

When (appetite to wine and food allaid)

*Horse-taming Nestor* then began, and ſaid:

Now lifes deſire is ſeru'd, as fare as fare,  
Time fits me to enquire, what guests theſe are.  
Faire guests, what are ye? and for what Coaſt tries  
Your ſhip the moſt deepest? For ſit merchandize,  
Or rudely coaſt ye, like our men of prize?  
The rough ſea tempting, deſperately ering  
The ill of others, in their good conſidering?

The wife Prince, now his boldneſſe did begin,  
For *Pallas* ſelfe had hardned him within;  
By this deuice of trauell to explore  
His abſent Father; which two Girlonds wore;  
His good, by manage of his ſpirits; and then  
To gaue him high grace, in th' accounts of men.

*The benevolē  
of Piftratus  
to ſtrangers.*

*Minerva's grace.*

*Nestor to the  
ſtrangers.*

Telemachus an-  
swers.

O Nestor! still in whom Neleus lives!  
And all the glorie of the Greeks suruiues;  
You ask, from whence we are; and I relate:  
From Ithaca (whose seate is situate  
Where Neleus the renowned Mountaine reares  
His haughtie forehead; and the honor beates  
To be our Sea-marke) we affaid the waues;  
The businesse I must tell; our owne good craves  
And hot the publicke. I am come t'enquire,  
If in the same that best men doth inspire,  
Of my most-suffering Father, I may heare  
Some truth of his estate now; who did beare  
The name (being ioynd in fight with you alone)  
To even with earth the height of Ilium.  
Of all men else, that any name did beare,  
And fought for Troy, the feuerall ends we heare;  
But his death, Ioue keeps from the world vndeclared;  
The certaine fame thereof, being told by none.  
It on the Continent by enemies flaine;  
Or with the waues eat, of the rauenous Maine.  
For his loues tis, that to your knees I sue;  
That you would please, out of your owne cleare view,  
To affre his fad end; or lay, if your eare  
Hath heard of the vnhappy wanderer,  
To too much sorrow, whom his mother bore.  
You then, by all your bounties I implore,  
(If euer to you, deed or word hath stood,  
By my good Father promist, rendered good  
Amongst the Troians; where ye both haue tried  
The Grecian sufferance) that in nought applied  
To my respect or pitie, you will glole,  
But vnclothd Truth, to my desires disclose.

*Referre to Tele-  
machus.*

*Patroclus.*

O my much lou'd, (said he) since you renew  
Remembrance of the miseries that grew  
Vpon our still-in-strength-opposing Greece,  
Amongst Troy's people; I must touch a peece  
Of all our woes there; either in the men  
Achilles brought by sea, and led to gaine  
About the Country; or in vs that fought  
About the Citie, where to death were brought  
All our chiefe men, as many as were there.  
There Mars-like Ajax lies; Achilles there;  
There the-in counsell-like the Gods; his friends  
There my deare sonne Antilochus tooke end;  
Past measure swift of foote, and staid in fight.  
A number more, that is felt infinite:  
Of which to reckon all, what mortall man  
(If fift or sixe years you shouldest stay here) can

Scru

Scru such enquierie! You would backe againe,  
Affected with unufferable paine,  
Before you heard it. Nine yeares siegd we them,  
With all the depth and sleight of stratagem  
That could be thought. Ill knit to ill, past end:  
Yet still they tolde vs; nor would yet Ioue send  
Reft to our labors: nor will scarcely yet.  
But no man liu'd, that would in publicke set  
His wiledome, by *Ulysses* policie,  
(As thought his equall) so excessiuely  
He stood superiour all wayes. If you be  
His sonne indeed; mine eyes euerauished me  
To admiration. And in all consent,  
Your speech puts on his speeches ornament.  
Nor would one say, that one so yong could vse  
(Vnlesse his sonne) a Rhetorique so profuse,  
And while we liu'd together, he and I  
Neuer in speech maintaynd diversitie:  
Nor set in counsell: but (by one soule led)  
With spirit and prudent counsell furnished  
The Greeks at all hours: that with fairest course,  
What best became them, they might put in force.  
But when Troy's high Towres, we had leueld thus;  
We put to sea; and God diuided vs.  
And then did Ioue, our fad retreat deuise,  
For all the Greeks were neither iust nor wise,  
And therefore many felte so sharpe a fate;  
Sent from *Mineras* most pernicious hate;  
Whose mighty Father can do fearfull things.  
By whose helpe sicke, betwixt the brother Kings  
Let fall Contention: who in counsell met  
In vaine, and timelesse; when the Sunne was set,  
And all the Greeks calld; that came charg'd with wine.  
Yet then the Kings would vitter their designe;  
And why they summond. *Menelaus*, he  
Put all in mind of home; and cried, To sea.  
But *Agamemnon* stood on contraries;  
Whose will was, they shouldest stay and sacrifice  
Whole Hecatombs to *Pallas*; to forgo  
Her high wrath to them. Foole, that did not know  
She would not so be wonne: for not with eafe  
Th'eternal Gods are turnd from what they please.  
So they (diuided) on foule language stood.  
The Greckes, in huge rout rose: their wine-heate bloud,  
Two wayes affecting. And that nights sleepe too,  
We turnd to studying either others wo.  
When Ioue besides, made readie woes enow.  
Morne came, we lancht; and in our shippes did stow

De Gezorum  
diffidio.

Our

Dicors nauig:- Our goods, and faire-girt women. Halfe our men  
no Græcerum. The peoples guide (*Atrides*) did containe;  
And halfe (being now aboord) put forth to sea.  
A most free gale gaue all ships prosperous way.  
God letild then the huge whale-bearing lake;  
And *Tenedos* we reacht, where, for times sake,  
We did diuine rites to the Gods: but *Ione*  
(Inexorable still) bore yet no loue  
To our returne; but did againe excite  
A seconde lad Contention, that turnd quite  
A great part of vs backe to sea againe;  
Whiche were th'abundant in all counsels men,  
(Your matchesse Father) who, (to gratifie  
The great *Atrides*) backe to him did flic.  
But I fled all, with all that followd me;  
Because I knew, God studied miserie,  
To hurle amongst vs. With me likewise fled  
Martiall *Tidides*. I, the men he led,  
Gat to go with him. Winds our fleete did bring  
To *Lebos*, where the yellow-headed King  
(Though late, yet) found vs: as we put to choise  
A tedious voyadge; if we fail should hose.  
Aboue rough *Chius* (left on our left hand)  
To th'ile of *Pisira*; or that rugged land  
Saille vnder, and for windie *Mimas* stere.  
We askt of God, that some oftent might cleare  
Our cloudey busynesse: who gaue vs signe,  
And charge, that all shoulde (in a middle line)  
The sea cut, for *Eubœa*; that with speed.  
Our long-lustaind infortune might be freed.  
Then did a whistling wind begin to rise,  
And twifly flew we through the ffishie skies,  
Till to *Grætus* we in night were brought;  
Where (through the broad sea, since we late had wrought)  
At *Nepturnes* altars, many solid thies  
Of slaughtered buls, we burnd for sacrifice.  
The fourth day came, when *Tydus* sonne did greete  
The hauen of *Argos*, with his compleat Flete.  
But I, for *Pylas* strait stet'd on my course,  
Nor euer left the wind his fore right force,  
Since God fore-sent it first. And thus I came  
(Deare sonne) to *Pylas*, vniinformd by fame;  
Nor know one sau'd by Fate, or ouercome.  
Whom I haue heard of since (set here at home)  
As fits, thou shalte be taught, nought left vnhowne.  
The expert speare-men; eury Myrmidon,  
(Led by the braue heire of the mighty fould  
Vnpeerd *Achilles*) safe of home got hold.

Safe *Philoctetes*, Peans famous feed:  
And safe *Idomeneus*; his men led  
To his home, (Crete) who fled the armed field,  
Of whom, yet nonc, the sea from him withheld.  
*Atrides* (you haue both heard, though ye be  
His fare off dwellers) what an end had he,  
Done by *Aegisthus*, to a bitter death;  
Who miserably paid for forced breath;  
*Atrides* leaving a good sonne, that dide  
In bloud of that deceitfull particide  
His wreakfull sword. And thou my friend (as he  
For this hath his fame) the like spirit in thee  
Assume at all parts. Faire, and great I see  
Thou art, in all hope; make it good to th'end;  
That after-times, as much may thee command.  
He answerd: O thou greatest grace of *Greece*;  
*Orpheus* made that wreake, his master peece;  
And him the Greeks will giue, a master praise;  
Verse finding him, to last all after daies.  
And would to God, the Gods would fauour me  
With his performance; that my iniurie,  
Done by my mothers wooers, (being so foule)  
I might reuenge vpon their every soule.  
Who (pressing me with contumelies) dare  
Such things as past the power of vtterance are.  
But heauens great Powres, haue grac't my destinie  
With no such honor. Both my Sire and I,  
Are borne to suffer euerlastingly.

Because you name those wooers (Friend, said he)  
Report sayes, many such, in spite of thee,  
(Wooring thy mother) in thy houfe commit  
The il's thou nam'st. But say; procedeth it  
From will in thee, to beare so foule a foile,  
Or from thy subiects hate, that wish thy spoile?  
And will not aide thee, since their spirits relie  
(Againt thy rule) on some graue Augurie?  
What know they, but at length thy Father may  
Come, and with violence, their violence pay?  
Or he alone, or all the Greeks with him?  
But if *Minerva* now did so esteeme  
Thee, as thy Father, in times past; whom, past  
All measure, she, with glorious fauours grac't  
Amongst the *Trojans*, where we suffered so;  
(O! did never see, in such cleare show,  
The Gods so grace a man, as she to him,  
To all our eyes, appeard in all her trim)  
If so, I lay, she would be pleased to loue,  
And that her minds care, thou so much couldst moue,

Telemachus  
Nelتو.

Nelتو Tele-  
macho.

As did thy Father, eucry man of thef,  
Would lofe in death their fecking mariage.  
*Telemachus.*  
O Father, (answred he) you make amaze  
Scife me throughout. Beyond the height of phare  
You raise expreſſion; but twill neuer be,  
That I ſhall moue in any Deſtie,  
So bleſt an honour. Not by any meaneſ,  
If Hope ſhould prompt me, or blind Confidence,  
(The God of Fools), or eucry Deſtie  
Should will it; for, tis paſt my deſtinie.  
*Minerva.*  
The burning-cyd Dame anſwred: What a ſpeech  
Hath paſt the teeth-guard, Nature gaue to teach  
Fit queſtion of thy words beſtore they ſlie? *Volente Deo,*  
God eaſily can (when to a mortall eie  
Heſe furtheſt off) a mortall ſatiſie.  
And does, the more ſtill. For thy caſd for Sire,  
I rather wifh, that I might home retire,  
After my ſufferance of a world of woes;  
Farre off; and then my glad eyes might diſcloſe  
The day of my returne; then ſtraiſt retire,  
And perifl ſtanding by my houſhold fire.  
As *Agamemnon* diſt; that loſt his life,  
By falſe *Egiffius*, and his falſer wife.  
For Death to come at length, tis due to all;  
Nor can the Gods themſelues, when Fate ſhall call  
Their moſt lou'd man, extend his vital breath  
Beyond the fixt bounds of abhorred Death.  
*Telemachus.*  
Mentor! (laid he) let's diwell no more on this,  
Although in vs, the forrow pious is.  
No ſuch returne, as we wiſh, Fates bequeath  
My erring Father, whom a preuent deaſt,  
The deaſtlesſe haue decreed. Ile now vſe ſpeech  
That tends to other purpoſe; and beſeech  
Inſtruction of graue *Nefor*; ſince he flowes  
Paſt thore, in all expeſience; and knowes  
The ſleights and wiſedomes, to whose heights aſprie  
Others, as well as my commended Sire;  
Whom Fame reports to haue commanded three  
Ages of men; and doth in fight to me  
Shew like th' Immortals. *Nefor*! the renoune  
Of old *Nelius*; make the cleare truſt knowne,  
How the moſt great in Empire, *Atrœus* ſoule,  
Suffaſt the aſt of his deſtruction.  
Where then was *Menelaus*? how was it,  
That falſe *Egiffius*, being ſo farre vnfit  
A match for him, could his deaſt ſo enforſe?  
Was he not then in *Argos*? or his course  
With men ſo leſt, to let a coward breathe

Spirit

Spirit enough, to dare his brothers deaſt?  
Ile tell thee truſt in all (faire ſonne) ſaid he:  
Right well was this euent conceiu'd by thee.  
If *Menelaus* in his brothers house,  
Had found the idle liuer with his ſpoouse,  
(Arriu'd from *Troy*) he had not liu'd; nor dead  
Had the digg heape powrd on his luſtfull head:  
But fowles and dogs had torne him in the fields,  
Farre off of *Argos*. Not a Dame it yeelds,  
Had giuen him any teare; ſo foule his fact  
Shewd euen to women. Vs *Troy*'s warres had rackt  
To euery ſinewes ſufferance; while \* he  
In *Argos* vplands liu'd; from thofe workes free.  
And *Agamemnon*'s wife, with force of word  
Flattered and loſtli'd; who, at firſt abhord  
A fact ſo infamous. The heau'ly Dame,  
A good mind had; but was in blood too blame.  
There was a \*Poet, to whose care, the King  
His Queene committed; and in euery thing  
(When he for *Troy* went) charg'd him to apply  
Himſelfe in all guard to her dignitie.  
But when ſtrong Fate, fo wrapt-i her affeſts,  
That ſhe refolud to leaue her fit reſpects;  
Into a deaſt Ile, her Guardian led.  
(There leſt) the rapine of the Vultures fed.  
Then brought he willing home his wiſs wonne prize,  
On ſacred Altars offered many Thies:  
Hung in the Gods Phanes many ornaments;  
Garments and gold; that he the vafte euent  
Of ſuch a labor, to his wiſh had brought,  
As neither fell into his hope, nor thought.  
At laſt, from *Troy* ſaile *Sparta*king and I,  
Both, holding her vntoucht. And (that his eie  
Might ſee no worse of her) when both were blowne  
To ſacred *Sunius* (of *Minerua* towne  
The goodly Promontorie) with his ſhafts ſeuere  
*Augur Apollo* ſluſt him that did ſtere  
*Atrides* ſhip, as he the ſterne did guide,  
And ſhe the full ſpeed of her ſaile applide.  
He was a man, that nations of men  
Exceld in ſafe guide of a vefſell; when  
A tempeſt rufht in on the rufhd ſeas:  
His name was *Phrontis Onsterides*.  
And thus was *Menelaus* held from home,  
Whofe way he thiſted ſo to ouercome;  
To giue his friend the earth, being his purſuite,  
And all his exequies to execute.  
But ſailing ſtill the \*wind-hewd ſeas, to reach

*Nefor* *Telemachus*  
cho de *Egiffius*  
adulterio.

*Egiffius.**andis am.*

Some  
tempore mortis  
rei cuius facies  
vniſſi repreſentat

Some shore for fit performance; he did fetch  
The steep Mount of the *Malians*; and there  
With open voice, offended *Jupiter*,  
Proclaimd the voyage, his repugnant mind;  
And pow'rd the pufes out of a threcking wind,  
That nourisht billowes, heightned like to hilis.  
And with the Fleets diuision, fulfils  
His hate proclaimd; vpon a part of *Crete*  
Casting the Nauie, where the sea-waues meeke  
Rough *Iardanus*; and where the *Cydon* liue.

There is a Rocke, on which the Sea doth drue;  
Bare, and all broken; on the confines set  
Of *Cortys*; that the darke seas likewise frer;  
And bithir sent the South, a horrid drift  
Of waues against the top, that was the left  
Of that torne cliffe; as farre as *Pheium* Strand.  
A little stome, the great seas rage did stand.  
The men here druen, scapt hard the ships fore shoks;  
The ships themselues being wrackt against the rocks;  
Saued only fwe, that blue fore-castles bore,  
Which wind and water cast on *Egypt*'s shore.  
When he (there victing well, and store of gold  
Aboord his ships brought) his wilde way did hold,  
And t'other languag'd men, was forc't to rome.  
Meane space *Egishus* made sad wroke at home;  
And slue his brother, forcing to his sway,

*Agamemnonis intentus.*

*Atrides* lubiects; and did seuen yeares lay  
His yoke vpon the rich *Mycenean* State.  
But in the eight, (to his affrighting fate)  
Divine *Oreles* home from *Athens* came;

*Oreles patrem vicarius.*

And what his royll Father fel, the same  
He made the false *Egishus* grone beneath:  
*Death euermore is the reward of Death.*

Thus hauing slaine him; a sepulchral feast  
He made the *Argives*, for his lufffull guest,  
And for his mother, whom he did detest.  
The selfe-lame day, vpon him stole the King,  
(Good at a martiall shout) and goods did bring,  
As many as his freighted Fleete could beare.  
But thou (my sonne) too long, by no meanes erre,  
Thy goods left free for many a spoifull guest;  
Leſt they consume fome, and diuide the rest;  
And thou (perhaps besidcs) thy voyage lose.  
To *Menelaus* yet thy couſe dispole,  
I wish and charge thee; who but late arriu'd,  
From ſuch a ſhore, and men; as to haue liu'd  
In a returne from them; he never thought;  
And whom, blacke whirlwinds violently brought

Within

Within a ſea ſo valt, that in a yare  
Not any fowle could paſſe it any where,  
So huge and horrid was it. But go thou  
With ſhip and men (or if thou pleaſest now  
To paſſe by land, there ſhall be brought for thee  
Both horſe and chariot; and thy guides ſhall be  
My ſonne themſelves) to *Sparta*, the diuine,  
And to the King, whose looke like Amber ſhine.  
Intreat the truth of him; nor loues he lies;  
Wifdom in truth is; and hee's paſſing wife.

This ſaid, the Sunne went downe, and vp roſe Night,  
When *Pallas* ſpake; O Father, all good right  
Bear thy direcions. But diuide we now  
The ſacrifices tongues; mixe wine, and vow  
To *Neptune*, and the other euer bleſſt;  
That hauing ſacrifid, we may to reſt.  
The fit houre runnes now; light diuines out of date;  
At ſacred feaſts, we muſt not ſit too late.

Pallas Neftori.

She ſaid: They heard; the Herald water gaue;  
The youths crownd cups with wine; and let all haue  
Their equall ſhares, beginning from the cup;  
Their parting banquett. All the Tongues cut vp;  
The fire they gaue them; ſacrifide, and roles  
Wine, and diuine rites, vnde to each diſpofes  
*Minerva* and *Telemachus* deſide.  
They might to ſhip be, with his leauue, retirde.

He (mou'd with that) prouoke thus their abodes:  
Now *Ione* forbid, and all the long-liu'd Gods,  
Your leauing me, to ſleepe aboard a ſhip:  
As I had drunke of poore *Penias* whip,  
Euen to my nakedneſſe; and had nor ſheete,  
Nor couering in my houſe; that warme nor ſweete  
A guest, nor I my ſelfe, had meane to ſleepe;  
Where I, both weeds and wealthy couerings keepe  
For all my guests: nor ſhall Fame euer ſay,  
The deare ſonne of the man *Vlyſſes*, lay  
All night a ſhip boord here; while my dayes ſhine;  
Or in my Court, whiles any ſonne of mine  
Enioyes ſuriuall: who ſhall guests receiuē,  
Whom euer, my house hath a nooke to leauue.

My much lou'd Father, (ſaid *Minerva*) well  
All this becomes thee. But perfwade to dwell  
This night with thee thy ſonne *Telemachus*;  
For more conuenient is the course for vs,  
That he may follow to thy houſe, and reſt.  
And I may boord our blacke ſaile; that address  
At all parts I may make our men; and cheare  
All with my preſence; ſince of all men there

I boast my selfe the senior; th'others are  
Youths, that attend in free and friendly care,  
Great-loud *Telemachus*, and are his peers,  
In fresh similitude of forme and yeeres.  
For their conformance, I will therefore now  
Sleepe in our blacke Barkie. But when Light shall shew  
Her siluer forehead, I intend my way.

Amongst the *Caucus*, men that are to pay  
A debt to me, nor small, nor new. For this,  
Take you him home, whom in the mome dismisse,  
With chariot and your sonnes; and give him hode  
Ablest in strength, and of the speediest course.

This said, away he flew; formd like the fowle  
Men call the *Oiffrage*; when every soule  
Amaze inuaded: ev'n th'old man admir'd;  
The youthe hand tooke, and said: O most defin'd,  
My hope fayes, thy prooef will no coward shew,  
Nor one vnskild in warre; when Deities now  
So yong attend thee, and become thy guides:  
Nor any of the heauen-houfde States besides,  
But *Trisogenes* selfe; the seed of *Ione*;  
The great in prey; that did in honor mone  
So much about thy Father, amongst all  
The Grecian armie. Fairest Queene, let fall  
On me like fauours: give me good renoume;  
Which as on me; on my lou'd wife, let downe,  
And all my children. I will burne to thee  
An Oxe right bred, brode headed, and yoke-free,  
To no mans hand yet humbled. Him will I  
(His horns in gold hid) give thy Deitie.

Thus praid he, and she heard; and home he led  
His sonnes, and all his heapes of kindred;  
Who entring his Court royll, every one  
He marshald in his feuerall feate and throne.  
And every one, so kindly come, he gane  
His sweet-wine cup; which none was let to hane  
Before this leuenty yeare, landed him from *Troy*;  
Which now the Buleresse had leue i'employ.  
Who therefore pierst it, and did gaine it vent.  
Of this, the old Duke did a cup present  
To every guest: made his maid many a paire  
That weare the Shield fring'd with his oufes haire;  
And gau her sacrifice. With this rich wine  
And food suffisfe, Sleepe, all eyes did decline.  
And all for home went: but his Court alone,  
*Telemachus*, divine *Vlysses* sonne,  
Muſt make his lodging, or no please his heart.  
A bed, all chequerd with elaborate Art,

Diphates Mi-  
serus.Neftor Tele-  
machus.

Within

Within a Portico, that rung like brasse,  
He brought his guest to; and his bediere was  
*Pisistratus*, the martiall guide of men,  
That liu'd, of all his sonnes, vnwed till then.  
Himselfe lay in a by-roome, faire aboue,  
His bed made by his barren wife, his loue.

The rosie-finger'd morne, no sooner shone,  
But vp he rose, tooke aire, and sat vpon  
A seat of white, and goodly polishit stone,  
That such a gloſſe as richest ointments wore  
Before his high gates, where the Counfeller  
That matcht the Gods (his Father) vſde to sit:  
Who now (by Fate forc't) stoopt as low as it.  
And here sat *Neftor*, holding in his hand  
A Scepter; and about him round did stand  
(As early vp) his sonnes troope; *Perseus*,  
The God-like *Thrasimedes*, and *Aretus*,  
*Echephrus*, *Stratius*, the first and last  
*Pisistratus*; and by him (halfe embrac't  
Still as they came) diuine *Telemachus*,  
To theſe (spake *Neftor*, old *Genenius*):

Haste (loued sonnes) and do me a desire,  
That (firſt of all the Gods) I may aspire  
To *Pallas* fauour; who vouchſaſt to me,  
At *Neptunes* feaſt, her ſight ſo openly.  
Let one to field go, and an Oxe with speed  
Caue hither brought; which, let the Heardsman leade;  
Another to my deare gueste vſt ill go,  
And all his ſouldiers bring, ſauē onely two.  
A third, the Smith that works in gold, command  
(*Laertius*) to attend, and lend his hand,  
To plate the both hornes round about with gold;  
The reſt remaine here cloſe. But firſt, (ee told  
The maidſ within, that they prepare a feaſt;  
Set ſeates through all the Court: ſee ſtraiſt addreſt  
The pureſt water, and get fueli feld.

This ſaid; not one, but in the ſeruice held  
Officiale hand. The Oxe came led from field;  
The Souldiers troope from ſhip; the Smith he came,  
And thoſe tooles brought, that ſeru'd the auctiall frame,  
His Art conceiu'd; brought Anvile, hammers brought,  
Faire tonges and all, with which the gold was wrought.  
*Minerva* likewife came, to ſet the Crowne  
On that kind ſacrifice, and mak't her owne.

Then th'old Knight *Neftor* gaue the Smith the gold,  
With which he ſtrai did both the hornes infold;  
And trimm'd the Offering ſo, the Goddefe ioyd.  
About which, thus were *Neftor*'ſonnes employd:

E 4

Neftor's filii pa-  
tris ſuic Min-  
uz facrum ap-  
parant,

The forme of the  
Sacrifice.

Divine

Divine *Echepbren*, and faire *Stratium*,  
Held both the hornes: the water odorous,  
In which they waft, what to the rites was vowed,  
*Aretus* (in a caldron, all besprowd  
With herbes and flowres) sen'd in from th' holy roome  
Where all were drest; and whence the rites must come.  
And after him, a hallowd virgin came,  
That brought the barley cake, and blew the flame.  
The axe, with which the Ox should both be feld  
And cut forth, *Thrasimedes* stood by, and held.  
*Perseus* the vessell held, that should retaine  
The purple licour of the offering flaine.  
Then waft, the pious Father: then the Cake  
(Of barley, salt, and oile made) tooke, and brake.  
Ask many a boone of *Pallas*; and the state  
Of all the offering, did initiate.  
In three parts cutting off the haire, and cast  
Amidst the flame. All th'inuocation past,  
And all the Cake broke; manly *Thrasimedes*  
Stood neare, and sure, and such a blow he laid  
Aloft the offring; that to earth he funke,  
His neck-nerues sunderd, and his spirits shrunke.  
Out shriekt the daughters, daughter in lawes, and wife  
Of three ag'd *Neflor*, (who had eldest life  
Of Clymens daughters) chaste *Eurydice*.  
The Ox on broad earth, then layd laterally,  
They held, while Duke *Pisistratus*, the throte  
Dissolu'd and set, the lable blood afflowe;  
And then the life the bones left. Instantly  
They cut him vp, apart flew either Thic,  
Tha with the fat they dubd, with art alone,  
The throte-briske, and the sweet-bread pricking on.  
Then *Neflor* broild them on the cole-turnd wood,  
Pou'rd blacke wine on; and by him yong men stoo'd  
That spits fine-pointed held, on which (when burn'd  
The solid Thics were) they transfixt, and turnd  
The inwards, cut in canties: which (the meate  
Vowd to the Gods, consum'd) they rost and ate.  
In meane spacie, *Polycaste* (call'd the faire, \*  
*Neflor* yongst daughter) bath'd *Vlysses* heire,  
Whom, hauing cleand, and with rich balmes bespred,  
She cast a white shirt quickly o're his head,  
And then his weeds put on; when, forth he went,  
And did the person of a God present.  
Came, and by *Neflor* tooke his honourd seate,  
This pastor of the people. Then, the meate  
Of all the spare parts rosted, off they drew;  
Sat, and fell to. But foone the temperate few,

Rofe, and in golden bolles, fill'd others wine.  
Till, when the rest felthirst of least decline,  
*Neflor* his sonnes bad, fetch his high-man'd horse,  
And them in chariot ioyne, to tunne the courfe  
The Prince resolu'd. *Obaid*, as foone as heard  
Was *Neflor* by his sonnes; who strait prepard  
Both horse and chariot. She that kept the store,  
Both bread and wine, and all such viands more,  
As shoud the feast of loue-fed Kings compote;  
Pouruaid the voyage. To the rich Coach, rofe  
*Vlysses* sonne; and close to him ascended  
The Duke *Pisistratus*, the reines intended,  
And scourg'd, to force to field, whi freely flew,  
And left the Towne, that farre her splendor threw.  
Both holding yoke, and shooke it all the day;  
But now the Sunne set, darkning every way,  
When they to *Pheris* came, and in the houle  
Of *Dioclies* (the sonne *Ortilochus*),  
Whom flood *Alpheus* got) slept all that night:  
Who gaue them each hofpitale rite.  
But when the rosie-finger'd morne arose,  
They went to Coach, and did their horse incloses,  
Draue forth the fore-court, and the porch that yecld  
Each breath a fround; and to the fruitfull fields  
Rode scourging still their willing flying Steeds;  
Who strenuously performd their wonted speeds.  
Their journey ending iust when Sunne went downe;  
And shadowes all wayes through the earth were throwne.

Telemachus  
proficitur ad  
Menelaum.

Finis libri tertij IHom. Odyss.

THE

# THE FOVRTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**R**ECI'd now, in the Spartan Court  
Telemachus, preferreth report.  
To Menelaus, of the strong  
Of wo's with him, and their wrong.  
Atrides tells the Grecians retreat,  
And doth a Prophecie repeare,  
That Proteus made, by which he knew  
His brother's death; and then doth then  
How with Calypso liv'd the fire  
Of his yong queſt. The wo's confirme  
Their Prince's death: whoſe treachery knewne,  
Penelope in teares doth drowne.  
Whom Pallas by a dreame doth cheare,  
And inſimilande appearre  
Of ſcere Iphithima, knowne to be  
The ſitter of Penelope.

## Another.

**A**genta. Here, of the Sire  
The ſonne doth heare:  
The wo's confirme;  
The mothers ſcere.

*Actus I. Argumentum. In  
tronus: cuius uulnus ex  
expoundi Sparta tam ampli,  
ut ipsius mag-  
nam: where are  
ſenſus: properi  
plurima cetera  
nauicitem.*

**N** Lacedemon now, the nurſe of Whales,  
Theſe two arru'd, and found at festiuſals  
(With mightie concurſe) the renowned King,  
His ſonne and daughter, ioyntly marrying.  
Aetelors daughter, he did give his ſonne  
Strong Megapente, who his life begunne  
By Menelaus bondmaid; whom he knew  
In yeares. When Hellen could no more renew  
In iſſue like diuine Hermone;  
Who held in all faire forme, as high degree  
As golden Venus. Her he married now  
To great Achilles ſonne; who was by vow  
Betrothed to her at Troy. And thus the Gods  
To conſtant loues, give nuptiall periods.  
Whose ſtate here paſt, the Myrmidons rich towne  
(Of which ſhe ſhar'd in the Imperiall Crowne)  
With horſe and charioes he reſign'd her to.  
Meane ſpace, the high huge houſe, with feaſt did flow

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

Of friends and neighbours, loyng with the King.  
Amongſt whom, did a heauenly Poer ſing,  
And touch his Harpe. Amongſt whom likewiſe danc't  
Two, who in that dumbe motion aduanc't,  
Would prompt \*the Singer, what to ſing and play.  
All this time, in the vtre Court did ſtay,  
With horſe and chariot, *Telemachus*,  
And Aetelors noble ſonne, *Piſſistratus*.  
Whom *Elemeſus* coming forth, defcried,  
And, being a ſeruant to the King, moſt tried  
In care, and his reſpect, he ranne and cried:  
Gueſts! loue-kept *Menelaus*! two ſuch men,  
As are for forme, of high *Saturnian* ſtraine.  
Informe your pleaſure, if we ſhall vncloſe  
Their horſe from coach; or ſay, they muſt diſpoſe  
Their way to ſome houſe, as may embraſe  
Their knowne arriuall, with more welcominge grace?

He (angry) anſwer'd, Thou diſt neuer ſhow  
Thy ſelfe a toole (*Beaſtides*) till now;  
But now (as if turnd child) a childiſh ſpeech:  
Vents thy vaine ſpirits. We ouelues now reaſh  
Our home, by much ſpent hospitalitie  
Of other men; nor know, if *tooſt* will tri'e,  
With other after wants, our ſtate againe:  
And therefore, from our ſeaſt, no more detaine  
Thoſe welcome gueſts; but take their ſteeds from Coach,  
And with attendance guide in their approach.

This ſaid, he rufht abroad, and call'd ſome more  
Tried in ſuſcieſe, that together bore  
Up to the gueſts: and tooke their ſteeds that ſweat  
Beneath their yokes, from Coach. At mangers ſet,  
Wheate and white barley gaue them mixt; and plac't  
Their Chariot by a wall to cleare, it caſt  
A light quicke thorough it. And then they led  
Their gueſts to the diuine houſe, which ſo fed  
Their eyes at all parts with illuſtrious ſights,  
That Admiration ſeid them. Like the lights  
The Sunne and Moone gaue; all the Pallace threw  
A luſter through it. Satiate with whol'e view,  
Downe to the Kings moſt bright-kept Bathes, they went;  
Where handmaids did their ſeruices preſent:  
Bath'd, balmd them; shirts, and well-napt weeds put on,  
And by *Atrides* ſide, ſet each hi throne.  
Then did the handmaid royall, waſter bring,  
And to a Lauer, rich and glittering,  
Of mafſie gold, pow'd: which ſhe plac't vpon  
A ſiluer Caldron, into which, might runne  
The water as they waſht. Then ſet ſhe neare

*Actus I. Argumentum. Canunt auſpiciantes: of which  
place, the Crisicks  
affirmeſt, that fab-  
tatores moſt  
ſuo indicant  
cantoſi, quo  
genere caſtas  
fatacur forent.  
The rapture of  
Elemeſus at ſight  
of Telemachus  
and Piſſistratus.*

*Menelaus re-  
buketh his ſtrude  
for his doubts to  
entertaining gueſts  
warily.*

A polisht table; on which, all the cheare  
The present could afford; a reverend Dame  
That kept the Larder, set. A Cooke then came,  
And divers dishes, borne thence, seru'd againe;  
Furnisht the boord with boles of gold; and then  
(His right hand givyn the guestes) *Atrides* said,  
Eare, and be chearfully appetitie allaid,  
I long to aske, of what stocke ye descend,  
For not from parents, whos race namelesse end,  
We must denye your offspring. Men obscure,  
Could get none such as you. The pountainure  
Of lone-lustre, and Scepter-bearing Kings,  
Your either person, in his presence brings.  
An Oxes fat chine, then they vp did lift,  
And set before the guestes; which was a gift,  
Sent as an honor, to the Kings owne taft.  
They saw yet, twas but to be eaten plac't,  
And fell to it. But food and wines, rare past,  
*Telemachus* thus prompted *Nestor* sonne;  
(His eare close laying, to be heard of none)

*Telemachus to Nestor*  
observation of the houses, me so  
mucht as he  
hastily admires  
it, as to please  
Menelaus, who  
he knew heard,  
though he seemed  
distrayns be shold  
not heare.  
Consider (thou whom most my mind esteemes)  
The brasse-worke here, how rich it is in beames;  
And how besides, it makes the whole houfe found:  
What gold, and amber, siluer, ivorie, round  
Is wrought about it. Out of doubt, the Hall  
Of *Iupiter Olympius*, hath of all  
This stately, the like. How many infinites,  
Take vp to admiration, all mens sight:  
*Atrides* ouer-heard, and said, Lou'd sonne,  
No mortall must affect contention  
With *Iove*, whose dwellings are of endlesse date.

Perhaps (of men) lone one may emulate,  
(Or none) my houfe, or me. For I am one,  
That many a graue extreme have yndergone.  
Much eror fel by sea; and till th' eightheare,  
Had never stey, but wandered farte and neare,  
*Cypris*, *Phoenicia*, and *Sydonie*;  
And fetcht the farre off *Ethiopia*.  
Reacht the *Erembi* of *Arabia*;  
And *Lybia*, where, with hornes, Ewes yeane their Lambs:  
Where every full year, Ewes are three times dams.  
Where neither King, nor thefeard, want comes neare  
Of cheefe, or flesh, or sweete milke. All the yearre.  
They euer milke their Ewes. And here while I  
Erred, gathering meanes to liue: one, murtherously,  
Vnwares, ynfeme, bereft my brothers life;  
Chiefly betrayed by his abhoored wife.  
So, hold I, (not enyoing) what you see.

And

And of your Fathers (if they liuing be)  
You must haue heard this: since my suffrings were  
So great and famous. From this Pallace here,  
(So rarely-well-built, furnished so well;  
And substanced with such a precious deale  
Of well-got treasure) banisht by the doome  
Of Fate; and erring as I had no home.  
And now I haue, and vfe it; not to vke  
Th'entire delight it offers, b. to t.  
Continual wishes, that a triple part  
Of all it holds, were wanting; to my heart  
Were easde of sorrowes (taken for their deaths  
That fell at *Troy*) by their reuived breaths.  
And thus sit I here, weeping, mourning still  
Each least man lost; and sometimes make mine ill  
(In paying iust teares for their losse) my ioy.  
Sometimes I breathe my woes; for in annoy,  
The pleasure soone admits satietie.  
But all these mens wants, wet not so mine eie,  
(Though much they moue me) as one sole mans misse;  
For which, my sleepe and meat: euen lothome is,  
In his renewd thought; since no Greeke hath wonne  
Grace, for such labours, as *Laertes* sonne  
Hath wrought and suffered: to himselfe, nought else  
But future sorrowes forges: to me, hels  
For his long absence; since I cannot know  
If life or death detaine him: since such woe  
For his loue, old *Laertes*, his wife wife,  
And poore yong sonne sustaines; whom new with life,  
He left as firslesse. This speech, griefe to teares  
(Powrd from the sonnes lids on the earth) his eares  
(Told of the Father) did excite, who kept  
His cheeke drie with his red weed, as he wept:  
His both hands vfe in therein. *Atrides* then  
Began to know him, and did strife retaine,  
If he should let, himselfe confess his Sire,  
Or with all fitting circumstance, enquire.  
While this, his thoughts disputed, forth did shine,  
(Like to the golden *distaffe-deckt diuine*)  
From her beds high and odoriferous roome,  
*Hellen*. To whom (of an elaborate loome)  
*Atrida* set a chaire: *Alope* brought  
A peice of Tapestrie, of fine wool wrought.  
*Philo*, siluer Cabinet conferd:  
(Given by *Aleandra*, Nuptially endear'd  
To Lord *Polybius*, whose abode in *Thebes*,  
Th' Egyptian citie was;) where wealth in heapes,  
His famous house held: out of which did go

Introducing *Phyf.*  
fis.

*Diana*  
*Hellenes* rap-  
rante and orna-  
ment.

F

In

In gift v. *Atrides*, siluer bath-tubs two; Two Tripods; and of fine gold, talents ten. His wife did like wife send to *Hellen* then, Faire gifts; a Diftaffe that of gold was wronght; And that rich Cabinet that *Phyllobrought*; Round, and with gold ribb; now of fine thred, full: On which extended (crownd with finest wool), Of violet glasse) the golden Diftaffe lay.

She tooke her State-chaire, and a foot-stooles lay

*Heleno Mens-  
lens concerning  
the gifts.*

Had for her feete; and of her husband, thus Ask to know all things: Is it knowne to vs, (King *Menelaus*) whom these men command Themselues for; that our Court, now takes to friend? I must affirme, (be I decei'd or no) I never yet saw man nor woman so Like one another, as this man is like *Vlysses* sonne. With admiration stille His lookes, my thoughts; that they should came now Powre to perwade me thus; who did but know, When newly he was borne, the forme they bore. But his his Fathers grace, whom more and more His grace resembles; that makes me retaine Thought, that he now, is like *Telemachus* then: Left by his Sire, when *Greece* did vndertake *Troy*, bold warre, for my impudencies sake.

He answerd: Now wife, what you think, I know, The true cast of his Fathers eye, doth shew In his eyes order. Both his head and haire, His hands and feete, his very fathers are. Of whom (so well rememberd) I should now Acknowledge for me, his coniugal flow Of cares and perils; yet still patient. But I should too much moue him, that doth vent Such bitter teares for that which hath bene spoke; Which (hunning soft shew) see how he would cloke; And with his purple weed, his weepings hide.

Then *Nefors* sonne, *Pisistratus* replide: Great Pastor of the people; kept of God! He is *Vlysses* sonne; but his abode, Not made before here; and he modest too; He holds it an indignite to do A deed so vaine, to vfe the boast of words, Where your words are on wing, whose voice affords Delight to *Vlysses* if a God did breake The aire amongst vs, and vouchsafe to speake. But me, my father (old Duke *Nefor*) sent To be his confort hither; his content, Not to be heighned so, as with your fight.

*Pisistratus* tells  
who they are.

In hope that therewith words and actions might Informe his comforts from you; since he is Extrincely grieu'd and injur'd, by the misle Of his great Father; suffering euen at home. And few friends found, to helpe him ouercome His too weake sufferance, now his Sire is gone. Amongst the people, not affoorded one To checke the miseries, that mate him thus; And this the state is of *Telemachus*.

O Gods (said he) how certaine, now, I see My house enioyes that friends sonne, that for me Hath vndergone so many willing fightes! Whom I refol'd, past all the Grecian Knights, To hold in loue; if our retурne by seas, The fare-off Thunderer did euer please To grant our wishes. And to his respect, A Pallace and a Citie to erect, My vow had bound me. Whither bringing then His riches, and his sonne, and all his men From barren *Ithaca*, (some one sole Towne Inhabited about him, batterd downe) All shold in *Argos* liue. And there would I Ease him of rule; and take the Emperie Of all on me. And often here would we (Delighting, louing eithers companie) Meete and conuers; whom nothing should diuide, Till deaths blacke veile did each all ouer hide. But this perhaps had bene a meane to take Euen God himself with enuie; who did make *Vlysses* therefore onely the vnblest, That should not reach his loued countries rest.

These wos made eury one with woe in loue; Euen *Argive Hellen* wept, (the feed of *Ioue*) *Vlysses* sonne wept; *Atrœus* sonne did weepe; And *Nestors* sonne, his eyes in teares did steepe. But his teares fell not from the present cloud, That from *Vlysses* was exhal'd, but flowd From braue *Antilochus* rememberd due, Whom the renoumd \* Sonne of the Morning flue. Which yet he thus excusde: O *Atrœus* sonne! Old *Nefor* sayes, There liues not such a one Amongst all mortals, as *Atrides* is. For deathlesse wisedome. Tis a pracie of his, Still giuen in your remembrance; when at home Our speech concerns you. Since then ouercome You please to be, with sorrow euen to teares, That are in wifedome so exempt from peres; Vouchsafe the like effect in me excuse.

*Menelaus* iey  
for *Telemachus*,  
and more for  
*Vlysses* selfe.

*Menelaus*.

*Pisistratus* weeps  
with remembrance  
of his brother  
*Antilochus*,  
*Vid. Menon.*

(if it be lawfull) I affeit no vfe  
Of teares thus, after meales; at least, at night:  
But when the morne brings forth, with teares, her light,  
It shall not then empaire me to bellow  
My teares on any worthies overthrow.  
It is the onely right, that wretched men  
Can do dead friends, to cut haire, and complaine.  
But Death my brother tooke, whom none could call  
The Grecian coward; you best knew of all.  
I was not there, nor saw; but men report,  
*Antilochus* exceld the common sort,  
For footmanship, or for the Chariot race;  
Or in the fight, for hardie hold of place.

O friend (said he) since thou haft spoken so,  
At all parts, a one wife should say and do;  
And like one, farre beyond thy selfe in years;  
Thy words shall bounds be, to our former teares.  
O he is questionlesse a right borne sonne,  
That of his Father hath not onely wonne  
The person, but the wisedome; and that Sire,  
(Complete himselfe) that hath a sonne entire;  
*Ion* did not onely his full fate adorne,  
When he was wedded; but when he was borne.  
As now *Saturnus*, through his lifes whole date,  
Hath *Neflors* blisse raid to as steepe a state:  
Both in his age to keepe in peace his houle;  
And to haue children wife and valorous.

But let vs not forget our rent Feast thus;  
Let some give water here. *Telemachus*!  
The morning shall yeld time to you and me,  
To do what fit, and reason mutually.  
This, said: the carefull seruant of the King,  
(*Aphthon*) pow'rd on, th'issu of the Spring;  
And all to readie feast, set readie hand.  
But *Hellen* now, on new deuice did stand;  
Intusing strait a medicine to their wine,  
That (drowning Cares and Angers) did decline  
All thought of ill. Who drunke her cup, could shed  
All that day, not a teare, no not if dead  
That day his father or his mother were;  
Nor if his brother, child, or chiefeſt deare,  
He should ſee murtherd then before his face.  
Such vſfull medicines (onely borne in grace,  
Of what was good) would *Hellen* euer haue.  
And this Iuyce to her, *Polydamma* gaue  
The wife of *Thoon*, an Egyptian borne;  
Whose rich earth, herbes of medicine do adorne  
In great abundance. Many healthfull are,

*Hellen* proun  
against Caret.

And many banefull. Every man is there  
A good Phyſition, out of natures grace,  
For all the nation ſprung of *Paeon* race.  
When *Hellen* then her medicine had infiſde,  
She bad powre wine to it, and this ſpeech vſde:  
    *Atrides*, and theſt good mens fonnes; great *Ion*  
Makes good and ill, one after other moue  
In all things earthly: for he can do all.  
The woes paſt therefore, he ſo late let fall;  
The comforts he affoords vs, let vs take;  
Feaſt, and with fit diuourſes, merrie make.  
Nor will I other vſe. As then our blood  
Grieu'd for *Vlyſſes*, ſince he was ſo good;  
Since he was good, let vs delight to heare  
How good he was, and what his ſufferings were.  
Though euer fight, and euer ſuffering deed,  
Patient *Vlyſſes* vnderwent; exceed  
My womans powre to number, or to name.  
But what he did, and ſufferd, when he came  
Amongſt the Troians, (where ye Grecians all  
Tooke part with ſufferance) I in part can call  
To your kind memories. How with ghastly wounds  
Himſelfe he mangl'd; and the Troian bounds  
(Thrust thicke with enemies) aduentured on:  
His royll ſhoulders, hauing caſt vpon  
Base abiett weeds, and enterd like a ſlauie.  
Then (begger-like) he diſ of all men craue,  
And ſuſh a wretch was, as the whole Grecke ſteere  
Brought not beſides. And thus through euer ſtreete  
He crept diſcouering: of no one man knowne.  
And yet through all this diſference, I alone  
Smokt his true person. Talkt with him. But he  
Fled me with wiles ſtill. Nor could we agree,  
Till I diſclaimd him quite. And ſo (as mou'd  
With womanly remorse, of one that prou'd  
So wretched an eſtate, what ere he were)  
Wonne him to take my houle. And yet euen there;  
Till freely I (to make him doubleſe) ſwore  
A powrefull oath, to let him reach the ſhore  
Of ſhips and tents, before *Troy* vnderſtood;  
I could not force on him his proper good.  
But then I bath'd and foorth'd him, and he then  
Confefſt, and told me all. And (hauing ſlaine  
A number of the Troian guards) retirede,  
And reacht the Fleete, for ſlight and force admirde.  
Their husbands deaths by him, the Troian wiues  
Shriekt for; but I made triumphs for their liues.  
For then my heart conceiu'd, that once againe

*Hellen* of *Vlyſſes*  
and the ſacke of  
*Troy*.

## THE FOURTH BOOKE

I should reach home, and yet did still retaine  
Woe for the slaughterers, *Venus* made for me:  
When both my husband, my *Hermione*,  
And bridall roome, the robd of so much right;  
And drew me from my countrie, with her sleight.  
Though nothing vnder heauen, I here did need,  
That could my Fancie, or my Beautie feed.

*Menelaus to Helen and his  
guests.*

Her husband said: Wife: what you please to tell,  
Is true at all parts, and becomes you well.  
And I my selfe, that now may say, haue seene  
The minds and manners of a world of men:  
And great Heroes, measuring many a ground,  
Haue never (by these eyes that light me) found  
One, with a bolome, so to be belou'd,  
As that in which, th'accomplichir spirit, mou'd  
Of patient *Physses*. What (braue man)  
He both did act, and suffer, when we wan  
The towne of *Iliam*, in the braue-built horse,  
When all we chiefe States of the Grecian force,  
Were houled together, bringing Death and Fate  
Amongst the Troians; you (wife) may relate.  
For you, at last, came to vs; God that would  
The Troians glorie give, gaue charge you should  
Approch the enginc, and *Diaphobus*  
(The god-like) followd. Thrice ye circld vs,  
With full furuy of it; and often tried  
The hollow crafts, that in it were implied.

*Helen counter-  
feited the wives  
voices of clea-  
King of Grecy,  
that were in the  
woolden horse,  
and call their  
husbands.*

When all the voices of their wiues in it  
You tooke on you; with voice so like, and fit,  
And every man by name, so vifited;  
That I, *Vlysses*, and King *Diomed*,  
(Set in the midft, and hearing how you calld)  
*Tydides*, and my selfe, as halfe appall'd  
With your remorcefull plaints) woud, passing faine  
Haue broke our silences; rather then againe  
Endure, respectlesse, their so mouing cries.  
But, *Ithacae*, our strongell fantasies  
Containd within vs, from the flendrest noife,  
And every man there, sat without a voice.  
*Amisclus* onely, would haue answerd thee:  
But, his speech, *Ithacae* incessantly  
With strong hand held in; till (*Minervas* call,  
Charging thee off) *Vlysses* faw'd vs all.

*Telemachus to  
Menelaus.*

*Tellemachus* replide: Much greater is  
My griefe, for hearing this high praise of his.  
For all this doth not his sad death diuer,  
Nor can, though in him swelled an iron heart.  
Prepare, and leade then (if you please) to rest:

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

Sleepe (that we haere not) will content vs belt.

Then *Argine Hellen* made her handmaid go,  
And put faire bedding in the *Portico*,  
Lay purple blankets on, Rugs warme and soft,  
And cast an Arras couerlet aloft.

*hunc ad lectum.*

They torches tooke; made halfe, and made the bed,  
When both the guests were to their lodgings led,  
Within a *Portico*, without the house.

*Atrides*, and his large-traine-wearing Spouse,  
(The excellent of women) for the way,  
In a reti'd receit, together lay.

The morne arose; the King rose, and put on  
His royll weeds; his sharpe lword hung vpon  
His ample shoulders; forth his chamber went,  
And did the person of a God present.

*Telemachus* accosts him; who bega

Speech of his iourneys proposition.

And what (my yong Vlysscan Heroe)  
Prouokt thee on the broad backe of the sea,  
To visit *Lacedemon* the Diuine?  
Speake truth: Some publike? or onely thine?

I come (faid he) to haire, if any faine  
Breath'd of my Father, to thy notice came.  
My house is lackt; my fa workes of the field,  
Are all d. stroid: my house doth nothing yeeld  
But enemies; that kill my harmlesse sheepe,  
And finewic Oxen: nor will euer keepe  
Their steeles without them. And these men are they,  
That woole my Mother, most inhumanely  
Committing iurie on iurie.  
To thy knees therefore I am come, t'attend  
Relation of the sad and wretched end,  
My erring Father fel: if witnest by  
Your owne eyes; or the certaine newes that flic  
From others knowledges. For, more then is  
The viall heape of humane miseries,  
His Mother bore him to. Vouchsafe me then  
(Without all ruth of what I can sustaine)  
The plaine and simple truth of all you know.  
Let me befech so much. If euer vow  
Was made, and put in good effect to you  
At *Troy* (where suffrance bred you so much smart)  
Upon my Father, good *Vlysses* parts;  
And quit it now to me (himselfe in youth)  
Vnfoldyng onely the vnclosed truth.

He (deeply sighing) answerd him: O shame  
That such poore vassals shoud affect the fame,  
To share the ioyes of such a Worthies Bed!

*Menelaus en-  
quires the cause  
of his voyage.*

As when a Hinde (her calues late farrowed)  
To give sucke) enters the bold Lions den:  
He, rootes of hills, and herbie vallies then  
For food (there feeding) hunting: but at length  
Returning to his Caerne, givens his strength  
The liues of both the mother and her brood,  
In death indecent, so the woovers blood  
Must pay *Phlysses* powres, as sharpe an end.  
O would to *Ione*, *Apollo*, and thy friend,  
(The wife *Minerva*) that thy Father were  
As once he was, when he his spirits did ere  
Against *Philomelida*, in a fight  
Performd in well-built *Lesbos*, where, downe-right  
He strooke the earth with him, and gaue a shout  
Of all the Grecians. O, if now, full out  
He were as then; and with the woovers cop't,  
Short-liu'd they all were; and their nuptials, hop't  
Would proue as desperate. But for thy demand,  
Enforc't with prayrs; Ile let them understand  
The truth direc'tly; nor decline a thought;  
Much lesse deceiue, or sooth thy search in ought.  
But what the old, and still-true-spoken God,  
That from the sea breathes oracles abroad,  
Disclofde to me, to thee Ile all impart,  
Nor hide one word from thy sollicitous heart.

*Menelaus*  
I was in *Egypt*, where a mightie time,  
The Gods detaind me: though my natural clime,  
I neuer so desir'd, because their homes  
I did not grecce, with perfect Hecatomes.  
For they will put men euermore in mind,  
How much their masterly commandments bind.  
There is (besides) a certaine Iland, call'd  
*Pbaros*, that with the high-wau'd sea is walld;  
Iust against *Egypt*; and so much remote,  
As in a whole day, with a fore-gale smote,  
A hollow ship can fail. And this Ile beares  
A Port, most portly, where sea-passengers  
Put in still for fresh water, and away  
To sea againe. Yet here the Gods did stay  
My Fleete, full twentie dayes: the winds (that are  
Masters at sea) no prosperous puffe would spare,  
To put vs off: and all my viiles here,  
Had quite corrupted; as my mens minds were,  
Had not a certaine Goddesse giuen regard,  
And pitide me in an estate so hard:  
And twas *Edoshea*, honour *Proteus* seed,  
That old sea-farer. Her mind I made bleed  
With my compassyon, when (walkt all alone,

From all my louldiers, that were euer gone  
About the Ile on fishing, with hookes bent;  
*Hunger*, their bellies, on her errand sent)  
She came close to me, (spake; and thus began:  
Of all men, thou art the most foolish man,  
Or slacke in busynesse, or stayst here of choice;  
And doest in all thy suffrancies reioyce;  
That thus long liu't detained here; and no end  
Canst give thy tariance. Thou doest much offend  
The minds of all thy fellowes. I replied:

Who euer thou art of the Deified,  
I must affirme, that no way with my will,  
I make abode here: but, it leernes, some ill  
The Gods, inhabiting broad heaven, sustaine  
Against my getting off. Informe me then,  
(For Godheads all things know) what God is he  
That stayes my passage, from the fishie sea?

Stranger (laid she) Ile tell thee true: there liues  
An old Sea-farer in these seas, that giues  
A true solution of all secretes here.  
Who, deathlesse *Proteus* is, th' *Egyptian* Peere:  
Who can the deepes of ali the eas exquise;  
Who *Neptunes* Priest is; and (they lay) the Sire  
That did beget me. Him, if any way  
Thou couldest inveagle, he would cleare display  
Thy course from hence; and how farre off doth lie  
Thy voyages whole scope through *Neptunes* skie.  
Informing thee (O Godpreferr'd) beside  
(If thy desires would so be fatisid:)  
What euer good or ill hath got euent,  
In all the time, thy long and hard course spent,  
Since thy departure from thy houle. This said,  
Againe I answerd: Make the fl. ights disiplaid,  
Thy Father vseth; left his foresight see,  
Or his foreknowledge taking note of me,  
He slied the fixt place of his vsde abode;  
Tis hard for man to countermine with God.

She strait replide: Ile vtter truth in all;  
When heauens supremest height, the Sunne doth skall;  
The old Sea-tell truth leaues the deepes, and hides  
Amidst a blacke storme, when the West wind chides;  
In caues full sleep ing. Round about him sleepe  
(With short feete) Iwning forth the somie deepe)  
The Sea-calues (louely *Halofydnes* call'd)  
From whom a noisome odour is exhalld,  
Got from the whirle-pooles, on whose earth they lie.  
Here, when the morne illustrates all the skie,  
Ile guide, and seate thee, in the fittest place,

*Idolatrie to Me-*  
*nelias.*

*Idolatrie counsell*  
*to take her fa-*  
*ther *Proteus*.*

For the performance thou hast now in chace.  
In meane time, reach thy Fleet; and chuse out three  
Of best exploit, to go as aides to thee.

*The flight of  
presties.*

But now Ile shew thee all the old Gods sleights;  
He fist will number, and take all the sights  
Of thise, his guard, that on the shore arrives.  
When hauing viewd, and told them forth by fues;  
He takes place in their midst, and there doth sleep,  
Like to a shepheard midst his flocke of sheepe.  
In his fist sleepe, call vp your hardest cheare,  
Vigor and violence, and hold him there,  
In spite of all his strivings to be gone.  
He then will turne him selfe to every one  
Of all things that in earth crepe and respire,  
In water swim, or shine in heavenly fire.  
Yet still hold you him firme, and much the more  
Preſſe him from passing. But when, as before  
(When sleepe first bound his powres) his forme ye ſee,  
Then ceaſe your force, and th'old Heroe free;  
And then demand, which heauen-borne it may bee  
That ſo afflicts you, hindring your retreate,  
And free ſea-paſſage to your native ſteate.

This ſaid, ſhe diu'd into the wauie ſea;  
And my course did to my ſhips addrefſe,  
That on the ſands ſtucke, where arriu'd, we made  
Our ſupper readie. Then th'Ambroſian ſhade  
Of night fell on vs, and to ſleepe we fell.  
Rosie Aurora roſe; we roſe as well,  
And three of them, on whom I moſt relied,  
For firme at eury force, I chulde, and hied  
Strait to the many-riuer-ſerued ſeaſ.  
And all affiſtance, aſke the Deities.

Meane time *Eaſthea*, the ſeaſ broad breſt  
Embrac't; and brought for me, and all my reſt,  
Four of the ſea-caleuſ ſkins, but newly head,  
To worke a wile, which ſhe had fationed  
Vpon her Father. Then (within the ſand  
A couert digging) when theſe Calues ſhould land,  
She fate expecting. We came cloſe to her:  
She plac't vs orderly; and made vs weare  
Each one his Calues ſkin. But we then muſt paſſe  
A huge exploit. The ſea-caleuſ ſavour was  
So paſſing ſowre (they ſtill being breed at ſeaſ)  
It muſt affliſt vs: for who can pleafe  
To lie by one of theſe ſame ſea-bred whales?  
But the preſties vs, and to memorie calls  
A rare commodity: ſhe fetche to vs  
*Ambroſia*, that an airc moſt odorous

*Ironice.*

Beares

Beares ſtill about it; which ſhe noointed round  
Our either noſthriſ; and in it quite drownd  
The naſtie whale-smell. Then the great euent,  
The whole moernes date, with ſpiriſ patient  
We lay expeſting. When bright Noone did flame  
Forth from the ſea, in ſholes the ſea-caleuſ came,  
And orderly, at laſt, lay downe and ſlept  
Along the ſands. And then th'old ſea-god crept  
From forth the deepest; and found his ſat calues there:  
Suruad, and numbered; and came neuer neare  
The craft we vſde, but told vs ſue for calues.  
His temples then diſeald, with ſleepe he values;  
And in ruſh wt, with an abhorred criſ:  
Cast all our hands about him manfully,  
And then th'old Forger, all his formes began:  
First was a Lion, with a mighty mane;  
Then next a Dragon, a pide Panther then;  
A vast Boare next; and (odainly did ſtraine  
All into water. Laſt, he was a tree,  
Curd all at top, and ſhot vp to the ſkie.

We, with refolu'd hearts, held him firmly ſtill,  
When th'old one (held to freight for all his ſkill,  
To extircate) gaue words, and queſtioneid me:

Which of the Gods, O *Aenea* ſonne, (ſaid he)  
Adiuſide and taught thy fortiſtude this ſleight,  
To take and hold me thus, in my deſpit:  
What aſks thy wiſh now? I repled: Thou knowſt:  
Why doſt thou aſke? What wiſes are theſe thou thowſt?  
I haue within this Ile, bene held for winde  
A wondrouſ time; and can by no meaneſ find  
An end to my retenſion. It hath ſpent  
The very heat in me. Give thou then vent  
To doubts thus bound in me, (ye Gods know all)  
Which of the Godheads, doth ſo foully fall  
On my addrefſion home, to ſtay me here?  
Auer me from my way! The iſhie cleare,  
Bar'd to my paſſage! He repled: Of force  
(If to thy home, thou wiſhſt free reſource)  
To *Jove*, and all the other Deities,  
Thou muſt exhibite ſolenne ſacrifice;  
And then the blaſke ſea for thee ſhall be cleare,  
Till thy lou'd countries ſett'd reach. But where  
Aſke theſe rites thy performance? It is a fate  
To thee and thy affaires appropriate,  
That thou ſhail neuer ſee thy friends, nor trēd  
Thy Countries earth; nor ſee inhabited  
Thy ſo magniſcent house; till thou make good  
Thy voyage backe to the Egyptian flood,

*Proteus taken  
by Aeneas.*

Whose

Whose waters fell from *Tow*: and there hast given  
To *Tow*, and all Gods, hould in ample heaven,  
Deuoted Hecatombs; and then free wayes  
Shall open to thee, cleard of all delayes.  
This told he, and me thought, he brake my heart,  
In such a long and hard course to divert  
My hope for home, and charge my backe retreat,  
As farre as *Egypt*. I made answere yet:  
Father, thy charge Ile perfete; but before,  
Resolute me truly, if their natural shore,  
All those Greeks, and their shippes, do late enjoy,  
That *Aenor* and my selfe left, when from *Troy*:  
We first raiſde saile: Or whether any died  
At sea a death vnewlith: Or (fatisſed)  
When warre was past, by friends embrayt, in peace  
Resign'd their spirits? He made anſwer: Ceafe  
To aſke ſo farre; it fits thee not to be  
So cunning in thine owne calamitie.  
Nor ſeek to learme, what leard, thou ſhouldſt forget,  
Mens knowledges haue proper limits ſet,  
And ſhould not preafe into the mind of God.  
But twill not long be (as my thoughts abode)  
Before thou buy this curiuous ſkill with teares.  
Many of thofe, whole ſtates ſo tempt thine eares,  
Are ſtoopt by Death; and many left alive:  
One chiefe of which, in ſtrong hold doth ſuuiue,  
Amidſt the broad ſea. Two, in their retraete,  
Are done to death. I lift not to repeate,  
Who fell at *Troy*: thy ſelfe was there in fight.  
But in returne, wiſt *Aiax* loft the light,  
In his long-oard ſhip. *Neptune* yet a while,  
Saſt him vnewrackt to the *Gyraan* ile,  
A mightie Rocco remouing from his way.  
And ſurely he had ſcapt the fatal day,  
In ſpite of *Pallas*, if to that foule deed,  
He in her Phane did, (when he rauiſhed  
The Trojan Propheteſe) he had not here  
Adioynd an impious boaſt: that he would beare  
(Defiuite the Gods) his ſhip ſafe through the waues  
Then raiſde againſt him. Theſe his impious braues,  
When *Neptune* heard, in his ſtrong hand he tooke  
His maſſie Trident, and ſo ſoundly frooke  
The rocke *Gyraan*, that in two it cleft:  
Of which, one fragment on the land he left;  
The other fell into the troublid ſeas;  
At which, firſt raiſht *Aiax Oileades*,  
And ſplit his ſhip: and then himſelfe aforo  
Swum on the rough waues of the worlds vafte moſe;

The wreake of  
*Aiax Oileades*.

*Cassandra*.

Till hauing drunke a ſalt cup for his ſinne,  
I here perliht he, Thy brother yet did winne  
The wraſch from *Deasb*, while in the waues they ſtroue,  
Aſſluked by the reverend wife of *Tow*.  
But when the ſteepe Mount of the *Malcan* ſhore,  
He ſeemid to reach a moſt tempeſtuous blore,  
Faſte to the filtie world, that ſighes ſo ſore,  
Stran rauſht him againe; as farre away,  
Aſto th'eſtreme bounds where the *Azrians* ſtay;  
Where firſt *Thes* ſle dwelt: but then his ſonne  
*Egiffbus Thieslades* liu'd. This done,  
When his returne vntoucht appaide againe,  
Backe turnd the Gods the wind, and ſet him then  
Hard by his houſe. Then, full of ioy, he leſt  
His ſhip; and cloſe th'outride earth he cleſt;  
Kift it, and wept for ioy: pouid teare on teare,  
To ſet ſo wiſhely his footing there.  
But ſee: a Sentinel that all the yeaſe,  
*Crisſie Egiffbus*, in a watchtowre ſet  
To ſpie his landing, for reward as great  
As two gold talents; all his pouer did call  
To ſtricke remembrance of his charge; and all  
Difchard at firſt fight, which at firſt he caſt  
On *Agamemnon*; and with all his haſt,  
Iſſu'd to *Egiffbus*. He, an instant traine  
Laid for his ſlaughter: Twentie cholt men  
Of his *plebeians*, he in ambuſh laide.  
His other men, he charg'd to ſee puruaid  
A Feaſt: and forth, with hoſe and chariots grac't,  
He rode to uide him: but in heart embrac't  
Horrible welcomes: and to death did bring,  
With trecherous flughtier, the vnewrany King.  
Receu'd him at a Feaſt; and (like an Oxe  
Slaine at his manger) gaue him bits and knobs.  
No one leſt of *Atrides* traine; nor one  
Saſt to *Egiffbus*; but him ſelfe alone:  
All ſtrowd together there, the bloudie Court.  
This ſaid: my ſoule he ſunke with his report:  
Flat on the lande I fell: teares ſpent their ſore;  
I, light abhord: my heart would liue no more.  
When drie of teares, and tir'd with tumbling there,  
Th'old *Tel-truth* thus my danted ſpirits did cheare:

No more ſpend teares nor time, ſo *Atrēus* ſonne;  
With caſſe ſte weeping, neuer wiſt was wonne.  
Viſt vthermoſt affay to reaſh thy home,  
And all vnewraces vpon the murtherer come,  
(For torture) taking him thy ſelfe, aliue;  
Or let *Oreſtes*, that ſhould farre outſtrive

*Agamemmons*  
ſlaughter by *Egiffbus* trecherie.

There in fit vengeance, quickly quit the light  
Of such a darke loue: and do thou the right  
Of buriall to him, with a Funerall feast.  
With these last words, I fortiside my breast;  
In which againe, a generous spring began,  
Of fitting comfort, as I was a man;  
But, as a brother, I must euer mourne.  
Yet forth I went; and told him the retурne  
Of thele I knew: but he had nam'd a third,  
Held on the broad sea; still with lite inspir'd;  
Whom I befoight to know, though likewise dead,  
And I must mourne alike. He answereid:

He is *Laertes* sonne; whom I beheld  
In Nymph *Calypso* Pallace; who compeld  
His stay with her: and since he could not flee  
His countre earth, he mournd incessantly.  
For he had neither ship, instruct with oares,  
Nor men to fetch him from those stranger shores.  
Where, leue we him; and to thy selfe descend;  
Whom, not in *Argos*, Fate nor Death shall end;  
But the immortall ends of all the earth,  
So rul'd by them, that order death by birth,

*(The fields Elysian)* Fate to thee will give:  
Where *Rhadamanthus* rules, and where men live  
A never-troubl'd life: where know, nor shoures,  
Nor irkdomē Winter spends his fruitlesse powres;  
But from the Ocean, *Zephrye* still relumes  
A constant breath, that all the fields perfumes.  
Which, since thou marriedst *Hellen*, are thy huse;  
And *Ione* himselfe, is by her side thy Sire.

*(Proteus leaveth  
Athenaeum.)* This saide he diu'd the deepsome watrie heapes;  
I, and my tried men, tooke vs to our shippes;  
And worlds of thoughts, I varied with my steps.

Arriu'd and shipt, the silent solemnme Night,  
And Slepe bereft vs of our visuall light.  
At morne, matts, sailes reard, we late, left the shioes,  
And beate the sonnie Ocean with our oares.

Againe then we, the *Ione*-falte flood did fetch,  
As farre as *Egypt*: where we did beseech  
The Gods with Hecatombs, whose angers ceast;  
I toomb'd my brother, that I might be blest.

All rites performed; all hastie I made for home;  
And all the prosperous winds about were come;  
I had the Pasport now of eury God,  
And here clostid all these labours period.

Here stay then, till th' eleventh or twelvth daies light;  
And Ie dismissie thee well; gifts exquisite  
Preparing for thee: Chariot, hoiles threc;

A Cup of curious frame to serue for thee,  
To serue th'immortal Gods with sacrifice;  
Mindfull of me, while all Sunnes light thy skies.

He answereid: Stay me not too long time here;  
Though I could sit, attending all the yeare:  
Nor shoulde my houfe, nor parents, with desire,  
Take my affections from you; so on fire  
With loue to heare you, are my thoughts: but so;  
My *Pylas* friends, I shall afflic with wo,  
Who mourne euen this stay. Whatsoeuer be  
The gifts your Grace is to bestow on me,  
Vouchsafe them such, as I may beare and faue,  
For your sake euer. Horse, I list not haue,  
To keepe in *Ithaca*: but leue them here,  
To your foiles dainties, where the broad fields beare  
Sweet *Cypris* grasse, where men fed Lote doth flow,  
Where wheate-like Spelt, and wheate it selfe doth grow,  
Where Barley, white, and spreading like a tree:  
But *Ithaca*, hath neither ground to be  
(For any length it comprehendes) a race  
To trite a horses speed: nor any place  
To make him fat in: fitter farre to feed  
A Cliffe-bred Goate, then raise or please a Steed.  
Of all Iles, *Ithaca* doth least prouide,  
Or meades to feed a horse, or wyes to ride.

He, smiling said: Of good bloud art thou (sonne):  
What speech, so yong? what obseruation  
Hast thou made of the world? I well am pleaseid  
To change my gifts to thee; as being confessid  
Unfit indeed: my store is such, I may.

Of all my house-gifts then, that vp I lay  
For traasure there, I will bestow on thee  
The fairest, and of greatest price to me.  
I will bestow on thee a rich caru'd Cup  
Of siluer all: but all the brims wrought vp  
With finest gold: it was the onely thing  
That the Heroicall *Sydonian* King  
Presented to me, when we were to part  
At his receit of me, and twas the Art  
Of that great Artifit, that of heaven is free;  
And yet euen this, will I bestow on thee.

This speech thus ended; guests came, and did bring  
Muttons (for Presents) to the God-like King:  
And spirit-prompting wine, that strenuous makes.  
Their Riband-wreathed wiues, brought fruit and cakes.

Thus, in this house, did these their Feast apply:  
And in *Pylas* house, Aciuitie  
The woortes practise: Tossing of the Speare,

*Telemachus*  
*Athenaeum*

*Ithaca described  
by Telemachus.*

*The woortes com-  
spiracie against  
Telemachus.*

The Stone, and hurling: thus delighted, where  
They exercide such infolence before:  
Euen in the Court, that wealthy pavements wore.  
*Antinous* did (ill their strife) decide;  
And he that was in person deiside  
*Enymachus*, both ring-leaders of all;  
For in their vertues they were principlall.

There, by *Noemon* (sonne to *Pronius*)  
Were sidaed now, who made the question thus:  
*Antinous*! does any friend here know,  
When this *Telemachus* returns: or no,  
From sandie *Pyles*? He made bold to take  
My shipp with him: of which, I now shoulde make  
Fit vse my selfe, and saile in her as faire  
As spacious *Elys*: where, of mine, there are  
Twelue delicate Mares, and vnder their sidaes, go  
Laborious Mules, that yet did never know  
The yoke, nor labour: some of which shoulde bear  
The taming now, if I could fetch them there.  
This speech, the rest admir'd; not dreamd that he  
*Nelian Pyles*, euer thought to sees  
But was at field about his flocks fursey:  
Or thought, his heardsmen held him lo away.  
*Euphemos* sonne, *Antinous*, then replied:  
When went he: or with what Traine dignified  
Of his selected *Ithacensian* youth?  
Prest men, or Bond men were they? Tell the truth.  
Could he effect this? let me truly know:  
To gaine thy vessell, did he violence shew,  
And vse her gainst thy will: or had her free,  
When fitting question, he had made with thee?

*Noemon* answere: I did freely give  
My vessell to him; who deserves to live,  
That would do other: when such men as he,  
Did in distresse aske: he shoulde churlish be,  
That would denie him: Of our youth, the best  
Amongst the people; to the intercft  
His charge did challenge in them; giuing way,  
With all the tribute, all their poures could pay.  
Their Captaine (as he tooke the shipp) I knew,  
Who *Mentor* was, or God. A deities shew,  
Mask in his likenesse. But to think twas he,  
I much admire; for I did clearly see,  
But yester morning, God-like *Mentor* here;  
Yet, th'other evening, he tooke shipp there,  
And went for *Pyles*. Thus went he for home,  
And left the rest, with enuie ouercome:  
Who late, and paftime left. *Euphemos* sonne

Sad

(Sad, and with rage, his entrailes ouerrunne)  
His eyes like flames, thus interpoide his speech.  
Strange thing; an action of how proud a reach,  
Is here committed by *Telemachus*?  
A boy, a child, and we, a sort of vs,  
Vowd gainst his voyage; yet admit it thus,  
With shipp, and chiose youth of our people too?  
But let him on; and all his mischiefe do;  
*Ioue* shall conuert vpon him selfe his poures,  
Before their ill prefum'd, he brings on ours.  
Prouide me then a shipp, and twentie men  
To give her manage; that against again  
He turnes for home; on th'*Ithacensian* feas,  
Or Cliffs: *Samian*; I may interpreafe,  
Way-lay, and take him; and make all his craft,  
Saile with his ruine, for his Father sat't.

This, all applauded; and gaue charge to do,  
Rofe, and to greet *Vlysses* houfe, did go.  
But long time past not, ere *Penelope*  
Had notice of their far-fetcht trecherie.  
*Medon* the Herald told her, who had heard  
Without the Hall, how they within conferd:  
And hasted strait, to tell it to the Queene:  
Who from the entrie, hauing *Medon* scene  
Preuents him thus: Now Herald; what affaire  
Intend the famous woo'rs, in your repaire?  
To tell *Vlysses* maids, that they must cease  
From doing our worke, and their banquets dress?  
I would to heaven, that (leaving wooing me,  
Nor euer troubling other companie)  
Here might the last Feast be, and most extreme,  
That euer any shall addresse for them.  
They never meete, but to consent in spoile,  
And reap the free fruities of anothers toile.  
O did they never, when they children were,  
What to their Fathers, was *Vlysses*, heare?  
Who never did gainst any one proceed,  
With vniuft vlage, or in word or deed?  
Tis yet with other Kings, another right,  
One to pursue with loue, another spight;  
He still yet iust; nor would, though might deuoure,  
Nor to the worst, did euer taste of powre.  
But their vniuld acts, shew their minds estate:  
Good turns receiu'd once, thanks grow out of date.

*Medon*, the learn'd in wifedome, answere her:  
I wish (O Queene) that their ingratitudes were  
Their worst ill towards you: but worse by farre,  
And much more deadly thair endeouours are;

G 3

*Antinous* anger  
for the sake of  
*Telemachus*.

*Penelope* to *Medon*.

*Medon* to *Penelope* relates the  
voyage of *Telemachus*.

Which

Which *love* will faile them in, *Telemachus*  
 Their purpose is (as he returnes to vs)  
 To give their sharpe steeles in a cruell death:  
 Who now is gone to learme, if *Fame* can breathe  
 Newes of his Site, and will the *Pylian* shore,  
 And sacred *Sparta*, in his search explore.  
 This newes disfol'd to her both knees and heart,  
 Long silence hold her, ere one word would part:  
 Her eyes stod full of teares, her small soft voice,  
 All late vte lost; that yet at last had choice  
 Of wondred words, which briefly thus she vsde:  
 Why left my sonne his mother? why refulde  
 His wit the solid shire, to tie the seas,  
 And put in shires the trust of his distresse?  
 That are at sea to men vnbiold horse,  
 And runne, past rule, their fate-engaged course,  
 Amidst a moisture, past all meane vntaid?  
 No need compeld this: did he it, afraid  
 To hue and leau posterite his name?  
 I know not (he replide) if th' humor came  
 From current of his owne inflinct, or flowd  
 From others infiugions; but he vowd  
 Attempt to *Pylas*; or to see defried  
 His Sires returne, or know what death he died.  
 This said, he tooke him to *Phylas* house  
 After the woors; the *Vlyssean* Spouse  
 (Runne through with woes) let *Tarture* seise her mind;  
 Nor, in her ch.ice of state-chaires, stood inclin'd  
 To take her seate; but th' abieet threshold chose  
 Other faire chamber, for her lovd' repose;  
 And mournd most wretch-like, round about her fell  
 Her hand maids, loynd in a continueate yell.  
 From every corner of the Pallace, all  
 Of all degrees, tund to her comforts fall  
 Their owne dicitons: to whom, her complaint  
 She thus enforc't: The Gods beyond constraint  
 Of any measure, vrg these teares on me;  
 Nor was there euer Dame of my degree,  
 So past degree grieu'd. First, a Lord, so good,  
 That had much hardie spirits in his blood.  
 That all the vertues was adorn'd withall;  
 That all the Greeks did their Superiorit call,  
 To part with thus, and lose. And now a sonne  
 So worthily belou'd, a course to runne  
 Beyond my knowledge; whom rude tempests haue  
 Made farre from home, his most inglorious graue.  
 Vnhappie wenches, that no one of all,  
 (Though in the reach of every one, must fall

*Truelike relas  
 h other Ladies  
 for not tell me her  
 of Telemachus.*

His taking (ship) sustaint the carefull mind,  
 To call me from my bed, who, this designd,  
 And most vowd course in him, had either taide,  
 (How much souer hasted) or dead laid  
 He should haue left me. Many a man I haue,  
 That would haue calld old *Dolius* my flauie,  
 (That keeps my Orchard, whom my Father gaue) }  
 At my departure) to haue runne, and told  
*Laertes* this, to trie if he could hold  
 From running through the people, and from teares,  
 In telling them of thise vowd murthercs;  
 That both diuine *Vlysses* hope, and his,  
 Resolute to end in their conspicacies.

His Nurse then, *Euryklea*, made reply:  
 Deare Soueraigne, let me with your owne hands die;  
 Or cast me off here; I'll not keepe from thee,  
 One word of what I know: He trusted me  
 With all his purpose; and I gaue him all  
 The bread and wine, for which he pleasd to call,  
 But then a mighty oath he made me swaere, }  
 Not to report it to your royll eare,  
 Before the twelth day either should appear, }  
 Or you should ask me, when you heard him gone.  
 Empaire not then your beatuities with your mone, }  
 But wash, and put vntare-flaing garments on:  
 Ascend your chamber, with your Ladies here,  
 And pray the seed of Goat-nurst *Jupiter*,  
 (Divine *Athena*) to preferue your sonne;  
 And he will saue him from confusion.  
 Th' old King, to whom your hopes stand so inclin'd,  
 For his g'ue counsels, you perhaps may find  
 Vnfit affected, for his ages sake.  
 But heauen-kings waxe not old; and therefore make  
 I it pray's to them, for my thoughts never will  
 Believe the heauenly powres conceit so ill,  
 The seed of righteous *Arcesiaades*,  
 To end it vterly; but still will please  
 In some place euermore, some one of them  
 To saue; and decke him with a Diadem:  
 Giu him possession of erected Towres,  
 And farre-stretcht fields, crownd all of fruits and flowres.  
 This eas'd her heart, and dride her humorowes eies,  
 When hauing walnt, and weeds of sacrifice  
 (Pure, and vntaint with her distrustfull teares)  
 Put on, (with all her women-ministers)  
 Up to a chamber of most height, she rose;  
 And cakes of salt and barley did impose  
 Within a wicker basket, all which broke

*Euryklea's pious  
 comfort of Pe-  
 nelope.*

*Laertes sonne to  
 Arce in the son  
 of Jupiter.*

Penelope 10  
Pallas  
In decent order; thus she did invoke:  
Great Virgin of the Goat-preserved God;  
If ever the inhabited abode  
Of wife *Vlysses*, held the fated Thies  
Of sheepe and Oxen, made thy sacrifice  
By his devotion; heare me; nor forget  
His pious seruices; but safe seeke  
His deare sonne, on these shores; and banish hence  
These woouers, past all meane in insolence.  
This said, the Ithicks, and *Pallas* heard her praise.  
The woouers broke with tumult all the airc  
About the thadic houle; and one of them,  
Whose pride, his youth had made the more extreme,  
Said; Now the many-woocer-honournd Queen,  
Will surely satiate her delayfull spleene,  
And one of vs, in instant nuptials take.  
Poore Dame, she dreames not, what designe we make,  
Vpon the life and slaughter of her sonne.  
So said he; but so said, was not so done;  
Whose arrogant spirit, in a vaine so vaine,  
*Anemos* chid; and said; For shame containe  
These brauning speeches, who can tell who hearest?  
Are we not now in reach of others ears?  
If our intentions please vs, let vs call  
Our spirits vp to them, and let speeches fall.  
By watchfull Danger, men must silence go:  
What we resolute on, let's not say, but do.  
This said, he chudde our twentie men, that bore  
Best reckning with him; and to shipp and shore,  
All hasted; reacht the shipp, lancht, rafid the mast,  
Put failes in; and with leather loopes made fast  
The oares; Sailes hoisted; Armes their men did bring,  
All giuing speed, and forme to every thing.  
Then to the high depees, their riggd vessel driven,  
They lupt; expecting the approaching Even.  
Meane space, *Penelope* her chamber kept,  
And bed, and neither eate, nor dranke, nor slepte,  
Her strong thoughts wrought so on her blameliess sonne,  
Still in contention, if he should be done  
To death, or scape the impious woouers designe.  
Looke how a Lion, whom men-troopes combine  
To hunt, and clost him in a crafty ring,  
Much varied thought conceives; and feare doth sting  
For vrgent danger: So faid she, till sleepe,  
All iuncture of her ioynts, and nerues did steepe  
In his dissoluing humor. When (at rest)  
*Pallas* her fauours varied; and addrest  
An Idoll, that *Iphibima* did preuent

*Anemos* to the  
11.1.1.

In \* structure of her every lineament,  
Great-sould *Icaria* daughter: whom, for Spouse  
*Eumeius* tooke, that kept in *Eheris* houle.  
This, to diuine *Vlysses* house she sent,  
To tri her best meane, how she might content  
Mournfull *Penelope*, and make Relent  
The sti<sup>t</sup> addiccion in her to deplore.  
This Idoll (like a \* worme, that lese or more,  
Contracts or straines her) did it selfe convey,  
Beyond the wards, or windings of the key,  
Into the chamber, and aboue her head,  
Her seate assyning, thus she comforted.  
Distrest *Penelope*. Doth sleepe thus seafe  
Thy powres, affected with so much disease  
The Gods, that nothing troubles, will not see  
Thy teares nor grieves, in any least degree,  
Sustained with cause; for they will guard thy sonne,  
Safe to his wiht, and native mansion;  
Since he is no offender of their States,  
And they to such, are firmer then their Fates.  
The wife *Penelope* receiuid herthus,  
(Bound with a flumber, night deliciois,  
And in the Port of dreams) O sister, why  
Repaire you hither? since so faire off lie  
Your house and houshold? You were never here  
Before this houre; and would you now giue cheare  
To my so many woes and miseries?  
Affecting fity all the faculties  
My foul and mind hold: having lost before  
A husband, that of all the vertues bore  
The Palme amongst the Greeks; and whose renowne  
Soame was, that *Fame* the sound hath blowne  
Through *Greece* and *Argos*, to her very heat.  
And now againe, a sonne that did conuert  
My whole powres to his loue, by shipp is gone.  
A tender Plant, that yet was never growne  
To labours taste, nor the commerce of men;  
For whom, more then my husband I complaine,  
And lest he should at any sufferance touch  
(Or in the sea, or by the men so much  
Estrang'd to him, that must his comforts be)  
Feare and chill tremblings, shake each ioynt of me.  
Besides: his danger sets on, foes profest  
To way-lay his returne, that haue addrest  
Plots for his death. The scarce-discerned Dreame,  
Said: Be of comfort; nor feares so extreme,  
Let thus dismay thee; thou haft such a mate  
Attending thee, as some at any rate

*Anemos* to the  
Icaria. Ipeas,  
affectus cur-  
culationis signi-  
ficat quod lou-  
gor & graci-  
lor euerit.

Minerva sub  
Iphibima per-  
sona, statutu Pe-  
nelope in  
sonnis.

*Penelope* to the  
Dreame.

Penelope to the  
Idol.

Would wiſh to purchase, for her powre is great;  
Mineras pities thy delights deface;  
Whose Grace hath ſent me to foretell thee theſe.  
If thou (faid ſhe) be of the Goddesses,  
And heardſt her tell thee theſe; thou mayſt as well  
From her, tell all things elſe, digne then to tell,  
If yet the man, to all misfortunes borne,  
(My husband) liues; and ſees the Sunne adorne  
The darkome earth; or hides his wretched head  
In *Platos* houſe, and liues amongst the dead?  
I will not (the replide) my breath exhalē,  
In one continuide, and perpennal tale;  
Lives he, or dies he. Tis a filthy vife,  
To be in vaine and idle ſpeech profufe.  
This faid, ſhe through the key-hole of the doore  
Vanifted againe into the open blowe.  
*Icarus* daughter ſtarred from her ſleepe,  
And *Io*es frſh humor, her lou'd breſt did ſleepe.  
When now ſo cleare, in that firſt watch of night,  
She ſaw the ſcene dreame vaniſh from her fight.  
The wooers (hipt) the ſea moist waues did plie;  
And thought the Prince, a haughtie death ſhould die.  
There lies a certayne Iland in the ſea,  
Twixt rockie *Samos* and rough *Thessalē*,  
That cliffe is it ſelfe, and nothing great;  
Yet holds conuenient hauens, that two waieres le.  
Ships in and out, caſt *afterwāys*: and there  
The wooers hop't to make their maffakere.

*Finis libri quarti Hom. Odyſſ.*

## THE

## THE FIFTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### THE ARGVMENT.

**A** Second Courte, on Ioue attēndis;  
Who, Hermes to Calypso ſends;  
Commanding her to cleare the waies  
Vlyſſes, fought; and ſhe obeyes.  
When Neptunc ſaw Vlyſſes free,  
And, ſo in ſafetie, plow the ſea;  
Enrag'd, he ruffles up the waies,  
And ſplits hiſhip. Leucorhea ſanes  
Hiſ peron yet; as being a Dame,  
Whose Godhead governed in the frame  
Of thofe ſea tempers. But the meane  
By which ſhe curbs dread Neptunes ſplene,  
Is made a leſſell; which ſhe takes  
From off her head; and that ſhe makes  
Vlyſſes on hiſ beforeme weare,  
Abou his necke, he ſets it there:  
And when he is with waues beſet,  
Bids weare it as an Amulet;  
Commanding him, that not before  
He toucht upon Phæacia ſhore,  
He ſhould not part with it; but then  
Returne it to the ſea again,  
And caſt it from him. He performs;  
Yet after this, bides bitter ſormes;  
And in the rockes, ſee Death engrāvd;  
But on Phæacia ſhore is ſaued.

Another.

**E.** Vlyſſes builds  
A ſhip; and gains  
The Gaffie fields;  
Payes Neptune paines.

**A** *Prora* rose from high-borne *Tithons* Bed,  
That men and Gods might be illuſtrated:  
And then the Deities ſate. Imperiall *Ioue*,  
That makes the horrid murmuſe beate aboue,  
Tooke place paſt all; whose height for euer ſprings;  
And from whom flowes th'eternall powre of things.  
Then *Pallas* (mindfull of *Vlyſſes*) told  
The many Cares, that in *Calypſos* hold,  
He ſtill ſustained; when he had felt before,  
So much affliction, and ſuch dangers more.

*Pallas to the  
Gods.*

O Father, (said she) and ye euer blest,  
Give never King hereafter, intercess  
In any aide of yours, by seruynge you;  
By being gentle, humane, iust; but grow  
Rude, and for euer scornfull of your rights;  
All iustice ordyning by their appeties.  
Since he that rul'd, as it in right be hou'd,  
That all his subiects, as his children lou'd,  
Find: you so thoughtlesse of him, and his birth.  
Thus men begin to say, ye rule in earth;  
And grudge at what ye let him vndergoe;  
Who yet the least part of his suffertanc: know:  
Thralld in an Iland, shipwrackt in his teares;  
And in the fancies that *Calypso* beares,  
Bound from his birthright; all his shippynge gone;  
And of his souldiers, not retaing one.  
And now he moll-lou'd Sonnes life doth inflame  
Their slaughterous enuies; since his Fathers fame  
He puts in pursuite; and is gone as fure  
As lacted *Pyls*; and the singular  
Dame breeding *Sparta*. This, with this reply,  
*The Cloud-assemblies* answere: What words slie  
Thine own remembrance (daughter?) hast not thon;  
The counsell given thy selfe, that told thee how  
*Phylles* shall with his returne addresse  
His wokers wrongs? And, for the safe accesoſe,  
His Sonne shall make to his innatiue Port,  
Do thou direct it, in as curios, sort,  
As thy wit seruyns thee: it obeys thy powers;  
And in their shipp returne the speedlesſe wowers.  
Then turnd he to his iſſue *Mercurie*,

*Mercurie to Mercury* And said: Thou hast made good our Ambassie  
To th' other Statift; To the Nymph then now,  
On whose faire head a tuſt of gold doth grow;  
Bearc our true-spoken counſell, for retreat  
Of patient *Phylles*, who ſhall get  
No ſide from vs, nor any mortall man;  
But in a \*patcht-up ſkiffe, (built as he can,  
And ſuffering woes now) the twentieth day  
At fruitfull *Scheria*, let him breathe his way,  
With the *Pheacians*, that halfe Deities liue;  
Who like a God will honour him; and giue  
His wiſedome clothes, and ſhip, and brasse, and gold,  
More then for gaue of *Troy* he euer told;  
Where, at the whole diuision of the prey,  
If he a fauer were, or got away  
Without a wound (if he ſhould grudge) twas well;  
But th' end ſhall crowne all; therefore Fate will deale

*De quod in me de-  
datur, in rati-  
onibus vici illis  
hugauis.*

So well with him; to let him land, and ſee  
His native earth, friends, houſe and family.

Thus charg'd he; nor *Argicidēs* denied;  
But to his ſeete, his faire wingd ſhoes he tied;  
Ambroſian, golden; that in his command,  
Put either ſea, or the vmmefur'd land,  
With pace as ſpedie as a puff of wind.  
Then vp his Rod went; with which he declin'd  
The eyes of any waker, when he plead,  
And any ſleeper, when he wiſh'd diſeafid.

This tooke, he ſtoopt *Pirei*; and thence  
Glid through the aire; and *Nepunes* Confluence  
Kift as he flew; and chekct the waues as light  
As any Sea-mew, in her fishing flight,  
Her thicke wings ſoucing in the ſauorie ſeas.  
Like her, he paſt a world of wildernesſe;  
But when the far-off Ile, he toucht, he went  
Vp from the blue ſea, to the Continent,  
And reaſt the ample Cauerne of the Queene;  
Whom he within found; without, ſeldome ſene.  
A Sun-like fire vpon the harth did flame;  
The matter precious, and diuine the frame;  
Of Cedar cleſt, and Incenſe was the Pile,  
That breath'd an odour round about the Ile.  
Her ſelfe was ſeated in an inner roome,  
Whom sweetly ſing he heard; and at her loome,  
About a curious web, whose yarne ſhe threw  
In, with a golden shuttle. A Groue grew  
In endleſſe ſpring about her Cauerne round;  
With odorous Cyppreſſe, Pines, and Poplars crownd,  
Where Haukls, Sea-owles, and long-tongu'd Bittrous bred;  
And other birds their thadic pinions ſpred.  
All Fowles maritiinall, none rooſted there,  
But thoſe whoſe labours in the waters were.  
A Vine did all the hollow Cauſe embracē;  
Still green, yet ſtill ripe bunches gaue it grace,  
Four Fountaines, one againſt another powrd  
Their ſiluer ſtreames; and medowes all enflowrd  
With ſweete Balme-gentle, and blue Violers hid,  
That deckt the ſoft breſts of each fragrant Mead.  
Should any one (thoſh he immortall were)  
Arrive and ſee the ſacred obiects there;  
He would admire them, and be ouer-joyd;  
And ſo stood *Hermes* rauifht poures employd.

But hauing all admir'd, he enterd on  
The ample Cauſe; nor could be ſcene vñknowne  
Of great *Calypſo*, (for all Deities are  
Prompt in each others knowledge; though ſo farre

*Mercurij de-  
ſcriptio.*

*Deſcriptio (pe-  
cu Calypſi).*

Seuerd in dwellings) but he could' not see  
*Vlysses* there within. Without was he  
 Set sad ashore; where twas his vfe to view  
 Th' unquiet sea; sigh'd, wept, and empie drew  
 His heart of comfort. Plac't here in her throne  
 (That beames cast vp, to Admiracion)  
 Divine *Calypso*, question'd *Hermes* thus:  
 Calypso to Mer-  
 curie.  
 For what caute (deare, and much-esteem'd by vs,  
 Thou golden-rod-adorned *Mercurie*)  
 Arriu'lt thou here: thou hast not vfe to apply  
 Thy passage this way. Say, what euer be  
 Thy hearts desire, my mind commands it thee,  
 If in my meanes it lie, or powre of fact.  
 But first, what hospitable rights exa<sup>2</sup>g,  
 Come yet more neare, and take. This said, she set  
 A Table forth, and furnisht it with meate,  
 Such as the Gods taste, and seru'd in with it,  
 Vermilion *Nectar*. When with banquet, fit  
 He had confirm'd his spirites, he thus exprest  
 His cause of coming: Thou hast made request  
 (Goddesse of Goddesse) to vnderstand  
 My cause of touch here: which thou shalt command,  
 And know with truth: *Jove* causd my course to thee,  
 Against my will; for who would willingly  
 Lackey along so vast a lake of Brine?  
 Neare to no Citie; that the powres diuine  
 Receiuers with solemne rites and Hecatombs?  
 But *Jove* will euer, all law ouercomes;  
 No other God can crosse or make it void.  
 And he affirmes, that one, the most annoyd  
 With woes and toiles, of all thofe men that fought  
 For *Priams* Citie; and to end hath brought  
 Nine yeares in the contention; is with thee.  
 For in the tenth yeare, when ro<sup>y</sup> Victorie  
 Was wonne, to giue the Greeks the spoile of *Troy*;  
 Returne they did professe, but not enioy,  
 Since *Pallas* they incen<sup>2</sup>t; and she, the waues  
 By all the winds powre, that blew ope their graunes.  
 And there they rested. Only this poore one,  
 This Coast, both winds and waues haue cast vpon:  
 Whom now forthwith he wils thee to dismiss,  
 Affirming that th'valterd destinies,  
 Not onely haue decree'd, he shall not die  
 Apart his friends; but of Necesitie  
 Enjoy their fights befor those fatal hours,  
 His countre earth reach, and erected Towres.  
 This strook, a loue-cheekt horror through her powres;  
 When (naming him) she this reply did giue:

Infatiate

Infatiate are ye Gods, past all that liue,  
 In all things you affect, which still conuerts  
 Your powres to Enuies. It affiict<sup>2</sup> your hearts,  
 That any Goddesse should (as you obtaine  
 The vfe of earthly Dames) enioy the men:  
 And most in open mariage. So ye far'd,  
 When the delicious-finger'd *Morning* shar'd  
*Orions* bed: you eafe-liuing States,  
 Could never satisfie your emuluous hates;  
 Till in *Ortygia*, the precife-liu'd Dame  
 (Gold-thron'd *Diana*) on him rudely came,  
 And with her swift shafts slue him. And such paines,  
 (When rich-haird *Ceres* pleasd to giue the raines  
 To her affections; and the grace did yeeld  
 Of loue and bed amidst a threc-cropt field,  
 To her *Isaon*) he paid angrie *Jove*,  
 Who lost, no long time, notice of their loue;  
 But with a glowing lightning, was his death.  
 And now your enuies labour vnderneath  
 A mortall choice of mine; whose life, Iooke  
 To lib<sup>2</sup> all saties; when his thip, *Jove* strooke  
 With red-hote flashes, pece-meale in the seas,  
 And all his friends and louldiers, succourkisle  
 Perisht but he. Him, cast vpon this coast  
 With blasts and billowes; I (in life gien lost)  
 Prefer'd alone; lou'd, nourisht, and did vow  
 To make him deathlesse; and yet never grow  
 Crooked, or worne with age, his whole life long.  
 But since no reaon may be made so strong,  
 To stiue with *Joves* will, or to make it vaine;  
 No not if all the other Gods should straine  
 Their powres against it; let his will be law;  
 So he afford him fit meanes to withdraw,  
 (As he commands him) to the raging Maine:  
 But meanes from me, he never shall obtaine,  
 For my meanes yeld, nor men, nor shipp, nor oares,  
 To set him off, from my so enuied shores.  
 But if my counsell and goodwill can aide  
 His safe passe home, my best shall be assaid.  
 Vouchsafe it so, (fa.d heauens Ambassador)  
 And daigne it quickly. By all meanes abhorre  
 T'incen<sup>2</sup> *Joves* wrath against thee; that with grace  
 He may hereafter, all thy with embrace.

Thus tooke the *Argus*, killing God, his wings.  
 And since the reuerend *Nymph*, thefe awfull things  
 Receiu'd from *Jove*; she to *Vlysses* went:  
 Whom she ashore found, drownd in discontent;  
 His eyes kept neuer drie, he did so mourne,

Calypso du<sup>2</sup>les;  
 sed reply to  
*Mercurie*.

Mercurie leaves  
*Calypso*.

And waste his deare age, for his wifht retorne.  
Which still without the Cau he wiste to do,  
Because he could not please the Goddesse so.  
At night yet (forc't) together tooke their rest,  
The willing Goddesse, and th'vnwilling Guest.  
But he, all day in rockes, and on the shore  
The vext sea viewd, and did his Fate deplore.  
Him, now, the Goddesse (coming neare) bespake:  
"Vnhappie man, no more discomfort take,  
For my constraint of thee; nor waste thine age;  
I now will passing freely disengage  
Thy irfome shye here. Come then, sell thee wood,  
And build a ship, to sauue thee from the flood.  
Ile furnish thee with fresh wauue, bread and wine,  
Ruddie and sweet, that will the "Piner pine;  
Put garments on thee; give thee winds for sight;  
That every way thy home-bent appetite  
May safe attaine to it; if so it please  
At all parts, all the heauen-housd Deities!  
That more in powre are, more in skill then I,  
And more can iudge, what fits humanitie.  
He stood amaz'd, at this strange change in her;  
And said: O Goddesse! thy intentz preferre  
Some other project, then my parting hence;  
Commanding things of too high consequence  
For my performance. That my selfe shoule build  
A ship of powre, my home assaies to shielde  
Against the great Sea, of such dread to passe;  
Which not the best-built ship that euer was,  
Will passe exulting; when such winds as *lwe*  
Can thunder vp, their triuins and tacklings proue.  
But could I build one, I would ne're aboord,  
(Thy will opposde) nor (won) without thy word,  
Giuen in the great oath of the Gods to me,  
Not to beguile me in the least degree.  
The Goddesse similde; held hard his hand, and saide  
O y'are a shrewd one; and so habited  
In taking heed, thou knowst not what it is  
To be vnway; nor vse words amisse.  
How haft thou charmed me, were I ne're so slie?  
Let earth know then; and heaven, so broad, so hie;  
And th' vnder-fanke wauues of th' infernal streme;  
(Which is an oath, as terribly supreame,  
As any God (weares) that I had no thought,  
But stood with what I spake; nor would haue wroght  
Nor counfeld any aȝ, against thy good;  
But euer diligently weighd, and stood  
On those points in periwading thee, that I

### Calypso and Nelly

## Hunger

## *R. J. G. G. A. N. O. C. A. L. Y. P. S. O.*

*Calyptrae* sub-

Would vse my selfe in such extremitie,  
For my mind simple is, and innocent;  
Not giuen by cruell sleights to circumuerre,  
Nor beare I in my breast a heart of Steele,  
But with the Sufferer, willing suffrance feele.  
This said, the *Grace* of Goddesses led home;  
He tract her steps; and (to the Cauerne come)  
In that rich Throne, whence *Mercure* arose,  
He sat. The *Nymph* her selfe did then appoynt  
For food and beuridge to him; all best meate-  
And drinke, that mortals vse to taste and eate.  
Then sathe she opposite; and for her Feast,  
Was *Nectar* and *Ambrosia* addrest.  
By handmaids to her. Both, what was prepar'd,  
Did freely fall to. Hauing fully far'd,  
The *Nymph Calypso* this discourse began:  
*Ioue-bred Phasses!* many-witted man!  
Still is thy home so wistly? so foone, away?  
Be still of cheare, for all the worst I say;  
But if thy soule knew what a summe of woe  
For thee to cast vp, thy sterne Fates imposse,  
Ere to thy country earth thy hopes attaine,  
Undoubtedly thy choice would here remaine;  
Keeppe houle with the, and be a liuer euer.  
Which (me thinkes) should thy house and thee dif-  
Though for thy wife there, thou wert set on fire;  
And all thy dayes are spent in her desire;  
And though it be no boast in me to say,  
In forme and mind, I match her every way.  
Nor can it fit a mortall Dames compare,  
T' affect those termes with vs, that deathlesse are.  
The great in counsels, made her this reply:  
Renom'd, and to be reckn'd Deitie!  
Let it not moue thee, that so much, I wov  
My comforts to my wife; though well I know  
All cause my selfe, why wife *Penelope*.  
In wit is farre inferiour to thee;  
In feature, stature, all the parts of shew,  
She being a mortall; an Immortal thou;  
Old euer growing, and yet neuer old.  
Yet her desire, shall all my dayes see told;  
Adding the sight of my returning day,  
And naturall home. If any God shall lay  
His hand vpon me, as I passe the seas,  
He beare the worst of what his hand shall please;  
As hauing giuen me such a mind, as shall  
The more still rise, the more his hand lets fall.  
In wates and waues, my sufferings were not small.

*Calypso promises  
eternal life  
to Ulysses.*

I now haue suffred much; as much before;  
Hereafter let as much result, and more.

This said; the Sunne set; and earth shadowes gane;  
When these two (in an in-roomē of the Cane,  
Left to themselves) left Loue no rites vndone.  
The early Morn vp; vp he rose; put on  
His in and out-weed. She, her selfe inchases  
Amidst a white robe, full of all the *Grass*;  
Ample, and pleated, thicke, like fishie scales.  
A golden girdle then, her wafte empales;  
Her head, a veile decks; and abroad they come;  
And now began *Vlysses* to go home.

A great Axe, first the gane, that two wayes cut;  
In which a faire wel-polisht helme was put,  
That from an Olie bough receiu'd his frame:  
A plainer then. Then led the till they came  
To loste woods, that did the Ile confine.  
The Firre tree, Poplar, and heauen-felling Pine,  
Had there their offspring. Of which, thoe that were  
Of drieſt matter, and grew longest there,  
He chulde for lighter taile. This place, thus frowne,  
The *Nymph* turnd home. He fell to felling downe;  
And twentie trees he stoopt, in little space;  
Plaid, vnde his Plumb; did all with artfull grace.  
In meane time did *Calypso* wimble bring.  
He bor'd, cloſde, nail'd, and orderd every thing,  
And tooke how much a ſhip-wright will allow  
A ſhip of burthen; (one that best doth know  
What fits his Ar) so large a Keele he caſt.  
Wrought vp her decks, and hatches, ſide-boords, maff,  
With willow watlings arm'd her, and refiſt  
The billowes outrage; added all the mift,  
Sail-yards, and ſterne for guide. The *Nymph* then brought  
Linnen for ſailes; which, with diſpatch, he wrought.  
Gables, and haſters, tacklings. All the Frame  
In ſoure dayes ſpace, to full perfection came.

*This ſoure dayes  
work (you will  
ſay) is too much  
for one man: and  
Pliſis affirms,  
that Hieros (a  
king of Sicile)  
in þree and forty  
days builte two  
hundred and  
twentie ſhips,  
rigged them, and  
put ſea with  
them.*

The fift day, they diſmift him from the ſhore,  
Weeds, neat, and odorous gave him; vichtles ſtore,  
Wine, and ſtrong waters, and a proſperous wind.  
To which, *Vlyſſes* (fit to be diuin'd)  
His ſailes expold, and hoſted. Off he gaſt,  
And chearfull was he. At the ſterne he ſat,  
And ſter'd right artfully. No ſleepe could ſeize  
His ey-lids: he beheld the *Pleadiers*,  
The Beare, ſurnam'd the Waine, that round doth move  
About *Orion*; and keepes ſtill above  
The billowie Ocean. The ſlow-leſting ſtarre,  
Boote calld, by ſome, the Waggonar.

*Calypſo* warnd him, he his course ſhould ſterc  
Still to his left hand. Seuentene dayes did cleare  
The cloudie *Nights* command, in his moist way;  
And by the eighteenth light, he might display  
The ſhadie hills of the *Phaician* ſhore;  
For which, as to his next abode, he bore.  
The country did a pretie figure yeld,  
And looke from off the darke feas, like a ſhield.

Impetuous *Neptune* (making his reſtate  
From th' *Ethiopian* earth, and taking ſeate  
Vpon the mountaines of the *Syphni*;  
From thence, farre off diſcouering) did defcie  
*Vlyſſes*, his fields plowing. All on fire  
The fight ſtraiſt fet his heart, and made deſire  
Of wreake runne ouer, it did boile to hie.  
When (his head nodding) O impetue  
(He cried out) now, the Gods inconfonſcie  
Is moſt apparent; altrine their deſignes  
Since I the *Aſtrides* ſaw: and here confiues  
To this *Vlyſſes* fate, his miſery.  
The great marke, on which all his hopes rely,  
Lies in *Phaeia*. But I hope he ſhall  
Feele woe at height, ere that dead calme beſtaiſt;  
This ſaid, he (begging) gatherd clouds from land,  
Frighted the feas vp; inaſte into his hand,  
His horrid Trident; and aloft did tolle  
(Of all the winds) all stormes he could engroſſe.  
All earth tooke into ſea with clouds; grim *Night*  
Fell tumbling headlong from the cope of Light.  
The East and Southwinds iuſtled in the airc,  
The violent *Zephire*, and *North*-making faire,  
Rould vp the waues before them: and then, bent  
*Vlyſſes* knees; then all his ſpirit was spent.  
In which deſpaire, he thus ſpake: Woe is me!  
What was I borne to: man of miſerie?  
Fare tells me now, that all the Goddesſe ſaid,  
*Trubis* ſelfe will author; that *Fate* would be paid  
*Grues* whole ſumme due from me, at ſea, before  
I reaſh the deare touch of my countries ſhore.  
With what clouds lowe, heauens heightned forchead binds?  
How tyranize the wraths of all the winds?  
How all the tops, he bottomes with the deepest?  
And in the bottomes, all the tops he ſteepes?  
Thus dreadfull is the preſence of ouir death.  
Thrice ſoure times bleſt were they that funke beneath  
Their Fates at *Troy*; and did to nought contend,  
But to renoume *Aſtrides* with their end?  
I would to God, my houre of death, and *Fate*,

That day had held the power to terminas;  
When shoures of darts, my life bore vndespell,  
About diuine *Escides* decaſt.  
Then had I bene allotted to haue died,  
By all the Greeks, with funerals glorified;  
(Whence *Death*, encouraging good like, had growne.)  
Where now I die, by no man mournd, nor knowne.

This spokē a huge waue tooke him by the head,  
And hund him o're-boord: ship and all it laid  
Inuerted quite amidſt the waues; but he  
Fare off from her frownd, frowd about the ſea:  
His Sterne ſtill holding, broken off his Maff  
Burſt in the midſt: fo horrible a blaſt  
Of mixt winds ſtrooke it. Sails and ſaile-yards fell  
Amongſt the billowes; and himſelfe did dwell  
A long time vnder water: nor could get  
In halfe his head out: waue with waue fo met  
In his depreſſion, and his garments too,  
(Gien by *Calypſo*) gaue him much to do,  
Hindring his (wimmings) yet he left not fo  
His drenched vefſell, for the ouerthow  
Of her nor him; but gat at length againe  
(Wreſtling with *Nep̄tūne*) hold of her; and then  
Sat in her Bulke, iuſtling ouer *Death*,  
Which (with the ſaile ſtreame, preſt to ſtop his breath)  
He ſcap't, and gaue the ſea againe, to gaine  
To other men. His ſhip fo ſtrid to liue,  
Floting at random, cuſt from waue to waue;  
As you haue feene the *Northwind* when he draue  
In *Autumne*, heapes of thorne-fed Gralhoppers,  
Hither and thither; one heape this way beares,  
Another that; and makes them often meete  
In his conuolde gales; fo *Vlyſſe* ſclette,  
The winds hurld vp and downe: now *Boreas*  
Toſt it to *Norw*, *Noswa* gaue it paſle  
To *Eswa*; *Eswa*, *Zephire* made it purſe  
The horrid *Tennis*. This ſport calld theview  
Of *Cadmus* daughter, with the narrow heele,  
(In *Leucosbe*) that firſt did feele  
A mortall Dames defiſes; and had a tongue.  
But now had th' honor to be nam'd among  
The marine Godheads. She, with pitie ſaw  
*Vlyſſe* iuſtld thus, from ſlaw to ſlaw;  
And (like a Cormorand, in forme and flight)  
Rofe from a whirl-poole; on the ſhip did light,  
And thus beſpeake him: *VVhy is Neptune thus*  
In thy purſuite extremely furious,  
Oppressing thee with ſuch a world of ill,

*Lemnus* to  
*Vlyſſe*.

Euen to thy death? He muſt not ſerve his will,  
Though tis his ſtudie. Let me then aduife,  
As my thoughts ſerue, thou ſhalt not be vnywife  
To leaue thy weeds and ſhip, to the commands  
Of thife rude winds; and worke out with thy hands,  
Paffe to *Phaeacia*; where thy auſterc *Fate*,  
Is to purſue thee with no more ſuch hate.  
Take here this Tablet, with this riband ſtrung,  
And ſee it ſtill about thy boſome hung;  
By whiche eternall vertue, neuer fear  
To ſuffer thus againe, nor perish here.  
But when thou toucheſt with thy hand the ſhore,  
Then take it from thy necke, nor weare it more;  
But caſt it ſare off from the Continent,  
And then thy perfon fare aſhore preſent.

Thus gaue ſhe him the Tablet, and againe  
(Turnd to a Cormorand) diu'd paſt ſight the Maine.

Patient *Vlyſſe* ſighd at thiſ, and ſtucke  
In the conceit of ſuch faire ſpoken Lucke:  
And laid; Alas I muſt ſuſpect euen thiſ;  
Left any other of the Deities  
Addc ſleight to *Neptunes* force; to counſell me  
To l.ue my vefſell, and ſo farre off ſee  
The ſhore Iaime at. Nor with thoughts too cleare  
Will I obey her: but to me appearē  
These counſels beſt; as long as I perceiue  
My ſhip not quite diſſolu'd, I will not leaue  
The helpe ſhe may afford me; but abide,  
And ſuffer all woes, till the worſt be tride.  
When ſhe is ſplit, Ile ſwim: no miraicle can  
Paſt meare and cleare meanes, moue a knowing man.

While this diſcouſe emploid him, *Neptune* raid  
A huge, a high, and horrid ſea, that ſeifd  
Him and his ſhip, and toſt them through the Lake;  
As when the violent winds together take  
Heapes of dry chaffe, and hurle them euery way;  
So his long woodlacke, *Neptun* ſtrooke aſtray.

Then did *Vlyſſe* mount on rib, perforce,  
Like to a rider of a running horſe,  
To ſtay himſelfe a time, while he might ſhift  
His drenched weeds, that were *Calypſo* gift.  
When putting ſtrai, *Leucosbe* Amulet  
About his necke, he all his forces ſet  
To ſwim, and caſt him proſtrate to the ſea.  
When powrefull *Neptune* ſaw the ruthleſſe preaſe  
Of perils ſiege him thus; he mou'd his head,  
And this betwixt him and his heart, he ſaid:

So, now ſeele iſ enow, and ſtruggle ſo,

*Vlyſſe* ſil ſuſpē  
cious, affaire  
fortunes.

*Neptuni* in V.  
lyſſe in tole-  
menta.

Till to your *low-lou'd* Ilanders you row,  
But my mind sayes, you will not so avoid  
This last task too, but be with sufferance cloid.  
This said, his rich-man'd horfe he shou'd, and reachte  
His houfe at *Ægæs*. But *Minerva* fecht  
The winds from *sea*, and all their wayes but one  
Bard to their passage; the bleake *Æorb* alone  
She fet to blow; the rest, she charg'd to keepe  
Their rages in; and bind them selues in sleepe.  
But *Boreas* still flew high, to breake the seas,  
Till *sea-bred* *Phœbus*, the more with eale,  
The naviagation-skild *Phœcean* States  
Might make his refuge, *Deab*, and angie *Fates*,  
At length escapng. Two nighnts yet, and daies,  
He spent in wresteling with the sable seas;  
In which space, often did his heart propofe  
Death to his eyes. But when *Aurora* rose,  
And threw the third light from her orient haire;  
The winds grew calme, and cleare was all the aire;  
Not one breath stirring. Then he might desrie  
(Raifd by the high seas) cleare, the land was nic.  
And then, looke how to good sonnes that effeme  
Their fathers life deare, (after paines extreame,  
Felt in some sicknesse, that hath held him long  
Downe to his bed; and with affections strong,  
Wafted his bodie, made his life his lode;  
As being inflicted by some angie God)  
When on their prairies, they see descend at length  
*Health* from the heauens, clad all in spirit and strength;  
The sight is precious: so, since here shou'd end  
*Vlysses* toiles; which therein shou'd extend  
Health to his countrie, (held to him, his Sire)  
And on which, long for him, *Disease* did tire.  
And then besides, for his owne sake to see  
The shores, the woods so neare; such ioy had he,  
As those good sonnes for their recoured Sire.  
Then laboured feare and all parts, to aspire  
To that wiſt Continent; which, when as neare  
He came, as *Clamor* might informe an eare;  
He heard a sound beate from the sea-bred rocks,  
Against which gaue a huge sea horrid shocks,  
That becht vpon the firme land, weeds and fome;  
With which were all things hid there; where no roome  
Of fit capacite was for any port;  
Nor (from the sea) for any mans resort;  
The shores, the rocks, and clifffes so prominent were.  
O (said *Vlysses* then) now *Jupiter*  
Hath giuen me fight of an vnhop't for shore,

Simile.

(Though

(Though I haue wrought theſe ſeas ſo long, ſo ſore)  
Of reſt yet, no place ſhewes the ſlendreft prints;  
The rugged ſhore ſo brift'd is with flints:  
Againſt which, every way the waues ſo flocke;  
And all the ſhore ſhewes as one eminent rocke.  
So neare which, is ſo deep, that not a ſand  
Is there, for any tired foote to stand:  
Nor ſlie his death-faſt following miferies,  
Left if he land, ypon him fore-right ſlies  
A curhulish waue, to crush him againſt a Cliffe;  
Worleſh vaine rendring, all his launding ſtrife.  
And ſhould I ſwim to fecke a hauen elſewhere,  
Or land, leſſe way-beate, I may iuſtly feare  
I ſhall be taken with a gale againſt,  
And caſt a huge way off into the Maine.  
And there, the great Earth-shaker (hauing ſene  
My ſo neare launding; and againe, his ſpleene  
Forcing to him) will ſome Whale ſend our,  
(Of which a horrid number here about,  
His *Amphitrite* breeds) to (wallow me.  
I well haue prou'd, with what malignitie  
He treds my ſteps. While this diſcourſe he held,  
A curſt Surge, againſt a cutting rocke impeld  
His naked bodie, which it gaſh'd and tore;  
And had his bones broke, if but one ſea more  
Had caſt him on it. But \* ſhe prompted him,  
That neuer faild, and bad him no more ſwim  
Still off and on; but boldly force the ſhore,  
And hug the rocke, that him ſo rudely tore.  
Which he, with both hands, ſigh'd and clasp't; till paſt  
The billowes rage was, which ſcap't, backe, ſo faſt  
The rocke repulſit, that it reft his hold,  
Sucking him from it, and farre backe he rould.  
And as the *Polypus*, that (for'd from home  
Amidſt the ſoft ſea; and neare rough land come  
For ſhelter againſt the ſtormes that beate on her  
At open ſea, as ſhe abroad doth cri) Tallus.  
A deale of grauill, and ſharpe little ſtones,  
Needfullly gathers in her hollow bones:  
So he forc't hither, (by the sharper ill,  
Shunning the ſmootheſt) where he beſt hop't, ſtill  
The worl'd ſucceeded: for the cruell friend,  
To which he clinged for ſuccour, off did rend  
From his broad hands, the ſoken flesh ſo ſore,  
That off he fell, and could ſuſtaine no more.  
Quite vnder water fell he; and, paſt Fate,  
Hapleſſe *Vlyſſes*, there had loſt the ſtate  
He held in life; if (ſtill the grey-cyd Maid,

Per alperiora  
vitare laui.

His

His wisedome prompting) he had not affaid  
 Another courle, and ceaft t'attempt that shore;  
 Swimming, and castling round his eye, t'explore  
 Some other shelter. Then, she mouth he found  
 Of faire *Callices* flood; whose shores were crownd  
 With most aps succors: Rock so smooth, they feend  
 Polift of purpose: land that quite redeemd  
 With breathless couerts, th'others blasted shores.  
 The flood he knew; and thus in heart implores:  
 King of this River! hear; what euer name  
 Makes thee inuokt: to thee I humbly frame  
 My flight from *Nephaes* furies; Reruend is  
 To all the euer-living Deities,  
 What erring man souuer seekes their aid.  
 To thy both flood and knees, a man dismaid  
 With varied sufferance sue. Yeld then some rest  
 To him that is thy suppliant profeſſt.  
 This (though but spoke in thought) the Godhead heard;  
 Her Current strait staid; and her thicke waues cleard  
 Before him, smooth'd her waters, and iuft where  
 He praid, halfe drownd, entirely sau'd him there.  
 Then forth he came, his both knees falting; both  
 His strong hands hanging downe; and all with froth  
 His cheeks and nostrils flowing. Voice and breath  
 Spent to all vſe; and downe he funke to Death.  
 The ſea had ſoakt his heart through: all his vaines,  
 His toiles had racket, t'a labouring womans paines.  
 Dead wearie was he. But when breath did find  
 A paffe reciprocall; and in his mind,  
 His ſpirit was recollectēd: vp he roſe,  
 And from his necke did th'Amulet vnloſc,  
 That *Isos* gaue him; which he hirld from him  
 To ſea. It ſounding ſell; and backe did ſwim  
 With th'ebbing waters; till it ſtraiſt arriu'd,  
 Where *Isos* faire hand, it againe receiu'd.  
 Then kift he th'humble earth; and on he goes,  
 Till bulrushes ſhewd place for his repofe;  
 Where laid, he ſigh'd, and thus ſaid to his ſoule:  
 O me, what ſtrange perplexities controule  
 The whole ſkill of thy poures, in this euent?  
 What ſeele I; if till Care-nurſe Nighe be ſpen:  
 I watch amidst the flood, the ſeas chill breath,  
 And vegetant dewes, I ſcarē will be my death:  
 So low brought with my labours. Towards day,  
 A paſſing ſharp aire euer breathes at ſea.  
 If I the pitch of this next mountaine ſcale,  
 And ſhadie wood; and in ſome thicker fall  
 Into the hands of ſleepe: though there the cold

ſtrains of art  
 & patiu dolce.

May well be checkt; and healthfull ſlumbers hold  
 Her ſweete hand on my poures; all care allaid,  
 Yet there will beaſts deuoure me. Best appaid  
 Doth that courſe make me yet; for there, ſome ſtrife,  
 Strength, and my ſpirit, may make me make for life.  
 Which, though empaird, may yet be fresh ap̄plied,  
 Where perill, poſſible of elcape is tried.  
 But he that fights with heauen, or with the ſea,  
 To Indiſcretion, addes impietie.

Thus to the woods he haſted, which he found  
 Not fane from ſea; but on farre-feeing ground;  
 Where two twin vnder-woods, he enterd on;  
 With Oliue trees, and oile-trees ouergrownē:  
 Through which, the moist force of the loud-voi't wind,  
 Did neuer beate, nor euer *Phæbus* ſhin'd;  
 Nor ſhowre beate through; they grew ſo one in one;  
 And had, by turnes, their poure t'exclude the Sunne.  
 Here ent'rd our *Vlyſſes*, and a bed  
 Of leaues huge, and of huge abundance ſpred  
 With all his ſpeed. Large he made it; for there,  
 For two or three men, ample Couerings were;  
 Such as might ſhield them from the Winters wort:  
 Though \* ſteele it breath'z, and blew as it would burst.

Patient *Vlyſſes* ioyd, that euer day  
 Shewd ſuch a ſhelter. In the midſt he lay,  
 Store of leaues heaping high on euer yide.  
 Andas in ſome out-field, a man doth hide  
 A kindd brand, to keepe the ſeed of fire;  
 Nonneighbour dwelling neare; and his deſire  
 Seru'd with ſelfe ſtore; he eſe would aſke of none;  
 But of his fore-spent ſparks, rakes th'ashes on:  
 So this out-place, *Vlyſſes* thus receives;  
 And thus naſt vertues ſeed, liſt hid in leaues.  
 Yet *Pallas* made him ſleep, as ſoone as men  
 Whom *Delicacies*, all their flatteries daine.  
 And all that all his labours could comprise,  
 Quickly concluded, in his cloſed eies.

*Finis libri quinti Hom. Odyſſ.*

*A metaphorall Hyperbole, ex-  
 preſſing the extreme  
 vices extremities  
 of ſharpeſſe.*

*Simile.*

I THE

# THE SIXTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**M**INERVA in a vision bade  
M. Before Nausicaa; and commands  
She to the flood her weeds should bear,  
For now her Nuptial day was neare.  
Nausicaa her charge obeyes;  
And then with other virgins playes.  
Their sportes make make Vlysses wife;  
Walk to them, and be seekes supplies  
Of food and clother. His naked sight  
Fears brother Maids afraid to sight.  
Nausicaa onely boldy playes,  
And gladly his before obeyes.  
He (joungster with her fauours) bosome  
Attends her, and therof, to Tonne.

Another.

**Z**ELA. Here Olive leaves  
Thidethane began.  
The Maide recumes  
The naked man.

*Caro & aqua-  
reus & sanguis.  
Sorbo & labo-  
re afflictus. Sleep  
(nauigatiorum).  
for the want of  
stepe.*

**T**HE much-sustaining, patient, heauenly Man,  
Whom *Taile* and *Sleepe* had worne so weake and wan;  
Thus wonne his rest. In meane space *Pallas* went  
To the *Pheacia* citie; and descent  
That first did broad *Hyperia* lands diuide,  
Neare the vast *Cyclops*, men of monstrous pride.  
That preyd on thofe *Hyperians*, since they were  
Of greater powre, and therefore longer there.  
Divine *Nausithous* dwelt not; but arose,  
And did for *Scheris*, all his powres dispose:  
Fare from ingenious Art-inventing men.  
But there did he erect a Citie then.  
First, drew a wall round; then he houses builds;  
And then a Temple to the Gods; the fields  
Lastly diuiding. But he (stoopt by Fate)  
Diu'd to th' infernals: and *Alcinous* fate  
In his command: a man, the Gods did teach,  
Commanding counsels. His houſe held the reach  
Of grey *Minervas* project; to provide,  
That great-sould *Ithacus* might be ſupplyde.

With

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

With all things fitting his retурne. She went  
Up to the chamber, where the faire \*descent  
Of great *Alcinous* ſlept. A maid, whose parts  
In wit and beaute, wore diuine deſerts.  
Well deckt her chamber was: of which, the dore  
Did ſeeme to lighten; ſuch a gloſſe it bore  
Betwixt the poſts: and now flew ope, to find  
The Goddesſe entrie. Like a pufi of wind  
She reaſt the Virgin bed. Neate which, there lay  
Two maids; to whom, the *Graces* did conuay,  
Figure, and manners. But aboue the head  
Of bright *Nausicaa*, did *Pallas* tread  
The ſubtile aire; and put the person on  
Of *Dymas* daughter; from comparison  
Exempt in busineſſe *Nauall*. Like his ſeed,  
*Minerva* looke now; whom one yeaſe did breed,  
With bright *Nausicaa*; and who had gaide  
Grace in her loues; yet on her thus complained:

*Nausicaa!* why bred thy mother one  
So negligent, in rites ſo stood vpon  
By other virgins? Thy faire garments lie  
Neglected by thee; yet thy Nuptials nice.  
When, rich in all attire, both thou ſhouldest be,  
And garments glue to others honoring thee,  
That leade thee to the Temple. Thy good name  
Grows amongst men for theſe things; they enflame  
Father, and reverend Mother with delight.  
Come; when the *Day* takes any winke from *Night*,  
Let's to the riuere, and repurifie  
Thy wedding garments: my ſocietie  
Shall freely ferue thee, for thy ſpedier aid,  
Because thou ſhalt no more ſtand on the Maid.  
The beſt of all *Pheacia* wooe thy *Grace*,  
Where thou werē bred, and owſt thy ſelfe a race.  
Up, and ſtire vpon to thee thy honourd Sire,  
To give thee Mules and Coach; thee and thy tire;  
Viles, girdles, mantles, early to the flood,  
To beare in ſtate. It ſuites thy high-borne blood;  
And farre more fits thee, then to foote ſo farre;  
For far from towne thou knowſt the Bath-founts are.

This ſaid, away blue-eyd *Minerva* went  
Up to *Olympus*: the firme Continent,  
That beares in endleſſe being, the deified kind;  
That's neither ſouēt with showres, nor ſhooke with wind;  
Nor chilld with ſnow; but where *Serenite* flies,  
Exempt from clouds; and euer-beamie skies  
Circle the glittering hill. And all their daies,  
Giue the delights of bleſſed *Deitie* praiſe.

*Nausicaa.*

*Intending Dymas daughter.*

*Olympus deſerts.*

And hither *Pallas* flew, and left the Maid,  
When she had all that might excite her, said.  
Strait rose the louely Morne, that vp did rase  
I-are-veild *Nausicaa*, whose dreame, her prafe  
To *Admiration* tooke. Who no time spent  
To give the rapture of her vision vent,  
To her lou'd parents whom she found within.  
Her mother set at fire, who had to spin  
A Rocke, whose tincture with sea-purple shin'd;  
Her maids about her. But she chanc't to find  
Her Father going abroad: to Counsell calld  
By his graue *Senate*. And to him, exhalde  
Her smotherd bosome was. Lou'd Sire (aid she)  
Will you not now command a Coach for me?  
Stately and complete: fit for me to beare  
To wash at flood, the weeds I cannot weare  
Before repurified? Your selfe it fits  
To weare faire weeds, as every man that sits  
In place of counsell. And fve sonnes you haue;  
Two wed; three Bachelors; that must be braue  
In every dayes shifft, that they may go dance,  
For these three last, with these things must aduance  
Their states in mariage: and who else but I  
Their sister, shold their dancing ries supply?  
This general cause she shewd, and would not name  
Her mind of Nuptials to her Sire, for shame.  
He understande her yet; and thus replide:  
Daughter! nor thiefe, nor any grace beside,  
Leither will denie thee, or deferre,  
Mules, nor a Coach, of state and circular,  
Fitting at all parts. Go; my seruants shall  
Serue thy delires, and thy command in all.  
The seruants then (commanded) soone obaid,  
Fetch Coach, and Mules ioynd in it. Then the Maid  
Brought from the chamber her rich weeds, and laid  
All vp in Coach: in which, her mother plac't  
A maund of vichties, varied well in tafte,  
And other iunkets. Wine she likewife fill'd  
Within a goat-skin bottle, and distill'd  
Sweete and moist oile into a golden Cruse,  
Both for her daughters, and her handmaids vfe,  
To soften their bright bodies, when they rose  
Clenfd from their cold baths. Up to Coach then goes  
Th'obserued Maid: takes both the scourge and raines,  
And to her side, her handmaid strait attaines.  
Nor thefe alone, but other virgins grac't  
The Nuptiall Chariot. The whole Beuie plac't;  
*Nausicaa* scourged to make the Coach Mules runne;

*This familiar & neare wanter carriage of Nausicaa to her father, sayed with that virgin me deße express in her after, as much praid by the graue of Her mother expressa with her fathers loving deuise of us know her shamefullnes and judgement, would not let her exceed at any part, whiche were infested, nor as if there were more wortly the obseruation then other every where, shewed fawours of preces; but because this more generaly pleasing fawours may perhaps finde more fittnes for the stay of most Readers.*

That

That neigh'd, and pac'd their viall speed; and soone,  
Both maids and weeds, brought to the riuer side;  
Where Baths for all the yeaere, their vfe suppled.  
Whose waters were so pure, they would not staine;  
But still ran faire forth, and did more remaine  
Apt to purge staines; for that purg'd staine within,  
Which, by the waters pure store, was not seen.

These (here arriu'd,) the Mules vnoacht, and draue  
Up to the gulphie riuers shore, that gaue  
Sweet grasse to them. The maids from Coach then tooke  
Their cloaths, and steept them in the fable brooke.  
Then put them into springs, and trod them cleane,  
With cleanly feet; aduentring wagers then,  
Who should haue sooneft, and most cleanly done.  
When hauing throughly cleansd, they spred them on  
The floods shewe, all in order. And then, where  
The waues the pibbles washt, and ground was cleare,  
They bath'd theiuelues, and all with glittering oile,  
Smooth'd their white skins: refreshing then their toile  
With pleafant dinner, by the riuers side.  
Yet still watche when the Sunne, their cloaths had dride.  
Till which time (hauing din'd) *Nausicaa*  
With other virgins, did at stool-ball play,  
Their shoulder-reaching head-tires laying by.  
*Nausicaa* (with the wrists of Ivory)  
The liking stroke strooke; singing first a song;  
(As custome orderd) and amidst the throng,  
Made such a shew; and so past all was seene;  
As when the Chaff-borne, Arrow-louing *Queene*,  
Along the mountaines gliding, either ouer  
*Spartan Taygetus*, whose tops farre discouer,  
Or *Eurymanthus*; in the wilde Bores chace;  
Or swift-hou'd Hart; and with her, *Joues* faire race  
(The field Nymphs) sporting. Amongst whom, to see  
How farre *Diana* had prioritie  
(Though all were faire) for fairnesse; yet of all,  
(As both by head and forehead being more tall)  
*Latona* triumpht; since the dullest fight,  
Might easly iudge, whom her paines brought to light;  
*Nausicaa* so (whom neuer husband tam'd),  
Aboue them all, in all the beauties flam'd.  
But when they now made homewards, and araid;  
Ordering their weeds, disorderd as they plaid;  
Mules and Coach ready; then *Minerva* thought,  
What meanes to wake *Vlysses*, might be wrought,  
That he might see this louely fighted maid,  
Whom she intended, shold become his aid:  
Bring him to Towne, and his returne aduance.

Simile.

I 3

Her

The partie and  
wisedome of the  
Peere was full,  
that (cressing  
with the fairest  
letter) set the  
least of thoghts  
make come to  
pass fine Nu-  
mous prou-  
dencie. As I spand  
well notes of him  
Her meane was this, (bough thought a stool-ball chance)  
The Queene now (for the vpstroke) strooke the ball  
Quite wide off th' other maids; and made it fall  
Amidst the whirlpooles. At which, out shriket all;  
And with the shrike, did wife *Phyllis* wake:  
Who, stirring vp, was doubtfull who shoud make  
That sodaine outcrie; and in mind, thus shru'd:  
On what a people am I now arriu'd?  
At ciuill hospitable men, that feare  
The Gods; or dwell iniurious mortals here?  
Vnusuall, and churlish! like the female crie  
Of youth it sounds. What are they? *Nymphs* bred hie,  
On tops of hils; or in the founts of floods?  
In herbie marshes; or in leauy woods?  
Or are they high-spoke men, I now am neare?  
Hee proue, and see. With this, the wary Peere  
Crept forth the thicket; and an Olive bough  
Broke with his broad hand which he did bestow  
In couert of his nakednesse; and then,  
Put hasty head out. Looke how from his den,  
A mountain Lion lookest, that all embrewd  
With drops of trees; and weathier-beaten hewd;  
(Bold of his strength) goes on; and in his eye,  
A burning fornae gloues; all bent to prey  
On sheepe, or oxen; or the upland Hart;  
His belly charging him; and he must part  
Stakes with the Heardl-man, in his beafts attempt,  
Euen wherefrom rape, their strengths are most exempt:  
So wet, so weather-beate, so stung with *Need*,  
Euen to the home-fields of the countries breed,  
*Phyllis* was to force forth his acesse,  
Though meery naked; and his sight did preffe  
The eyes of soft-haired virgins. Horrid was  
His rough appearance to them: the hard passe  
He had at sea, stucke by him. All in flight  
The Virgins scattered, frightened with this sight,  
Abour the prominent windings of the flood.  
All but *Nausicaa* fled; but the fast flood:  
*Pallas* had put a boldnesse in her brest;  
And in her faire lims, tender *Feare* comprest.  
And still she stood him, as resolu'd to know  
What man he was; or out of what shoud grow  
His strange repaire to them. And here was he  
Put to his wisedome; if her virgin knee,  
He shoud be bold, but kneeling, to embrace;  
Or keepe aloofe, and tie with words of grace,  
In humblest suppliancie, if he migh obtaine  
Some couer for his nakednes; and gaine

Simil.

Her

Her grace to shew and guide him to the Towne.  
The last, he best thought, to be worth his owne,  
In weighing both well: to keep still aloofe,  
And glue with soft words, his desires their proose;  
Left pressing so neare, as to touch her knee,  
He migh incense her maiden modicie.  
This faire and fil'd speech then, shewd this was he.  
Let me bezech (O Queene) this truth of thee,  
Are you of mortall, or the deified race?  
If of the Gods, that th' ample heauens embrase,  
I can resemble you to none aboue,  
So neare as to the chaste-borne birth of *Io*,  
The beauteous *Cyathis*. Her you full present,  
In grace of every God-like lineament;  
Her goodly magnitude; and all th' addresse  
You promise of her very perfectnesse.  
If sprong of humanes, that inhabite earth,  
Thrice blest are both the authors of your birth;  
Thrice blest your brothers, that in your deserts,  
Must, even to rapture, beare delighted hearts;  
To see so like the first trim of a tree,  
Your forme adorne a dance. But most blest, he  
Of all that breathe, that hath the gift t'engage  
Your bright necke in the yoke of mariage;  
And decks his house with your commanding merit.  
I haue not seene a man of so much spirit.  
Nor man, nor woman, I did euer see,  
At all parts equall to the parts in thee.  
Tenioy your sight, doth *Admiration* seise  
My eie, and apprehensiuе faculties.  
Lately in *Delos* (with a charge of men  
Arriu'd, that renderd me most wretched then,  
Now making me thus naked) I beheld  
The burthen of a Palme, whose iſſue swelde  
About *Apolles Phane*; and that put on  
A grace like thee; for Earth had never none  
Of all her Sylvane iſſue so adorn'd:  
Into amaze my very foule was turnd,  
To giue it obſcration; as now thee.  
To view (O Virgin) a ſtupiditie  
Past admiration ſtrikes me; ioyned with feare  
To do a ſupplianc due, and preſe so neare,  
Aſto embrace thy knees. Nor is it ſtrange,  
For one of fresh and firmeſt ſpirit, would change  
T'embracē ſo bright an obiect. But, for me,  
A cruel habite of calamitie,  
Prepar'd the ſtrong imprefion thou haſt made:  
For this laſt Day did flic Nights twentith shade

I 4

Since

Phyllis to Nea-  
gela.

Since I at length, escaþt the fable seas,  
 When in the meane time, th' unrelenting preſe  
 Of waues and ſterne stormes, toſt me vp and downe,  
 From th' Ile *Ogygia*: and now God hath throune  
 My wracke on this ſhore; that perhaps I may  
 My miseries vary here: for yet their ſtay,  
 I feare, heauen hath not ordred: though before  
 These late afflictions, it hath lent me ſtore.  
 O Queene, daine pitie then, ſince firſt to you  
 My Fate impoſtunes my diſtreſſe to vow.  
 No other Dame, nor man, that this Earth owne,  
 And neighbour Citiſe, I haue ſene or knowne.  
 The Towne then ſhew me, giue my naſegines  
 Some ſhroud to shelter it, iſ to theſe ſeas,  
 Linnen or woollen, you haue brought to cleſe.  
 God giue you, in requitall, all th' amends  
 Your heart can wiſh: a husband, family,  
 And good agreement: Nought beneath the ſkies,  
 More ſweet, more worthy is, then firme conſent  
 Of man and wife, in houſhold gouernment.  
 It ioyes their wiſhers well; their enemies wounds;  
 But to themſelues, the ſpeciall good redounds.  
 She anſwerd: Stranger! I diſcernē in thee,  
 Nor *Sloth*, nor *Folly* raignes; and yet I ſee,  
 Th' art poore and wretched. In which I conclude,  
 That Industry nor wiſdomake endude  
 Men with thofe giſts, that make them best to th' eies  
*Ione* onely orders mans felicitie.  
 To good and bad, his pleaſure faſhions ſtill,  
 The whole proportion of thir good and ill.  
 And he perhaps hath formd this plight in thee,  
 Of which, thou muſt be patient, as he, free.  
 But after all thy wandrings, ſince thy way,  
 Both to our Earth, and near our Citiſe, lay,  
 As being expoſe to our cares to relieve;  
 Weeds, and what elſe, a humān hand ſhould giue,  
 To one ſo ſuppliant, and tam'd with woe;  
 Thou haſt not want. Our Citiſe, I will ſhowe;  
 And tell our peoples name: This neighbor Towne,  
 And all this kingdome, the *Phaeacians* owne.  
 And (ſince thou ſeemſt ſo faine, to know my birth;  
 And mad'ſt a queſtion, iſ of heaven or earth)  
 This Earth hath breed me; and my Fathers name  
*Alcinous* is; that in the powre and frame  
 Of this Iles rule, is ſupereminent.  
 Thus (paſſing him) ſhe to the Virgins went.  
 And ſaid: Giue ſtay, both to your feet and right;  
 Why thus diſperſe ye, for a mans meere fight?

Eſteeme

Eſteeme you him a *Cyclop*, that long ſince  
 Made vſe to prey vpon our Citizens?  
 This man, no moſt man is, (nor warriour thing,  
 That's euer ſlitting; euer rauifhing  
 All it can compaſſe; and, like it, doth range  
 In rape of women; neuer laid in change)  
 This man is truly \*manly, wife, and laid;  
 In ſoule more rich; the more to ſenſe decadid.  
 Who, nor will do, nor ſuffer to be done,  
 Acts lead and abiect; nor can ſuch a one  
 Greete the *Phaeacians*, with a mind enuiouſ;  
 Dear to the Gods they are; and he is pious.  
 Besides, diuided from the world we are;  
 The outpart of it; billowes circulaſe  
 The ſea revolving, round about our ſhore;  
 Nor is there any man, that enters more  
 Then our owne countrymen, with what is brought  
 From other countries. This man, minding nought  
 But his relieve: a poore vnhappie wretch,  
 Wrackt here; and hath no other land to fetch.  
 Him now we muſt provide for; from *Jouelcōme*  
 All strangers, and the needie of a home.  
 Who any gift, though ne're ſo ſmall it be,  
 Eſteeme as great, and take it gratefully.  
 And therefore Virgins, giue the stranger food,  
 And wine; and ſee ye bath him in the flood;  
 Nere to ſome ſhore, ſo shelter moſt enclin'd;  
*To cold Bath-bathers, hurtfull is the wind.*  
 Not onely rugged making th' outward ſkin,  
 But by; his thin poures, pierceth parts within.  
 This ſaid; their flight in a returne they ſet;  
 And did *Vlyſſes* with all grace entreate:  
 Shewd him a ſhore, wind-prooſe, and full of ſhade:  
 By him a ſhirt, and vter inante laid.  
 A golden Iugge of liquid oile did adde;  
 Bad wash; and all things as *Nauſicaa* bad.  
 Divine *Vlyſſes* would not vſe their aid;  
 But thus bespake them: Euery louely maid,  
 Let me entreate to ſtand a little by;  
 That I alone the fresh flood may apply,  
 To cleſe my boſome of the ſea-wrought brine.  
 And then vſe oile; which long time did not ſhine  
 On my poore ſhoulders, Ile not wash in ſight  
 Of faire-haired maidens. I ſhould bluſh outright,  
 To bathe all bare by ſuch a virgin light.

They mou'd, and muſde, a man had ſo much grace;  
 And told their Miftris, what a man he was.  
 He clenſd his broad-ſoild-ſhoulders, backe and head

*diuſe Regis.*  
*Cui vitalis vel*  
*ſenſualis hu-*  
*miditas inſit.*  
*Repreſ. i. a. p. 16.*  
*vt dicatur quiaſ-*  
*ſt. i. a. p. 16.*  
*quod nihil ſit*  
*magis fluctum*  
*quam homo.*  
*\*i. e. virili ani-*  
*mo prudens,*  
*fortis, magno-*  
*nimus. Nor are*  
*thofe affirmed to*  
*be men, qui fer-*  
*uile quidpiam*  
*& abiectum fa-*  
*cium, vel, facere*  
*fullinent: accor-*  
*ding to this of*  
*Herodotus in*  
*Duly, 2000. 140*  
*as Spaniſh ear,*  
*orops d'arſeſte.*  
*Many, mens*  
*formes ſuſtaine,*  
*but few are men.*  
*According to an*  
*other tranſlator:*  
*Ab Ioue nam*  
*ſupplet pauper,*  
*procedit & hol-*  
*pea: Reſ breuiſ,*  
*at clara elſi.*  
*Magni quoque*  
*manuſi inſit,*  
*which I cite to*  
*ſhow his good*  
*when he keeps*  
*him to the Ori-*  
*ginali, and near*  
*in any degree ex-*  
*pounds it.*

*Vlyſſes modeſte*  
*to the Virgins.*

*He taught their*  
*youth modeſte,*  
*by his aged iudge-*  
*ment. As receiv-*  
*ing the cuſome*  
*of maidis then re-*  
*ſed to that en-*  
*tertainment of*  
*men; notwithstanding*  
*the modeſte of that*  
*age, could not be*

Yet

Yet never tam'd. But now, had fome and weed,  
Knit in the faire culles. Which dissol'd, and he  
Slickt all with sweet oile: the sweet charite,  
The vtoucht virgin shewd in his attire,  
He cloth'd him with. Then *Pallas* put a fire,  
More then before, into his sparkling cies,  
His late foile let off, with his foode fresh guife.  
His locks (clenf'd) curld the more; and matcht (in power  
To please an eye) the *Hyacinthian* flower.  
And as a workman, that can well combine  
Siluer and gold; and make both string to shine;  
As being by *Vulcan*, and *Minerva* too,  
Taught how faire either may be vrg'd to go,  
In strife of eminence; when worke lets forth  
A worthy soule, to bodies of such worth;  
No thought reproving thi'act, in any place;  
Nor art no debt to *Nature* liuelist grace:  
So *Faullus* wrought in him, a grace as great,  
From head to shoulders; and alhore did leate  
His goodly prefence. To which, such a guife  
He shewd in going, that it rauifh'cies.  
All which (continue) as he fane apart;

*Nausicaa* admis-  
sion of *Phyllis*  
Nausicaa's eye strooke wonder through her heart;  
Who thus beſpake her conſorts: Hear me, you  
Faire-wristed Virgins; this rare man (I know)  
Tredz not our country earth, againſt the will  
Of ſome God, thron'd on the *Olympian* hill.  
He shewd to me, till now, not worth the note;  
But now he lookeſ, as he had Godhead got.  
I would to heauen, my husband were no worse;  
And would be calld no better, but the courſe  
Of other husbands pleaſd to dwell out here:  
Obſerue and ferue him, with our vtmoſt cheare.  
She ſaid, they heard, and did. He drunke and eate  
Like to a Harpy; haung touſt no meate  
A long before time. But *Nausicaa* now  
Thought of the more grace, ſhe did lately vow:  
Had horſe to Chariot ioynd, and vp ſhe roſe:  
Vp chear'd her gueſt, and ſaid: Gueſt, now diſpoſe  
Your ſelue for Towne, that I may let you ſee  
My Fathers Court, where all the Peeres will be  
Of our *Phaeacia* State. At all parts then,  
Obſerue to whom, and what place y'are cattain'd;  
Though I need you with no aduice,  
Since I ſuppoſe you abſolutely wife.  
While we the fields paſſe, and mens labours there;  
So long (in theſe maidis guides) diſcretly beare  
Vpon my Chariot (I muſt go before,

For cauſe that after comes: to which, thi more  
Be my induction) you ſhall then ſoone end  
Your way to Towne, whoſe Towres you ſee ascend  
To ſuch a ſleepneſſe. On whoſe either ſide,  
A faire Port stands; to which is nothing wide  
An enterers paſſage: on whoſe both hands ride  
Ships in faire harbors; which, once paſt, you win  
The goodly market place, (that circles in  
A Phane to *Neptunes*, buiit of curiouſe ſtone,  
And paſſing ample) where munition,  
Gables, and maſts men make, and poſtih' oares;  
For the *Phaeacians* are not conqueſtors  
By bowes nor quivers. Oares, maſts, ſhips they are,  
With which they plow the ſea, and wage their warre.  
And now the cauſe comes, why I leade the way,  
Not taking you to Coach. The men that ſway  
In worke of thoſe tooles, that ſo fit our State,  
Are rude Mechaſicals; that rare and late  
Worke in the market place; and thoſe are they  
Whofe bitter tongus I ſhun; who ſtraiſt would ſay,  
(For theſe vile vulgars are extreameſt proud,  
And foully languid) What, is he alſowd  
To coach it with *Nausicaa*? ſo large ſet,  
And fairely faihond; where were theſe two met?  
He muſt be ſure her husband. She hath bene  
Gadding in ſome places, and (of forraine men,  
Fitting her fancie) kindly brought him home  
In her owne ſhip. He muſt, of force, be come  
From ſome farre region; we haue no ſuch man.  
It may be (praying hard, when her heart ran  
On ſome wiſh husband) out of heauen, ſome God  
Dropt in her lap, and there lies ſhe at rode,  
Her complete life time. But, in looth, if ſhe  
Ranging ab. oad, a husband ſuch as he,  
Whom now we ſaw, laid hand on; ſhe was wife,  
For none of all our Nobles, are of prie  
Enough for her: he muſt beyond, ſea come,  
That wins her high mind, and will haue her home.  
Of our Peeres, many haue importun'd her,  
Yeaſhe will none. Thus theſe folks will conſerue  
Behind my backe; or (meeting) to my face,  
The foule-mouth rout dare put home this disgrace.  
And this would be reproches to my fame;  
For even my ſelue, iuft anger would enflame,  
If any other virgin I ſhould ſee  
(Her parents living) keepe the compagnie  
Of any man; to any end of loue,  
Till open Nuptials ſhould her act approue.

The Cities de-  
ſcription ſo far  
forth as may in  
part, induce her  
promiſt reaſon,  
why ſhe took ne  
Plyſſe to coaſt  
with her.

And therefore heare me guesst, and take such way,  
That you your selfe may compasse, in your stay,  
Your quicke deduacion, by my Fathers grace;  
And meanes to reach the roote of all your race.

We shall not fare out of our way to Towne,  
A neuer-felid Groue find, that Poplars crowne,  
To *Pallas* sacred, where a fountaine flowes;  
And round about the Groue, a Meadow growes;  
In which, my Father holdes a Manno houle;  
Deckt all with Orchards, greene, and odorous;  
As farre from Towne, as one may heare a shourt.  
There stay, and rest your foote paines; till full out  
We reach the Citie. Where, when you may guesse  
We are arriu'd, and enter our acesse  
Within my Fathers Court: then put you on  
For our *Phaeacian* State, where to be shoune  
My Fathers houle, desire. Each infante there  
Can bring you to it; and your selfe will cleare  
Distinguishe it from others: for no shoues,  
The Citie buildings make, compar'd with those  
That King *Alcinous* leate doth celebrate.  
In whose rootes, and the Court, (where men of state,  
And suiters sit and stay) when you shall hide:  
Strait pass it, entring further: where abide  
My Mother, with her withdrawne houswifeties;  
Who still sits in the fire-shine, and applies  
Her Rocke, all purple, and of pompous shew:  
Her Chaire plac't gainst a Pillar: all arow  
Her maids behind her set; and to her here,  
My Fathers dining Throne lookes. Seated where  
He poures his choice of wine in, like a God.  
This view once past; for th' end of your abode,  
Address suite to my Mother; that her meane,  
May make the day of your redition scene.  
And you may frolick strait, though farre away  
You are in distiance from your willed stay.  
For if she once be wroth to wifh you well,  
Your *Hope* may instantly your Pasport feale;  
And thenceforth sure abide to fee your friends,  
Faire houfe, and all, to which your heart contends.

*Not without  
some little note  
of our amanuissi-  
ciane flowers; ge-  
nerall touch of  
the left staves  
tying in his way  
may thin country  
discretion be de-  
scribes in New  
fash. be obstrud,  
if you please.*

This said, she vides her shining scourge, and lafthe  
Her Mules, that soone the shoure left, where she wath;  
And (knowing well the way) their pace was fleet,  
And thicke they gatherd vp their nimble feet.  
Which yet <sup>may thin country</sup> the temperd so; and vnde her scourge  
With so much skill; as not to ouer-vrg  
The foote behinde, and make them straggle so,  
From close societie. Firme together go

*Vyses* and her maids. And now the Sunne  
Sunke to the waters; when they all had wonne  
The neuer-feld, and found-exiting wood,  
Sacred to *Pallas*: where the God-like good  
*Vyses* rested; and to *Pallas* praid:

Heare me, of Goate-kep *Ioue*, th'vnconquerd Maid,  
Now throughly heare me; since in all the time  
Of all my wracke, my pray'rs could neuer clime  
Thy iar-off cares; when noisefull *Neptune* tost  
Vp on his warty bristles, my imbold  
And rock tome body: heare yet now, and daine  
I may of the *Pheacian* State obtaine  
Pitic, and grace. Thus praid he; and she heard:  
By no meanes yet (expode to fight) appear'd,  
For feare t'offend her Vnkle, the supreme  
Of all the "Sea-Gods, whose wrath still extreme  
Stond to *Vyses*; and would neuer cease,  
Till with his Country shoure, he crownd his peace.

*More of our  
Poets curios  
and sweet poetrie*

*Neptune.*

*Finis libri sexti Hom. Odyss.*

K

THE



# THE SEVENTH BOOK OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**N**AUICASA arrives at Towne;  
And then Vlysses. He makes knowne  
His state to Arete: who, view  
Takes of his vesture; which she knew;  
And takē him, from whose hands it came.  
He tells, with all the haplesse frame  
Of his affars, an all the while,  
Since he forsooke Calypsoe Ille.

Another.

**H**IC. The hōnored minds,  
And welcome things,  
Vlysses finds,  
In Scherias Kings.

**H**ec fuit illus  
foculi simplici-  
ta:nam vel fa-  
tem quisque  
Amor, tantum  
fatuū libenter  
hunc redemti  
charissime fo-  
rō, operā  
præficiunt. Spond.

Hus praid the wise, and God-obseruing Man.  
The Maid, by free force of her Palfreys, wan  
Accesso to Towne; and the renowned Court,  
Reacht of her Father, where, within the Port,  
She staid her Coach; and round about her came  
Her Brothers, (made as of immortall frame.)  
Who yet disdaind not, for her loue, meane deeds;  
But tooke from \*Coach her Mules, brought in her weeds.  
And she ascends her chamber; where puruaid  
A quicke fire was, by her old chamber-maid  
**E**rymēdūsa, th' Apera's borne;  
And brought by sea, from Apera, adorne  
The Court of great **Alcinous**; because  
He gave to all, the blest Phæcians lawes;  
And, like a heauen-born Powre in speech, acquir'd  
The peoples cares. To one then so admir'd,  
**E**rymēdūsa was esteemed no worse,  
Then worth the gift: yet now growne old, was Nurse  
To Ivory-arm'd **Neptūna**; gaue heate  
To all her fires, and dreſt her priuie meate.  
Then rose Vlysses, and made way to Towne;  
Which ere he reacht, a mightie mist was throwne  
By **Pallas** round about him; in her Care,  
Left in the sway of enuies popular,  
Some proud Phæcians might foulē language paffe,  
Iustle him vp, and aske him what he was.

Entring

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

Entring the louely Towne yet: through the cloud  
**Pallas** appeard; and like a yong wench shrowd  
Bearing a pitcher; Stood before him so,  
As if obiectē purposed to know  
What there he needed; whom he questiond thus:

Know you not (daughter) wherē **Alcinous**,  
That rules this Towne, dwels? I, a poore distrest  
Meere stranger here, know none I may request,  
To make this Court knowne to me. She replied:

Strange Father, I will see you satiſfied  
In that request: my Father dwels, iſt by  
The houſe you ſeek for; but ge ſilently; }  
Nor aske, nor ſpeake to any other; I }  
Shall be enough to ſhew your way: the men }  
That here inhabite, do not entertain,  
With ready kindneſſe, ſtrangers; of what worth  
Or ſtate ſo euer: nor haue taken forth  
Leſſons of ciuill viſage, or reſpect  
To men beyond them. They (vpon their poures  
Of swift ſhips building) top the watry towres:  
And **Ione** hath giuen them ſhips, for failes ſo wrought,  
They cut a fether, and command a thought.

This ſaid, ſhe viſherd him; and after, he  
Trod in the ſwift ſteps of the Deitie.  
The free-faſt ſea-men could not get a fight  
Of our **Vlyſſes**, yet: though he foreight,  
Both by their houſes and their perions paſt:  
**Pallas** about him, ſuch a darkneſſe caſt,  
By her diuine poure, and her reverent care,  
She would not giue the Towne-borne, cauē to ſtare.

He wonderd, as he paſt, to ſee the Ports;  
The ſhipping in them; and for all reſorts,  
The goodly market ſteds; and Iles beside  
For the **Herōes**; walls ſo large and wide;  
Rampires ſo high, and of ſuch strength withall;  
It would with wonder, any eye appall.

At laſt they reaſt the Court; and **Pallas** ſaid:  
Now, honourd stranger, I will ſee obaid  
Your will, to ſhew our Rulers houſe, tis here; }  
Where you ſhall find, Kings celebrating cheare; }  
Enter amongst them; nor admit a feare;  
More bold a man is, he preuailes the more; }  
Though man nor place, he euer ſaw before.

You first ſhall find the Queene in Court, whose name  
Is **Arete**: of parents borne, the ſame  
That was the King her Spouse: their Pedigree  
I can report: the great Earth-shaker, he  
Of **Peribea**, (that her ſex out-shone,

Vlyſſes. & Mi-  
uerus in zodes  
Alcinor perda-  
citur, leptus ne-  
buſa,

Per ardua aere,  
nauis veloces  
reluit penna,  
aque cogitatio.

K 2

*Arete the wife  
of Alcinous.*

And

For the more proper  
descriu'cione, I have  
here set down the  
Diseases, as Spas-  
modic, & Spas-  
modic, both of them.  
Reptiles begin  
Naustulans of  
Pherbina  
By Naustulans,  
Rheu'mor, Al-  
lows, were begets.  
By Rheu'mor, A  
x rethor wife of  
her rankie Al-  
lows.

The humor of A-  
rie, (or vertue)  
allies.

marin' spissas:  
The Court of  
Alcinos.

And yongest daughter was, *Eurymedon*;  
Who of th'vnmeafur'd-minded Giants, twaide  
Th' Imperial Scepter; and the pride allaid  
Of men so impious, with cold death, and died  
Himselfe soone after) got the magnified  
In mind, *Nausithous*; who the kingdome late  
First held in supreme rule. *Nausithous* gan  
Rheu'mor, and *Alcinos*, now King;  
Rheu'mor (whose seed did no male fruite spring);  
And whom the siluer-bow'glaçt *Phewallue*  
Yong in the Court) his shed blood did renew  
In onely *Arete*, who now is Spouse  
To him that rules the kingdome, in this house,  
And is her Vnkie, King *Alcinos*.  
Who honors her, past equal. She may boast  
More honor of him, then the honord most  
Of any wife in earth, can of her Lord;  
How many more souer, Realnes afford,  
That keepe house vnder husbands. Yet no more  
Her husband honors her, then her bleft store  
Of gracious children. All the Citie cast  
Eyes on her, as a Goddess; and give taste  
Of their affections to her, in their prairies,  
Still as she decks the streets. For all affaires,  
Wrapt in contention, the dissolues to men.  
Whom she affects, she wants no mind to deigne  
Goodnesse enough. If her heart stand inclin'd  
To your dispatch; hope all you wish to find;  
Your friends, your longing family, and all,  
That can within your most affections fall.  
This said, away the grey-cyd Goddess flew  
Along th'vnntamed sea. Left the louely hew,  
*Scheris* presented. Out flew *Marathon*,  
And ample-streeterd *Athens* lighted on.  
Where, to the house that casts so thicke a shade,  
Of *Erethene*, she ingression made.  
*Vlysses*, go the loftie-builded Court  
Of King *Alcinos*, made bold report;  
Yet in his heart cast many a thought, before  
The brazen pavement of the rich Court, bore:  
His entred person. Like heavens two maine Lights,  
The roomes illustrated, both daies and nights.  
On every side stood firme a wall of braise,  
Euen from the threshold to the inmost passe;  
Which bore a roo'f vp, that all Saphire was;  
The brazen thresholds both sides, did enfold  
Siluer Pilasters, hung with gages of gold;  
Whose Portall was of siluer; over which

A golden Cornish did the front enrich.  
On each side, Dogs of gold and siluer fram'd,  
The hou's Guard stood; which the Deitie (\*Iam'd)  
With knowing inwards had inspir'd; and made,  
That Death nor Age, should their estates inuade.

*Paleam*.

Along the wall, stood euery way a throne;  
From th' entry to the Lobbie: euery one,  
Cast ouer with a rich-wrought cloth of state.  
Beneath which, the *Phaeacian* Princes sat  
At wine and food; and feasted all the yere.  
Youths song'd of gold, at every table there,  
Stood holding flaming torches; that, in night  
Gae through the house, each honourd Guest, his light.

And (to encounter feast with houifwiftry)  
In one roome fiftie women did apply  
Their severall tasks. Some, apple-colourd corne  
Ground in faire Quernes, and some did spindles turne.  
Some worke in loomies: no hand, least rest receiuies;  
But all had motion, apt, as Aspen leaves.  
And from the weeds they woue, (so fast they laid,  
And so thicke thrust together, thred by thred)  
That th'oile (of which the wooll had drunke his fill)  
Did with his moisture, in light dewes distill.

As much as the *Phaeacian* men exceld  
All other countreyn, in Art to build  
A swift-faile ship: so much the women there,  
For worke of webs, past other women were.  
Past meane, by *Pallas* meanes, they understood  
The grace of good works; and had wits as good.

Without the Hall, and close vpon the Gate,  
A goodly Orchard ground was sittuate,  
Of neare ten Acres; about which, was led  
A lottie Quickefer. In it flourished  
High and broad fruit trees, that Pomegranates bore;  
Sweet Figs, Peares, Olives, and a number more  
Most vsefull Plants, did there produce their store,  
Whose fruite, the hardest Winter could not kill;  
Nor hotest Summer wither. There was still  
Fruite in his proper season, all the yere.  
Sweet *Zophire* breath'd vpon them, blasts that were  
Of vvaried tempers: these, he made to bear  
Ripe fruite: these blofomes: Peare grew after Pear;  
Apple succeeded apple; Grape, the Grape;  
Fig after Fig came; *Time* made neuer rape,  
Of any daintie there. A spritely vine  
Spred here his roote; whose fruite, a hote sun-shine  
Made ripe betimes. Here grew another, greene.  
Here, some were gathering; here, some pressing scene.

*Hortus Alcinoi  
memorabilis.*

A large-allotted feuerall, each fruite had;  
And all th'adorned grounds, their apparence made,  
In flowre and fruite, at which the King did aime,  
To the precipit order he could claime.

Two Fountaines gract the garden; of which, one  
Powd out a winding streame, that ouer-rumme  
The grounds for their vse chiefly; th'other went  
Cloc by the loftie Pallace gate, and lente  
The Citie his sweete benefit: and thus  
The Gods the Court deekt of *Alcinous*.

*Mercurius.* Patient *Vlysses* stood a while at gaze;  
But (having all obseru'd) made instant pace  
Into the Court, where all the Peeres he found,  
And Capitaines of *Phaeacia*; with Cups crownd,  
Offering to sharp-eyed *Hermes*: to whom, last  
They vide to sacrifice, when *Sleepe* had cast  
His inclination through their thoughts. But these,  
*Vlysses* past, and forth went, nor their eies  
Tooke note of him: for *Pallas* stopt the light  
With misfts about him; that, vnfaid, he might  
First to *Alcinous*, and *Arete*,  
Present his person; and, of both them, she  
(By *Pallas* couns. li) was to haue the grace  
Of foremost greeting. Therefore his embrase,  
He cast about her knee. And then off flew  
The heavenly aire that hid him. When his view,  
With silence and with *Admiration* strooke  
The Court quite through: but thus he silence broake:

*Arete. Vlysses*  
supplex orat.

Divine *Rhexenor* of spring, *Arete*;  
To thy most honourd husband, and to thee,  
A man whom many labours haue diffret,  
Is come for comfort; and to every guest:  
To all whom, heauen vouchsafe delightsome lies;  
And after, to your issue that furuites,  
A good refinement of the Goods ye leave;  
With all the honor that your felues receiue  
Amongst your people. Only this of me,  
Is the Ambition; that I may but fe  
(By your vouchsafte meanes; and betimes vouchsafte)  
My country earth; since I haue long bin left  
To labors, and to errors, band from end;  
And farre from benefit of any friend.  
He said no more; but left them dumbe with that;

Went to the harth, and in the ashes sat,  
Aside the fire. At last their silence brake;  
And *Echineus*, the old *Heroe* spake.  
A man that all *Phaeacians* past in years,  
And in perswasive eloquence, all the Peeres;

Knew

Knew much, and vide it well; and thus spake he:  
*Alcinous*! it shewes not decently;  
Nor doth your honor, what you see, admitt;  
That this your guest, shoud thus abieably sit:  
His chaire the earth; the harth his cushion;  
Athes, as if appofte for food: a Throne  
Adorned with due rites, stands you more in hand  
To see his person plac't in, and command  
That instantly your Heralds fill in wine;  
That to the God that doth in lightningshine,  
We may do sacrifice: for he is there,  
Where these his reverend suppliants appeare.  
Let what you haue within, be brought abroad,  
To lye the stranger. All these would haue show'd  
This fit respect to him; but that they stay  
For your precedence, that should grace the way.

When this had added to the well-inclin'd,  
And sacred order of *Alcinous* mind;  
Then, of the great in wit, the hand he seif'd;  
And from the ashes, his fair: person raiſd;  
Aduanc'd him to a well-adorned Throne;  
And from his seat raiſd his most loued sonne,  
(*Laudemus*, that next himselfe was set)  
To give him place. The handmaid then did get  
An Ewe of gold, with water fild; which plac't  
Vpon a Caldron, all with silver gract)  
She powd out on their hands. And then was spred  
A Table, which the Butler set with bread;  
As others seru'd with other food, the boord;  
In all the choise, the present could affoord.  
*Vlysses*, meate and wine tooke; and then thus;  
The King the Herald calld: *Pontonous*!  
Serue wine through all the house; that all may pay  
Rites to the Lightner, who is still in way  
With humble suppliants; and them pursues,  
With all benigne, and hospitable dues.

*Pontonous*, gave ake to all the will,  
And hony-sweetenesse-giving-minds-\* wine fild;  
Disposing it in cups for all to drinke.  
All hauing drunke, what eithers heart could thinke  
Fit for due sacrifice; *Alcinous* said:  
Hear me, ye Dukes, that the *Phaeacians* leade;  
And you our Counsellors; that I may now  
Discharge the charge, my mind suggestes to you,  
For this our guest: Feast past, and this nights sleepe;  
Next morn (our Senate summond) we will keepe  
Iusts, sacred to the Gods; and this our Guest  
Receiue in solemne Court, with fitting Feast:

*Echineus to Alcinous.*

*The word that  
haues the long  
Epithet, is trans-  
lated only du-  
cens with signi-  
fic more.  
per se ipsa.  
Vina quod  
mellis dulce.  
dine, animum  
perfundit, &  
oblectat.*

K 4

Then

Then thinke of his retorne; that vnder hand  
Of our deduction, his naturall land  
(Without more toile or care, and with delight;  
And that soone giuen him, how faire hence dissite  
Socuer it can be) he may aſcends  
And in the meane time, without wrong attend,  
Or other want, fit meaneſ to that aſcent.  
*Aſcent to his Countries boſte.*  
What aſter, auſter Fates, ſhall make th' euent  
Of his lifes thred (now ſpinning, and began  
When his paind mother, freed his roote of man)  
He muſt endure in all kinds. If ſome God,  
Perhaps abides with vs, in his abode;  
And other things will thinke vpon then we;  
The Gods wils ſtands: who euer yet were free  
Of their appearance to vs; when to them  
We offred Hecatombs, of fit eſteem.  
And would at eaſt ſit with vs; even where we  
Orderd our ſeffion. They would like wife be  
Encountred of vs, when in way, alone  
About his fit affaires, went any one.  
Nor let them cloke themſelues in any care,  
To do vs comfort; we as neare them are,  
As are the Cyclops; or the impious race,  
Of earthy Giants, that would heauen ouſtace.  
*Playſſer anſwerd;* Let ſome other doubt  
Employ your thoughts, then what your words give out;  
Which intimate a kind of doubt, that I  
Should shadow in this ſhape, a Critic.  
I bear no ſuch leaſt semblance, or in wit,  
Vertue, or perfon. What may well befit  
One of thole mortals, whom you chiefly know,  
Beares vp and downe, the burthen of the woe  
Approprie to poore man; give that to me,  
Of whos monies I ſit, in the moſt degree;  
And might ſay more, ſuſtaining griefes that all  
The Gods conſent to: no one twixt their fall  
And my vpitid ſhoulders, letting downe  
The leaſt diuerſion. Be the grace then ſhowne,  
To let me taste your free-giuen food, in peace:  
*Playſſer anſwerd;* Through greaſt griefe, the belly muſt haue eaſe.  
Worſe then an enuious belly, nothing is.  
It will command his ſtricte Neceſſities,  
Of men moſt griev'd in body or in mind,  
That are in health, and will not give their kind,  
A deſperate wound. When moſt with cauſe I grieue,  
It bids me ſtill, Eare man, and drinke, and liue;  
And this makes all forgot. What euer ill  
I euer bear, it euer bids me fill.

But

But this eaſe is but forſt, and will not laſt,  
Till what the mind likes, be as well embrac't;  
And therefore let me with you would partake  
In your late purpose; when the Morne ſhall make  
Her next appearance; daigne me but the grace,  
(Vnhappie man) that I may once embrace  
My country earth: though I be ſtill thrust at,  
By ancient ilis; yet make me but ſee that;  
And then let life go. When (withall) I ſee  
My high-roof large houſe, lands and family.

This, all approu'd; and each, willd every one;  
Since he hath ſaid ſo fairly; let him gone.

Feaſt paſt, and ſacrifice; to ſleepe, all vow  
Their eies at either's houſe. *Playſſer* now,  
Was left here with *Aleuou*, and his *Queene*,  
The a'ſt-lou'd *Arete*. The handmaids then  
The veſſel of the Banquet, tooke away.  
When *Arete* ſet eye on his array;  
Knew both his out, and vnderweeſt, which ſhe  
Made with her maidis; and mulde by what meaneſ he  
Obaingd their weareing: which ſhe made requeſt  
To know, and wings gaue to thole ſpeeches: Gueſt!  
First let me aſke, what, and from whence you are?  
And then, who grac't you with the weede you weare?  
Said you not lately, you had er'd at ſea?

And thence arriu'd here? *Laertides*  
To this, thus anſwerd: Tis a paine (O Queene)  
Still to be opening wounds wrought deepe and greene;  
Of which, the Gods haue opened ſtore in me;  
Yet your will muſt be ſeru'd: Farre hence, at ſea,  
There liſt an Ile, that beares *Ogygia* ſirname;  
Where *Atlis* daughter, the ingenuous Dame,  
Faire-haſt *Calypso* liues: a Goddeſſe graue,  
And with whom, men, nor Gods, ſocietie haue.  
Yet I (paſt man vnhappie) liu'd alone,  
By heau'n's wrath forſt) her houſe companion.  
For *Ioue* had with a feruent lightning cleſt  
My ſhip in twaine; and farre at blacke ſea left  
Me and my ſouldiers; all whose liues I loſt.  
I, in mine armes the keel tooke, and was toſt  
Nine dayes together vp from waue to waue.  
The tenth grim Night, the angry Deities draue  
Me and my wracke, on th' Ile, in which doth dwell  
Dreadfull *Calypso*, who exaſtly well  
Receiu'd and nouriſh't me; and promise made,  
To make me deaſtlesſe: nor ſhould Age inuade  
My poures with his deſerts, through all my dayes.  
All mou'd not me; and therefore, on her ſtaies,

*Arete to Playſſer.**Playſſer to Arete.*

Seuen

Seuen yeares she made me lie: and there spent I  
The long time, steepling in the miserie  
Of ceaslesse teares, the Garmens I did weare  
From her faire hand. The eight resolued year,  
(Or by her chang'd mind; or by charge of *Iose*)  
She gaue prouokt way to my wifht remoue,  
And in a many-joyned shipp, with wine,  
(Daint in fauour,) bread, and weeds diuine;  
Sign'd with a harmlesse and sweet wind, my passe.  
Then, feuentene dayes at sea, I homeward was;  
And by the eighteenth, the darke hilis appeard,  
That your Earth thrus vp. Much my heart was cheard,  
(Vnhappie man) for that was but a beame;  
To shew I yet, had agonies extreame,  
To put in sufferance: which th'Earth-shaker fent;  
Crosing my way, with tempests violent;  
Vnmealur'd eas vp-lifting: nor would giue  
The billowes leaue, to let my vessel liue  
The leaft time quiet: that euen figh'd to beare  
Their bitter outrage: which, at laft, did teare  
Her sides in peeces, set on by the winds.  
I yet, through-swomme the waues, that your shone binds,  
Till wind and water threw me vp to it;  
When, coming forth, a ruflesse billow smit  
Against huge rocks, and an acceslesse shore  
My mangl'd body. Backe againe I bore,  
And swom till I was falne vpon a flood,  
Whole shores, me thought, on good aduantage stood,  
For my receipt: rock-free, and fenc't from wind.  
And this I put for, gathering vp my mind.  
Then the diuine Night came, and tredding Earth,  
Close by the flood, that had from *Iose* her birth.  
Within a thicket I repolde, when round  
I ruffid vp falne leaues in heape, and found  
(Let fall from heauen) a sleepe interminate.  
And here, my heart (long time excruciate)  
Amongt the leaues, I retted all that night;  
Euen till the morning and meridian light.  
The Sunne declining then, delightsome sleepe,  
No longer laid my temples in his steepe;  
But forth I went, and on the shone might see  
Your daughters maids play. Like a Deitie  
She shind' aboue them; and I praid to her:  
And she, in disposition did prefer  
*Nobleſſe*, and wifedome, no more low then might  
Become the goodnesse of a Goddesse height.  
Nor would you therefore hope (supposeſſe diſtreſſt  
As I was then, and old) to find the leaft

Of

Of any Grace from her; being yonger farre.  
*Witb yong folkes, Wifedome makes her commerce rare.*  
Yet the in all abundance did bestow,  
Both wine (that makes the \*blood in humanes grow)  
And food, and bath'd me in the flood, and gaue  
The weeds to me, which now ye fee me haue.  
This, through my grices I tell you, and tis true.

*etwyl ame.*  
Vinnam caleſſa  
cident vni ha-  
bent.

*Alcinoſus* anſwerd: Guest! my daughter knew  
Leaſt of what moſt you giue her; nor became  
The course ſhe tooke, to let, with every Dame,  
Your perſon lackey; nor hath with them brought  
Your ſelfe home to, which firſt you had beſought.  
O blame her not (aid he) Heroicall Lord;  
Nor let me heare, againſt her worth, a word.  
She faultleſſe is; and wiſt I would haue gone  
Withall her women home: but I alone  
Would venture my receit here, hauing feare  
And reverend aw of accidents that were  
Of likely iſſue: both your wrath to moue,  
And to inflame the common peoples loue,  
Of ſpeaking ill: to which they ſoone giue place;  
*We men are all a moſt ſafpicioſe race.*

My guest (aid he) I vſe not to be ſtird  
To wrath too rafhly, and where are preferd  
To mens conceits, things that may both waies fail;  
The nobleſt euer ſhould the moſt preuaile.  
Would *Ione* our Father, *Pallas*, and the *Sonne*,  
That (were you ſtill as now, and could but runne  
One Fate with me) you would my daughter wed,  
And be my ſon-in-law, ſtill vowed to leade  
Your reſt of life here. I, a houſe would giue,  
And houſhold goods, ſo freely you would liue,  
Conſin'd with vs: but gaifſt you will, ſhall none  
Containē you here; ſince that were violence done  
To *Ione* our Father. For your paſſage home,  
That you may well know, we can ouercome  
So great a voyage; thus it (hall ſucceed):  
To morrow ſhall our men take all their heid  
(While you ſecurely ſleepe) to ſee the feas  
In calmest temper; and (if that will pleafe)  
Shew you your Country and your houſe ere night;  
Though farre beyond *Eubea* be that fight.  
And this *Eubea* (as our ſubiects ſay),  
That haue bin there, and ſeene) is farre away  
Fartheſt from vs, of all the parts they know.  
And made the trial, when they helpt to row  
The gold-lockt *Rhadamanth*, to giue him view  
Of Earth-borne *Thyrs*: whom their ſpeeds did ſhew

In

(In that far-off *Eubea*) the same day  
They set from hence; and home made good their way,  
With easie againe, and him they did conuay.  
Which, I report to you, to let you see  
How swift my shippes are; and how matchelij  
My yong *Phaeacians*, with their oares preuale,  
To beate the sea through, and affit a aiale.

This cheard *Vlysses*, who in priuate praid:  
I would to *lose* our Father, what he laid,  
He could performe at all parts; he should then  
Be glorified for euer; and I gaue  
My naturall Country. This discourse they had,  
When faire-arm'd *Arett*, her handmaids bad  
A bed made in the *Portico*, and plie  
With cloathes; the Couring Tapestrie;  
The Blankets purple. Wel-napt Wastcoates too,  
To weare for more warmth. What these had to do,  
They torches tooke, and did. The Bed puruaied;  
They mou'd *Vlysses* for his rest; and said:

Come Guest, your Bed is fit; now frame to rest.  
Motion of sleepe, was gracious to their Guest,  
Which now he tooke profoundly, being laid  
Within a loop-hole Towre, where was conuaid  
The founding *Portico*. The King tooke rest  
In a reti'd part of the house, where drest  
The Queene her selfe, a Bed, and Trundlebed;  
And by her Lord, reposde her reverend head.

*Finis libri septimi Hom. Odyss.*

## THE



## THE EIGHTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**T**He Peeres of the *Phaeacian State*,  
A Councell call, to consolate  
*Vlysses*, with all meanes for *Home*.  
The Councell to a Banquet come,  
Invited by the king: which done,  
Affies for burling of the stone,  
The Youths make with the stranger king.  
Demoducus, a feast, doth sing  
Th' Adulerie of the God of Armes  
With her that rules, in Amorous charmes.  
And after, singes the entercourse  
Of *Alis* about th' *Epzan Horse*.

Another.

**O**ila. The Councells frame,  
Affete applied;  
Infrutes of Game,  
*Vlysses* tried.

**N**ow when the Rosie-finger'd morne arose,  
The sacred powre *Alcinous* did dispose  
Did likewife rise; and like him, left his Ease,  
The Cittie-racer *Laertides*.  
The Councell at the Nauie was design'd,  
To which *Alcinous*, with the sacred mind,  
Came first of all. On polisht stones they face  
Neare to the Nauie. To increase the state,

*Minerva* tooke the heralds forme on her  
That seru'd *Alcinous*, studious to prefer  
*Vlysses* Suite for home. About the towne  
She made quicke way, and fild with the renoune  
Of that designe, the eares of euery man:  
Proclaiming thus; *Pete's Phaeacian!*  
And men of Councell: all haste to the Court,  
To heare the stranger that made late reforst  
To king *Alcinous*: long time lost at Seas;  
And is in person, like a Deitie.

This, all their powres set vp, and spirit instilled,  
And straight the Court and feasts, with men were fild.  
The whole State wonder'd at *Laertes* Son:  
When they beheld him. *Pallas* put him on

*Pallas* hit the  
Horn.

L

A

A supernaturall, and heavenly dresse,  
Enlarg'd him with a height, and goodlynesse  
In breast, and shouolders; that he might appeare  
Gracious, and graue, and reverend, and beare  
A perfect hand on his performance there,  
In all the trialls they resolud' simpole.  
All met, and gathred in attention close;  
Alcinous: the Phaeacians to the belief of Vlysses. Alcinous thus bespake them : Dukes, and Lords,  
Hear me digest, my hearty thoughts in words:  
This Stranger here whose trauels found my Court;  
I know not ; nor can tell if his resort  
From East or West comes : But his suite is this,  
That to his Countrey earth we would dismiss  
His hither-forced pereson; and doth beare  
The minde to passe it vnder euerie Peere:  
Whom I prepare, and stire vp; making knowne  
My free desire of his dedication.  
Nor shall there ever, any other man  
That tries the goodnesse *Phaescian*,  
In me, and my Courts entertainment, stay  
Mourning for passage, vnder least delay.  
Come then; A ship into the sacred seas,  
New-built, now lanch we; and from out our preafe,  
Chuse two and fiftie Youths; of all, the best  
To vse an oare. All which, fee straight imprest,  
And in their Oare-bound seates. Let others hie  
Home to our Court; commanding instantly  
The solemne preparation of a feast;  
In which, prouision may for any guest  
Be made at my charge. Charge of these low things,  
I giue our Youth. You Scepter-bearing kings,  
Confort my home; and helpe with grace to vse  
This guest of ours : no one man shall refuse.  
Some other of you, haste, and call to vs  
The sacred singer, graue *Demodocus*;  
To whom hath God given, song that can excite  
The heart of whom he listeth with delight.  
This said, he led. The Scepter-bearers lent  
Their free attendance; and with all speede, went  
The herald for the sacred man in song.  
Youths two and fiftie; chosen from the throng  
Went, as was willd, to the vntam'd seas shore;  
Where come, they lancht the ship : the Maff it bore  
Aduanc't, failes hoisted; every seate, his Oare  
Gave with a lether thong : the deepe moist then  
They further reacht. The drie streets flowd with men;  
That troupe vp to the kings capacious Court.  
Whose *Porticoes*, were chok't with the reuert:

Whose

Whose wals were hung with men : yong, old, thrust there,  
In mighty concourse, for whose promist cheere  
*Alcinous* llue twelue Sheepe; eight white-toothd Swyne:  
Two crook-hancht Beues; which fled, and drest, diuine  
The shew was of so many a iocund Guest  
All set together, at so fer a feast.  
To whose accomplisht state, the Herald then  
The louely Singer led; Who past all mean  
The Muse affected; gave him good, and ill;  
His eies put out, but put in soule at will.  
His place was giuen him, in a chaire, all grac't  
With siluer studs, and gainst a Pillar plac't;  
Where, as the Center to the State, he refts,  
And round about, the circle of the Guests.  
The Herald, on a Pinne, aboue his head  
His soundfull harpe hung : to whose height, he led  
His hand for taking of it downe at will.  
A Boord set by, with food; and forth did fill  
A Bowle of wine, to drinke at his desire.  
The reft then, fell to feast; and when the fire  
Of appetite was quencht : the Muse inflam'd  
The sacred Singer. Of men highliest fam'd,  
He sung the glories, and a Poeme pend,  
That in applaue, did ample heauen ascend.  
Whose subiect was, the sterne contention  
Betwixt *Vlysses*, and Great *Thetis* Sonne;  
As, at a banke, sacred to the Gods  
In dreadfull language, they exprest their ods.  
When *Agamemnon*, sat reioyc't in soule  
To heare the Grecke Peeres iarte, in termes so soules;  
For *Augur Phabu*, in presage had told  
The king of men, (distrayt to vntold  
The wars perplexed end; and being therefore gone  
In heauenly *Pythia*, to the Porch of stone,)  
That then the end, of all grieves should begin,  
Twixt *Greece*, and *Troy*; when *Greece* (with strife to wiaine  
That wiht conclusion) in her kings should iarte,  
And please, if force, or wit must end the warre.

This braue contention did the Poet sing;  
Expressing so the spleene of either king;  
That his large purple weede, *Vlysses* held  
Before his face, and eies, since thence distill'd  
Teares vncertaind; which he obscur'd, in feare  
To let th'obfuring Prefence, note a teare.  
But when his sacred song the meere Divine  
Had giuen an end; a Goblet crownd with wine  
*Vlysses* (dryng his wet eies) did seife;  
And sacrificide to those Gods that would please

*Demodocus  
Poeta.*

*The contention  
of Achilles and  
Vlysses.*

*Vlysses inopus  
Aeneas.*

*The continued  
poesie of Pylles  
through all pl-  
ce, times, and o-  
casion.*

To inspire the Poet with a song so fit  
To do him honour, and renoume his wit.  
His teares then staid. But when againe began  
(By all the kings desires) the mouing man;  
Againe *Vlysses*, could not chuse but yeld  
To that soft passion: which againe, withheld  
He kepte so cunningly from fight; that none  
(Except *Alethous* himselfe, alone)  
Difcern'd him mou'd so much. But he sat next;  
And heard him deeply sigh. Whiche, his pretext  
Could not keepe hid from him. Yet he conceald  
His vterance of it, and would haue it held  
From all the rest. Brake off the song, and this  
Said to those Ore-affecting Peeres of his:  
Princes, and Peeres! we now are fatiae  
With sacred song, that fits a feast of state:  
With wine, and food. Now then, to field, and try;  
In all kinds our approu'd actiuitie,  
That this our Guest, may give his friends to know  
In his retorne: that we, as little owe  
To fightes, and wrestlings, leaping, speede of race,  
As these our Court-rites; and commend our grace  
In all, to all superiour. Foorth he led  
The Peeres and people, troupt' up to their head:  
Nor must *Demodocus* be left within;  
Whose harpe, the Herald hung vpon the pinnes  
His hand, in his tooke; and abroad he brought  
The heauenly Poet: out, the same way wrought  
That did the Princes: and what they would see  
With admiration, with his companie  
They wist to honour. To the place of Game  
There throng'd; and after, rous'd of other came,  
Of all fort, infinite. Of Youtches that stroue,  
Many, and strong, rose to their trials loue.  
  
*Since the Phae-  
tians were not  
only dwelleres by  
sea, but studious  
also of sea quali-  
ties; their names  
se, me, & yarpe  
Pontamus, and the strong *Ampibius*,  
their facultie  
therian.*  
Sonne to *Tetanides*, *Polinius*.  
  
*All confilting of  
sea-faring figuras.  
In action like the homicide of warre.  
se, except *Nembolides*, that was for person faire  
Laudamus.*  
*As *Acornus*,  
summa fera extre.  
ma Nasus pars,  
Ocylas velox Vp  
in mari. Elatre.  
And three sonnes of the Sceper state, and those;  
uer. Raneus, Were *Halimus*, and fore-praide *Laudamus*;  
&c. And *Clytemnestra*, like a God in grace.*

These

Theſt firſt the foote-game tride; and from the lifts  
Took: ſtarſt together. Up the dufft, in mifts  
They huldbout, as in their ſpede, they flew; *3*  
But *Clytemnestra*, firſt, of all the crew  
A Stiches length in any fallow field  
Made good his pace; when where the Judges yeld  
The prie, and prafe, his glorious ſpede arriu'd.  
Next, for the boiſtrous wretling Game they ſtriu'd;  
At which, *Euryalus*, the reſt outhone.  
At leape, *Ampibius*. At the hollow ſtone  
*Elatreus* exceld. At buffets, laſt,  
*Laudamus*, the kings faire ſonne ſurpaſt.  
When all had ſtriu'd in theſe affaies their fill;  
*Laudamus* ſaid, Come friends; let's proue what ſkill  
This Stranger hath attaingd to, in our ſport;  
Me thinkes, he muſt be of the actiue ſort.  
His calues, thighs, hands, and well-knit ſhoulders ſhow,  
That *Nature* diſpoſition did beſtow  
To fit with fact their forme. Nor wants he prime.  
But lowre *Affliction*, made a mate with *Time*,  
Makes *Time* the more ſcene. Nor imagine I,  
A worle thing to enforce debilitie,  
Then is the ſea: though nature ne're ſo strong  
Knits one together. Nor conceiue you wrong,  
(Replied *Euryalus*) but proue his blood  
With what you queſtion. In the midſt then ſtood  
Renownd *Laudamus*, and prou'd him thus;

Come (ſtranger Father) and affaie with vs  
Your pouers in theſe contentions: If your ſhow  
Be anſwred with your worth, tis fit that you  
Should know theſe conſlicts: nor doth glorie ſtand  
On any worth more, in a mans command,  
Then to be strenuous, both of foote and hand:  
Come then, make prooſe with vs; diſcharge your mind  
Of diſcontentments: for not farre behind  
Comes your deduſtion. Ship is ready now;  
And men, and all things. Why (laid he doſt thou  
Mocke me *Laudamus*) and theſe ſtrifes bind  
My pouers to anſwer? I am more inclind  
To cares, then conſlict. Much fuſtained I haue;  
And ſtill am ſuffering. I come here to craue  
In your aſſembly, meaneſ to be diſmift,  
And pray, both Kings, and ſubiects to affiſt.

*Euryalus*, an open brawle began;  
And ſaid: I take you Sir, for no luch man  
As fits theſe horond ſtrifes. A number more  
Strange men there are, that I would chuse before.  
To one that loues to lie a ſhip-boord much;

*Laudamus* re-  
gith *Pylles* to  
their ſport.

*The word is  
myum ſigniſing:  
deſtituio-qua-  
tranſuehendum  
curam cum  
qui nobilium  
aliquandu eſt  
veritatu.*

*Euryalus* re-  
braid *Pylles*.

Or

L 3

Or is the Prince of labours; or to such  
As trafique farre and neare, and nothing minde  
But freight, and passage, and a foreight wnde,  
Or to a victor of a ship : or men  
That set vp all their powrs for rampant Gaine,  
I can compare, or hold you like to be:  
But, for a wretcher, or of qualite  
Fit for contentions noble, you abhor  
From worth of any such competitor.  
*Vlysses* (frowning) answerd; Stranger! faire  
Thy words are from the fashions regular  
Of kinde, or honour. Thou art in thy guise  
Like to a man, that authors iniurie.  
I see, the Gods to all men, giue not all  
Manly addiction; wisedome, words that fall  
(Like dice) vpon the square fill. Some man takes  
ill forme from parents, but God often makes  
That fault of forme vp, with obseru'd repaire  
Of pleasing speech: that makes him held for faire;  
That makes him speake fecturely: makes him thine  
In an assembly, with a grace divine.  
Men take delight, to see how euinely lie  
His words alcepte, in honey modefie.  
Another then, hath fathion like a God;  
But in his language, he is foule, and broad:  
And such art thou. A perfon faire is giuen;  
But nothing else is in thee, sent from heaven.  
For in thee lurkes, a bafe, and earthy foule  
And t'haſt compell me, with a speech most foule  
To be thus bitter. I am not vnfene  
In these faire strifes, as thy words ouerweene:  
Bur in the firſt ranke of the beſt I ſtand.  
At leaſt, I diſ, when youth and ſtrength of hand  
Made me thus conſiſtent: but now am worne  
With woes, and labours, as a humane borne  
To bear all anguifh. Sufferd much I haue.  
The warre of men, and the inhumane wauſe  
Haue I diuen through at all parts: but with all  
My waſe in ſufferance: what yet may fall  
In my perſormance, at theſe ſtrifes Ile trie,  
Thy ſpeech hath mou'd, and made my wrath runne hic.  
This ſaid; with robe, and all, he graſt a ſtone,  
A little grauer then was euer throwne  
By theſe *Phaeacian*, in their wretſling rout;  
More firme, more maffie, which (turnd round about)  
He hurried from him, with a hand ſo ſtrong  
It fung, and flew: and ouer all the throng  
(That at the others markeſ stood) quite it went:

Yet downe fell all beneath it; fearing ſpent  
The force that draue it flying from his hand,  
As it a dare were, or a walking wand.  
And, farre paſt all the markeſ of all the reſt  
His wing ſtole way. When *Pallas* ſtraight impreſt  
A marke at fall of it; reſemblin then  
One of the nauy-giuuen *Phaeacian* men;  
And thus aduanc't *Vlyſſes*: One, (thoughe blinde)  
(O stranger!) groping, may thy ſtones fall finde;  
For not amideſt the roue of markeſ it fell,  
But farre before all. Of thy worth, thinke well;  
And ſtand in all ſtrifes: no *Phaeacian* here,  
This bound, can either better or come neare.  
*Vlyſſes* ioyd, to heare that one man yet  
Vſdehim benignly, and would Truth abet  
In thofe contentions. And then, thus ſmooth  
He tooke his ſpeech downe: Reach me that now Youth,  
You ſhall (and ſtraight I thinkē) haue one ſuch more;  
And one beyond it too. And now, whose Core  
Stands ſound, and great within him (ſince ye haue  
Thus put my ſplene vp) come againe and braue  
The Guest ye tempted, with ſuch groſe diſgrace:  
At wretſling, buffets, whirlbat, ſpeed of race.  
Atall, or either, I except at none,  
But vige the whole ſtate of you; onely one  
I will not challenge, in my forced boaſt,  
And that's *Leodamas*; for hee's mine Host.  
And who will fight, or wrangle with his friend?  
Vnwife he is, and bafe, that will contend  
With him that ſeedes him, in a foreigne place;  
And takes all edge off, from his owne ſought grace.  
None elſe except I here; nor none deriſe;  
But wiſh to know, and proue his faculties,  
That dares appeare now. No ſtrife ye can name  
Am I vnskilld in; (reckon any game  
Of all that are, as many as there are  
In vfe with men) for Archerie I dare  
Affirme my ſelfe not meane. Of all a troupe  
Ile make the firſt ſoe with mine arrow ſtoupe;  
Though, with me ne're fo many fellowes bend  
Their bowes at markt men, and affeſt their end;  
Onely was *Philoſetes* with his bow  
Still my ſuperior; when we Greekes would ſhow  
Our Archerie againſt our foes of *Troy*:  
But all that now by bread, fraile life enioy,  
I farre hold my inferiours. Men of old  
None now aliue, ſhall witneſſe me ſo bold  
To vant equality with ſuch men as theſe;

He names *Leodamas* only for all the other brothers, ſince in his exception, the others enwives were curbd; for brothers either are or ſhould be of one acceſſion in all ſit things. And *Leodamas*, he calleth his host, being eldeſt (in to *Alemon*); the heire being ouer the yong maſters, nor might he conueniently prefer *Alemon* in his exception, ſince he ſtood not in competition at theſe contentions.

*Oechalian, Eurystheus, Hercules,*  
Who with their bowes, durst with the Gods contend.  
And therefore caught *Eurylochus* soone his end.  
Nor di'd at home, in age, a reverend man;  
But by the Great incensed *Delphian*  
Was shot to death, for daring competence  
With him, in all an Archers excellency.  
• Some will have a few more names.

My limes for race, and therefore haue diffusde  
A dissolution through my loued knees.  
This said, he stiill al talking properties;  
Akinow only answerd: O my Guest  
In good part take we, what you haue bene prest  
With speech to answere. You would make appeare  
Your vertues therefore, that will stiill shine where  
Your only loue is. Yet must this man giue  
Your worth ill language; when, he does not liue  
In sort of mortals (whence so ere he springs  
That iudgement hath to speake becoming things)  
That will depraye your vertues. Note then now  
My speech, and what, my loue presents to you;  
That you may tell *Heroes*, when you come  
To banquet with your Wife, and Birth at home,  
(Mindfull of our worth) what deuertings *Ione*  
Hath put on our parts likewise; in remoue  
From Sire to Sonne, as an inherent grace  
Kinde, and perperual. We must needs giue place  
To other Countreymen; and freely yeld  
We are not blameleſſe, in our fightis of field,  
Buffets, nor wrestlings: but in speede of feete;  
And all the Equipage that fits a fletee,  
We boast vs best. For table euer spred  
With neighbour feasts, for garments varied;  
For *Poſſie*, *Majique*, *Dancing*, *Baſhs*, and *Beds*.  
And now, *Pheacian*, you that beare your heads  
And feete with best grace, in enamouring dance,  
Enflame our guest here; that he may aduance  
Our worth past all the worlds, to his home friends;  
As well for the vniueſt grace, that commends  
Your skills in footing of a dance; as theirs  
That flie a race best. And fo, all affaires,  
At which we boast vs best; he best may trie;  
As *Sea-race*, *Land-race*, *Dance*, and *Poſſie*.  
Someone, with instant speede to Court retire,

The ingenuous  
and ready speech  
of Alcinous to  
Plys. et.

And fetch *Demodocus*, his soundfull lyre.  
This said, the God-grac't king, and quicke resort  
*Pentonew* made, for that faire harpe, to Court.

Nine of the lot-chusde publique Rulers rose,  
That all in those contentions did dispose;  
Commanding a most smooth ground, and a wide,  
And all the people, in faire game, aside.

Then with the rich harpe, came *Pontorous*,  
And in the midſt, tooke place *Demodocus*.  
About him then stood forth, the cheife yong men,  
That on mans firſt youth, made cheife entrie then:  
Had Art to make their naturall motion sweete  
And hooke a moft diuine dance from their feete;  
That twinckld Star-like; mou'd as swift, and fine,  
And beat the aire fo thinne, they made it ſhine.  
*Vyffes* wonderd at it, but amazd

He stood in minde, to heare the dance so phras'd.  
For, as they danc't, *Demodocus* did sing,  
The bright-crownd *Venus* loue, with *Battailes* king,  
As first they closely mixt, in a houfe of fire.  
What worlds of gifts, wonne her to his desire;  
Who then, the night-and-day-bed did defile  
Of good king *Vulcan*. But in little while  
The Sunne their mixture saw; and came, and told.  
The bitter newes, did by his eares take hold  
Of *Vulcans* heart. Then to his Forge he went;  
And in his shrewd mind, deepe iutif did invent.  
His mighty Anuile, in the stocke he purg'd  
And forg'd a net, that none could loofe, or cut;  
That when it had them, it might hold them fast.  
Which, hauing finisht, he made vtmost haste  
Vp to the deare roome, where his wife he woud:  
And (madly wrath with *Mars*) he all bestrowd  
The bed, and bed posts: all the beame aboue  
That croft the chamber, and a circell stroue,  
Of his deuice, to wrap in all the roome.  
And twas as pure as of a Spiders loome.

There was a place of a wicket toone,  
The woof before his wouen. No man nor God  
Could set his eie on it : a sleight so odde,  
His Art shewd in it. All his craft bespent  
About the bed: he faid, as if he went  
To well-built *Lennor*, his most loued towne,  
Of all townes earthly. Nor left this vnknowne  
To golden-bridle *Mars*, who kept  
No blinde watch ouer him: but, seeing steep  
His riual so aside, he hasted home  
With faire-wreath'd *Venus* loue stung, who was come  
New from the Court of her most mightie Sire.

μαρμαρούσατο. 1  
μαρμαρούσα signi-  
fies splendor  
vibransia  
et mundus splen-  
dor: μαρμαρούσα  
Vibrare veluti  
radios solares.  
Ayre rarefied  
turns si. st.

The matter  
whereof none  
can see.

2000 JOURNAL OF CLIMATE

And

*Vulcan com-  
plains.*

*Mars* entered; wrung her hand; and the retire  
Her husband made to *Lemnos* told; and said;  
Now (*Lone*) is *Vulcan* gone; let vs to bed,  
Hee's for the barbarous *Sintians*. Well appaid  
Was *Venus* with it; and afrein afraid  
Their old encounter. Downe they went; and straight  
About them 'clinged, the artificial sleight  
Of most wife *Vulcan*; and were so ensnar'd,  
That neither they could stire their course prepar'd,  
In any lim about them; nor arife.  
And then they knew, they could no more disguise  
Their close conuiance; but lay, forc't, stone still.  
Backe rusht the Both foote cook't; but straight in skill,  
From his neare skout-hole turnd; nor ever went  
To any *Lemnos*; but the sure cuene  
Left *Phebus* to discouer, who told all.  
Then, home hopt *Vulcan*, full of griefe, and gall;  
Stood in the Portall, and cried out so hic;  
That all the Gods heard. Father of the skie  
And every other deathlesse God (said he)  
Come all, and a ridiculous obiect see;  
And yet not sufferable neither; Come,  
And witnesse, how when still I step from home,  
(Lame that I am) *Io* her daughter doth professe  
To do me all the shamefull offices;  
Indignities, despises, that can be thought;  
And loues this all-things-making-come to nought  
Since he is faire forsooth; foote-found, and I  
Tooke in my braine a little; leg'd awrie;  
And no fault mine; but all my parenes fault,  
Who shoud not get, if mocke me, with my holt.  
But see how fast they sleepe, while I, in mone,  
Am onely made, an idle looker on.  
One bed their turne serues; and it must be mine;  
I think yet, I haue made their selfe-loues shine.  
They shall no more wrong me, and none perceue:  
Nor will they sleepe together, I beleue  
With too hote haste againe. Thus both shall lie  
In craft, and force; till the extremitie  
Of all the drowre, I gave her Sire (to game  
A dogged set-fac't Girle, that will not staine  
Her face with blushing, though she shame her head)  
He paies me backe: She's faire, but was no maide.  
While this long speech was making, all were come  
To *Vulcan*; wholie-brazen-founded home.  
Earth-shaking *Neptune*; viefull *Mercurie*,  
And far-shot *Phebus*. No She Deitie  
For shame, would shew there: all the gie-good Gods

Stood

stood in the Portall; and past periods  
Gau length to laughters; all reioyc't to see  
That which they said; that no impietie  
Finds good successe at th'end. And now (said one)  
The flow outgoes the swift. Lame *Vulcan*, knowne  
To be the slowest of the Gods; outgoes  
*Mars* the most swift; And this is that, which growes  
To greatest iustice; that Adulteries sport  
Obtain'd by craft, by craft of other sort,  
(And lame craft too) is plagu'd, which grieues the more,  
That found lims turning lame; the lame, \* restore.

This speech amongst themselues they entertain'd  
When *Phabus*, thus askt *Hermes*: Thus enchain'd  
Wouldst thou be *Hermes*, to be thus disflock'd?  
Though, with thee, golden *Venus* were repos'de?

He soone gaue that an awfer: O (said he)  
Thou king of Archers) would twere thus with me.  
Though thrice so much shame; nay, though infinite  
Were powrd about me; and that every light  
In great heauen shining, witnest all my hartnes,  
So golden *Venus* slumberd in myn Armes.

The Gods againe laught; even the warty state  
Wrung out a laughter: But propitiate  
Was still for *Mars*, and praid the God of fire  
He would disfoule him; offering the desire  
He made to *Io*, to pay himselfe; and said,  
All due debis, shoud be, by the Gods repaid.

Pay me, no words (said he) where deeds lend paine;  
Wretched the words are, giuen for wretched men.  
How shall I binde you in th'immortals fight  
If *Mars* be once loos'd; nor will pay his right?

*Vulcan* (said he) if *Mars* shoud sic, nor see  
Thy right repaid, it shoud be paid by me:  
Your word, so giuen, I must accept (said he)  
Which said; he lood them: *Mars* then rusht from skie  
And stoop't cold *Thrace*. The laughing Deity  
For *Cyprus* was, and tooke her *Paphian* state  
Where, She a *Grene*, ne're cut, hath consecrate:  
All with *Arabian* odors fum'd; and hath  
An Altar there, at which the *Graces* bathe,  
And with immortall Balms besmooth her skin;  
Fit for the blisse, Immortals solace in;  
Deckt her in to-be-studied attire,  
And apt to set beholders hearts on fire.

This sung the sacred Muse, whose notes and words  
The dancers feete kept; as his hands his cords.  
*Vlysses*, much was pleased, and all the crew:

This would the king haue varied with a new.

\* Intending the  
sound of footes  
when they out-  
goes the jounself.

This is  
the same scene as  
p. 100 &c. Par-  
us magne dice-  
re, graue for-  
tence out of  
lightle vapor.

And

And pleasing measure; and performed by  
Two, with whom none would strike in dancerie.  
And those, his sonnes were, that must therefore dance  
Alone; and onely to the harp aduance,  
Without the words; And this sweete couple, was  
Yong *Halins*, and diuine *Leodamas*:  
Who danc't a Ball dance. Then the rich-wrought Ball,  
(That *Polybus* had made, of purpleall)  
They tooke to hand: one threw it to the skie,  
And then danc't backe; the other (capring hic)  
Would surely catch it, cre his foote touch ground;  
And vp againe aduanc't it, and so found  
The other, caufe of dance; and then did he  
Dance lofy trickes; till next it came to be  
His turns to catch; and serue the other still.  
When they had kept it vp to eithers will,  
They then danc't ground trickes; oft mixt hand in hand,  
And did so gracefully their change command,  
That all the other Youth that stood at paule,  
With deafning shouts, gaue them the great applause.

*Epistles to Alcinous.* Then said *Vlysses*; O paſt all men here  
Cleare, not in poure, but in defert as cleare,  
You ſaid your dancers, did the world ſurpaſe,  
And they perſone it, cleare, and to amaze.  
This wonne *Alcinous* heart, and equall prieſte  
He gaue *Vlyſſes*, ſaying; Matchleſſe wife  
(Princes, and Rulers) I perceiue our queſt;  
And therefore let our hoſpitable beſt  
In fitting giſts be giuen him: twelue cheiſe kiŋs  
There are that order all the glorious thiŋgs  
Of thiſ our kiŋdom; and the thiſteenth, I  
Exiſt, as Crowne to all: let iſtantly  
Be thiſſeene garments giuen him: and, of gold  
Precious, and fine, a Talent. While we hold  
This our assembly, be all fetche, and giuen;  
That to our feaſt prepaſ'd, as to his heauen  
One queſt may enter. And that nothiŋ be  
Left vnpreforſed, that fits hiſ dignity;  
*Euryalus* ſhall here conciliate  
Hiſſelfe, with words and giſts; ſince paſt our rate  
He gaue bad language. This diſall command  
And giue in charge, and eueri kiŋ did ſend  
Hiſ Herald for hiſ gift. *Euryalus*  
(Anſwering for hiſ part) ſaid; *Alcinous*!  
Our cheiſe of all; ſince you command, I will  
To thiſ our queſt, by all meaneſ reconcile,  
And giue him thiſ entiely mettold ſword:  
The handle maſſie ſiluer, and the bord

That giues it couer, all of Ivorie,  
New, and in all kiſs, worth hiſ qualitie.  
This put he ſtraiſt into hiſ hand, and ſaid:  
Froliſe, O Queſt and Father; if words ſled,  
Haue bene offenſie; let twiſt whirlwinds take,  
And rauiſh them from thought. May all Gods make  
Thy wiſes ſight good to thee; in quicke retreate  
To all thiſt feaſts, and beſt lou'd breeding ſeate;  
Their long miſſe quiting with the greater ioy;  
In whoſe ſweet, vaniſh all thiſt worſt annoy.

And froliſe thou, to all height, Friend (ſaiſ he)  
Which heauen conſirme, with wiſt felicitie.  
Nor euer giue againe deſire to thee,  
Of thiſ ſwords viſe, which with affeſt ſo free, }  
In my reclaime, thou haſt beſtowd on me. }

This ſaid; athwart hiſ ſhoulders he put on  
The riſt faire ſword; and then diſer the Sunne.  
When all the giſts were brought, which baſke againe  
(With King *Alcinous*, in all the trainc)  
Were by the hoūourd Heralds borne to Courts;  
Which hiſ ſaiſ ſonnes tooke, and from the reſort  
Laid by their reuerend Mother. Each hiſ throne,  
Of all the Peeres (which yet were ouerſhone  
In King *Alcinous* command) aſcended:  
Whom he, to paſſe as muſh in giſts contended;  
And to hiſ Queene, ſaid: Wife! ſee brought me here  
The faireſt Cabinet I haue; and there  
Impoſe a well-cleansd, in, and vter weed;  
A Caldron heate with water, that with ſped  
Our Queſt well bath'd, and all hiſ giſts made ſure;  
It may a joyfull appetiſe procure  
To hiſ ſuccedding Feaſt; and make him heare  
The Poets *Hynne*, with the ſecurer eare.  
To all which, I will adde my boll of gold,  
In all frame curioſe, to make him hold  
My memory alwaies deare, and ſacrifiſe  
With it at home, to all the Deities.

Then *Arte*, her maids charg'd to ſet on  
A well-fiz'd Caldron quickly. Which was done;  
Cleare water pou'rd in, flame made ſo entiſe,  
It gilt the braſe, and made the water fire.  
In meane ſpace, from her chamber brought the Queene  
A wealthy Cabinet, where (pure and cleane)  
She put the garments, and the gold beſtowd  
By that free State: and then, the other vowd  
By her *Alcinous*, and ſaid: Now Queſt  
Make close and fast your giſts, leſt when you reſt  
A ſhip-boord ſweetly, in your way you meet

Some losse, that lesse may make your next sleepe sweet.  
This when *Ulysses* heard, all sure he made,  
Enclofde and bound fate, for the fauine trade,  
The Reuerend for her wifedome (*Circe*) had  
In foreyeares taught him. Then the handmaid bad  
His worth to bathing, which reioyc'd his heart.  
For since he did with his *Calypso* part,  
He had no hote baths. None had fauoured him,  
Nor bin so tender of his kingly lim.  
But all the time he spent in her abode,  
He liu'd respected, as he were a God.

Cleasid then and balmd; faire shirt, and robe put on;  
Fresh come from bath, and to the Feasters gone;  
*Nausicaa*, that from the Gods hands tooke  
The soueraigne beaute of her blessed looke,  
Stood by a well-caru'd Columnme of the roome,  
And through her eye, her heart was ouercome  
With admiration of the Port imprest  
In his aspect; and said: God faue you Guest!  
Be chearfull, as in all the future state,  
Your home will shew you, in your better Fate!  
But yet, even then, let this rememb're be,  
Your life's nice Lent, and you owe it me.

The varied in all counsels gave reply:

*Asias!* flower of all this Empery!  
So *Innes* husband, that the strife for noise  
Makes in the clouds, blesse me with strife of loyes,  
In the desir'd day, that my house shall shew,  
As I, as I to a Goddess, there shall vow,  
To thy faire hand, that did my Being give,  
Which Ie acknowledge every hour I live.

This said, *Alcimous* plac't him by his side;  
Then tooke they feast, and did in parts diuide  
The severall dishes; fill'd out wine, and then  
The striu'd-for, for his worth, of worthy men,  
And reverenc't of the State, *Demodocus*  
Was brought in by the good *Pontonius*.

In midst of all the guests, they gaue him place,  
Against a lofie Pillar, when this grace  
The gracie with wisedome did him. From the Chine  
That stood before him of a white-tooth'd Swine,  
(Being faire the daintiest ioyne) mixt through with fat,  
He car'd to him, and sent it where he sat,  
By his old friend, the Herald, willing thus:  
Herald! reach this to graue Demococu;  
Say, I salute him; and his worth enbrace.  
Poets deserve past all the humane race,  
Reuerend respect and honor; since the Queene

*Nausicaa enflamed with Vlissas*

съзгутъмъ.  
Poemam cuius  
boni inibus dig-  
na est societas.

Of knowledge, and the supreme worth in men  
(*The Muse*) informes them; and loues all their race.

This, reacht the Herald to him; who, the grace  
Received encourag'd: which, when feast was spent,  
Vlysses amplified to this ascent:

*Demodocus! I must preferre you farre,  
Past all your sort; if, or the *Muse* of warre,  
Iones daughter prompts you; (that the Greeks respects)  
Or if the Sunne, that those of *Troy* affects.  
For I haue heard you, since my coming, sing  
The Fate of *Greece*, to an admited string.*

How much our sufferance was, how much we wrought,  
How much the actions rose to, when we fought.  
So lively forming, as you had bin there;  
Or to some free relator, lent your eare.  
Forth then, and sing the wooden horses frame,  
Built by *Epeus*, by the martiall Dame,  
Taught the whole Fabbricke, which, by force of sleight,  
*Vlisses* brought into the Cities height;  
When he had stift it with as many men,  
As leueld loslie *Ilion* with the Plaine.  
With all which, if you can as well enchant,  
As with expression quicke and elegant,  
You sung the rest; I will pronounce you cleare,  
Inspir'd by God, past all that euer were.

This said; even stird by God vp, he began;  
And to his Song fell, past the forme of man;  
Beginning where, the Greeks a ship-boord went,  
And every Chiefe, had set on his Tent.  
When th'other Kings, in great *Vlysses* guide,  
In *Troys* vast market place, the horse did hide:  
From whence, the *Troians*, vp to *Hion* drew  
The dreadfull Engine. Where (late all aew)  
Their Kings about it: many counsels giuen,  
How to dispose it. In three waises were druen  
Their whole distractions: first, if they should feele  
The hollow woods heart, (fearche with piercing steele)  
Or from the battlements (drawne higher yet)  
Deicet it headlong; or, that counterfeit,  
So vast and nouell, set on sacred fire;  
Vowd to appeale each angerd Godheads ire.  
On which opinion, they, thereafter, saw,  
They then should haue refolu'd: th'vnalterd law  
Of Fate presaging, that *Troy* then should end,  
When th'hoofe horse, she should receiue to friends;  
For therin should the *Grecian* Kings lie hid,  
To bring the Fate and death, they after did.  
He sung besides, the Greeks eruption

From those their hollow crafts; and horse forgone;  
 And how they made *Depopulation* tread  
 Beneath her feete, so high a Cities head.  
 In which affaire, he sung in other place,  
 That of that ambush, some man else did race  
*Vlysses.*  
 As by the diuine  
 farr directly in-  
 fered, for v-  
 issergory.  
 The *Illiion* Towres, then \**Lactiades*;  
 But here he \*sung, that he alone did scise  
 (With *Menelaus*) the ascended roofe  
 Of Prince *Deiphobus*; and *Mars*-like proofe  
 Made of his valour: a most dreadfull fight,  
 Daring against him. And thens vanquishd quite,  
 In little time (by great *Minerva* aid)  
 All *sions* remnant, and *Troy* leuell laid.  
 This the diuine Expressor, did so give  
 Both act and passion, that he made it live;  
 And to *Vlysses* facts did breathe a fire,  
 So \*deadly quickning, that it did inspire  
 Old death with life; and rendred life so sweet,  
 And passionate, that all there felt it fleet;  
 Which made him pitie his owne cruelte,  
 And put into that ruth, so pure an eie  
 Of humane frailtie, that to see a man  
 Could so reviuue from Death; yet no way can  
 Defend from death; his owne quicke powres it made  
 Feele there deaths horrors: and he felt life fade  
 In \*teares, his feeling braine swet: for in things  
 That moue past vtterance, teares ope all their springs.  
 Nor are there in the Powres, that all life beares,  
 More true interpreters of all, then teares.  
*Simile.*  
 And as a Ladie mournes her sole-lou'd Lord,  
 That falle before his Citie, by the word,  
 Fighting to refcuse from a cruell Fate,  
 His towne and children; and, in dead estate  
 Yet panting, seeing him; wraps him in her armes,  
 Weeps, shrikes, and powres her health into his armes;  
 Lieson him, striuing to become his shield  
 From foes that still affaile him; speares impell  
 Through backe and sholders; by whose points embrude,  
 They raise and leade him into seruite,  
 Labor and languor: for all which, the Dame  
 Eates downe her cheekees with teares, and feeds lyses flame  
 With miserable sufferanc: So this King,  
 Of teare-sweat anguish, op't a boundlesse spring:  
 Nor yet was feene to any one man there,  
 But King *Alcinous*, who late so neare,  
 He could not scape him: sighs (so chok't) so brake  
 From all his tempers, which the King d take  
 Both note, and graue respect of, and thus spake:

Hearc

Heare me, *Phaeacian* Counsellers and Peeres;  
 And ceaſe, *Demodocus*; perhaps all eares  
 Are not delighted with his song, for, euer  
 Since the diuine Musc lung, our Guest hath neuer  
 Containd from secret mournings. It may fall,  
 That something lung, he hath bin grieu'd withall,  
 As touching his particular. Forbaceare;  
 That *Fee* may ioynly comfort all hearts here;  
 And we may cheare our Guest vp; tis our best,  
 In all due honor, For our reverend Guest,  
 Is all our celebration, gifts, and all,  
 His loue hath added to our Festiuall.  
 A Guest, and suppliant too; we should esteeme  
 Deare as our brother, one that doth but dreame  
 He hath a soule; or touch but at a mind  
 Deathlesse; and manly; should stand so enclin'd.  
 Nor clokey you, longer, with your curious wit,  
 (Lou'd Guest) what euer we shall aske of it.  
 It now stands on your honest state to tell;  
 And therefore give your name; nor more conceale,  
 What of your parents, and the Towne that beares  
 Name of your natvie, or of forreiners  
 That neare vs border, you are calld in fame.  
 There's no man liuing, walkes without a name;  
 Noble nor base; but had one from his birth;  
 Imposde as fit, as to be borne. What earth,  
 People, and citie, owne you? Give toknow:  
 Tell but our shps all, that your way must shew;  
 For our shps know th'expressed minds of men;  
 And will so most intientiuely retaine  
 Their scopes appointed, that they never erre;  
 And yet vſe neuer any man to stere:  
 Nor any Rudders haue, as others need.  
 They know menſ thoughts, and whither tends their speed.  
 And there will set them. For you cannot name  
 A Citie to them; nor fat Soile, that *Fame*  
 Hath any notice giuen; but well they know,  
 And will ſlie to them, though they ebb and flow,  
 In blackest clouds and nights; and neuer beare  
 Of any wrake or rocke, the flendrefte feare.  
 But this I heard my Sire *Naſtithous* say  
 Long ſince, that *Neptune* ſeeing vs conuay  
 So ſafely paſſengers of all degrees,  
 Was angry with vs; and vpon our feas,  
 A well-buil'd ſhip we had (neare harbor come,  
 From ſafe deduction of ſome ſtranger home)  
 Made in his ſlitting billowes, ſtucke ſtone ſtill;  
 And dimm'd our Citie, like a mighty hill,

This reporteth  
 or affirmation of  
 miracles, how  
 impoffible ſouer  
 in theſe times of  
 furedys in ſoſte  
 ages they were  
 neither absurd  
 nor fridg. Those  
 innumerable things  
 haue (it ſeemeth)  
 certain Genijs,  
 whose power,  
 they ſuppoſed,  
 their ſhip, facul-  
 ties. As others  
 haue affirmed  
 Oke to haue  
 ſence of hearing;  
 and ſo the ſhip of  
 Argos was ſaid  
 to haue a Maſt  
 made of Dodone  
 an Oke, ſhais was  
 vroial and could  
 ſpeak.

With shade cast round about it. This report,  
 Intending his <sup>for</sup> <sub>her</sub> <sup>confabulation</sup> the old King made; in which miraculous fort,  
 If God had done such things, or left vndone,  
 At his good pleasure be it. But now, on,  
 And truth relate vs; both whence you err;  
 And to what Clime of men would be transferr'd;  
 With all their faire Townes, be they as they are;  
 If rude, vniust, and all irregular;  
 Or hospitable, bearing minds that please  
 The mighty Deitie. Which one of these  
 You would be set at, lay; and you are there;  
 And therefore what afflicts you? why, to heare  
 The Fate of *Greece* and *Ilion*, mourne you so?  
 The Gods haue done it; as to all, they do  
 Decline destruction; that from thence may rise  
 A Poeme to instruct posterities.  
 Fell any kinsman before *Ilion*?  
 Some worthy Sire-in-law, or like-neare sonne;  
 Whom next our owne blood, and selfe-race we loue;  
 Or any friend perhaps, in whom did moue  
 A knowing soule, and no vnplesasing thing;  
 Since such a good one, is no vnderling  
 To any brother: for, what fits true friends,  
 True wisedome is, that blood and birth transcends.

*True wisedome  
 fits true friends.*

*Finis libri octauii Hom. Odys.*



## THE

## THE NINTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### THE ARGVMENT.

**V**YLLIES here, is first made knowne;  
 Who tells the firme contention,  
 His powres did gaue the Cicons tric;  
 And thence to the Lotophagie  
 Extends his conquest; and from them,  
 Assayes the Cyclop Polyphemie;  
 And by the crafts, his wits apply,  
 He puts him out his onely eye.

Another.

*Illa.* The strangely fed  
 Lotophagie.  
 The Cicons fed.  
 The Cyclops eye.

**V**YLLIES thus resolu'd the Kings demands.  
 Alcinous! (in whom this Empire stands)  
 You shoud not of so natural right disherit  
 Your princely feast, as take from it the spirit.  
 To heare a Poet, that in accent brings  
 The Gods brests downe, and breathes them as he sings,  
 Is sweet, and sacred; nor can I conceiue,  
 In any common wcale, what more doth glorie

*He begins where  
 Alcinous com-  
 manded Demo-  
 dus to end.*

Note of the iust and blessed Emperie,  
 Then to see *Comfort* vniuerally  
 Cheare vp the people. When in euery roofe,  
 She giues obseruers a most humane prooife  
 Of mens contents. To see a neighbours Feast  
 Adorne it through; and therer, heare the brest  
 Of the diuine Muse; men in order set;  
 A wine-page waiting. Tables crownd with meate;  
 Set close to guests, that are to vfe it skilful;  
 The Cup-boords furnish'd, and the cups still fill'd.  
 This shewes (to my mind) most humanelly faire.  
 Nor shoud you, for me, still the heauenly aire,  
 That sturd my soule so, for I loue such teares,  
 As fall from fit notes; beaten through mine eares,  
 With repetitions of what heauen hath done;  
 And breake from heartie apprehension  
 Of God and goodnessse, though they shew my ill.  
 And therefore doth my mind excite me still,

*Imag.*

To tell my bleeding mone; but much more now,  
To serue your pleasure; that to ouer-flow  
My teares with such cause, may by sighs be driven;  
Though ne're so much plagu'd, I may sceme by heauen.

And now my name; which, way shall leade to all  
My miseries after: that their sounds may fall  
Through your eares also; and shew (having fled  
So much affliction) first, who refts his head  
In your embraces; when (lo farre from home)  
I knew not where to obtaine it resting roome.

I am *Vlysses Laertides*;

quoniam  
quatenus  
leuigatorem  
frondes.  
The feare of all the world for policies;  
For which, my facts as high as heauen resound.  
I dwell in *Ithaca*, Earths most renownd:  
All ouer-shadow'd with the \* Shake-leafe hill  
Tree-fam'd *Neritus*; whose neare confines fill  
Illands a number, well inhabited,  
That vnder my obseruance taste their bread.  
*Dulichius, Samos*, and the full-of-\*food  
*Zacynthus*, likewise grac't with store of wood.  
But *Ithaca*, (though in the seas it lie)  
Yet lies the so aloft, she casts her eye  
Quite ouer all the neighbour Continent.  
Farre Norward situate; and (being lent  
But little fauour of the Morne, and Sunne)  
With barren rocks and clifffes is ouer-runne.  
And yet of hardie youths, a Nurse of Name.  
Nor could I see a Soile, where ere I came,  
More sweete and withfull. Yet, from hence was I  
Withheld with horror, by the Deitic  
Divine *Calypso*, in her cauie house;  
Enflam'd to make her sole Lord and Spouse.  
*Circe* *Eea* too, (that knowing Dame,  
Whose veines, the like affections did inflame)  
Detaind me like wife. But to neithers loue,  
Could I be tempted; which doth well approue;  
Nothing so sweete is as our countries earth;  
And ioy of those, from whom we claime our birth.  
Though rootes farre richer, we farre off posseſſe,  
Yet (from our natvie) all our more, is lesse.

Amor patric.

To which, as I contended, I will tell  
The much-distrust-conferring-facts, that fell  
By *Troe*, diuine preuention; since I set,  
From ruin'd *Troy*, my first foote in retreat.

From *Ilion*, ill winds cast me on the Coast  
The *Cicons* holds; where I emploid mine hoaſt  
For *Imarus*, a Citie, built iuſt by  
My place of landing: of which, *Victory*

Made me expugner. I depeopl'd it,  
Slaue all the men, and did their wiues remit,  
With much spoile taken; which we did diuide,  
That none might need his part. I then applide  
All spced for flight: but my command therein,  
(Fooles that they were) could no obſeruance win  
Of many ſouldiers, who with ſpoile fed hie,  
Would yet fill higher; and exceiluely  
Fell to their wine; gaue slaughter on the ſhore,  
Clouen-footed beeuies and ſheepe, in mighty ſtore.  
In meane ſpace, *Cicons* did to *Cicons* cri;

When of their neareſt dwellers, iſtantly  
Many and better ſouldiers made ſtrong head,  
That held the Continent, and managed  
Their horſe with high ſkill: on which they would fight,  
When hieſt cauſe ſeru'd; and againe alight,  
(With foone ferne vantage) and on foote contend.

Theiſ concouſe ſwift was, and had neuer end;  
As thicke and ſodaine twas, as flowres and leaues  
Darke Spring diſcouers, when the \*Light receaues.  
And then began the bitter Fate of *Troe*

To alter vs vnhappie; which, euen ſtroue  
To giue vs ſuſſrance. At our Fleet we made  
Enforced ſtand; and there did they inuade  
Our thruſt-vp Forces: darts encouert darts,  
With blowes on both ſides: either making parts  
Good vpon either, while the Morning ſhone,  
And ſacred Day her bright increafe held on;  
Though much ouer-maſtch in number. But as ſoone  
As *Phabus* Westward fell, the *Cicons* wonne  
Much hand of vs; ſixe proued ſouldiers fell  
(Of euery ſhip) the reſt they did compell  
To ſecke of *Flight* escape from *Death and Fate*.

Thence (ſad in heart) we ſai'd: and yet our State  
Was ſomething chear'd; that (being ouer-maſtch ſo much

In violent number) our retreate was ſuch,  
As ſau'd ſo many. Our dear loſſe the leſſe,  
That they furui'd; ſo like for like ſuccesse.  
Yet left we not the Coast, before we calld  
Home to our country earth, the ſoules exhal'd,  
Of all the friends, the *Cicons* ouercame.

Thrice calld we on them, by their ſeverall name,  
And then tooke leauue. Then from the angry *North*,  
Cloud-gathering *Troe*, a dreadfull ſtorme calld forth  
Againſt our Nauie, couerd ſhore and all,  
With gloomy vapors. *Night* did headlong fall  
From frowning *Heauen*. And then hurl'd here and there  
Was all our Nauie; the rude winds did teare,

After Night, in  
the firſt of the  
Morning.

The ancient en-  
ſtance of calling  
bene the dead.

## THE NINTH BOOKE

In three, in four parts, all their sailes; and downe  
Driuen vnder hatches were we, prest to drowne.  
Up rusht we yet againe, and with tough hand  
(Two daies, two nights entoild) we gat nere land,  
Labours and sorowes, eating vp our minds.  
The third cleare day yet, to more friendly winds  
We maist aduanc't, we white sailes spred, and late,  
Forewinds, and guides, againe did iterate,  
Our easse and home-hopes; which we cleare had reacht;  
Had nor, by chance, a lodaine North-wind fetcht,  
With an extreme sea, quite about againe,  
Our whole endeouours, and our course constraine  
To giddie round, and with our bowd sailes greeete  
Dreadfull *Malicia*; calling backe our flete,  
As farre forth as *Cythera*. Nine dayes more,  
Aduerse winds tost me, and the tenth, the shore,  
Where dwel'l the blosome-fed *Lophagie*,  
I fetcht: fresh water tooke in; instantly  
Fell to our food, a ship-boord; and then sent  
Two of my choice men to the Continent,  
(Adding a third, a Herald) to discouer,  
What sort of people were the Rulers ouer  
The land next to vs. Where, the first they met,  
Were the *Lophagies* that made them eate  
Their Country diet, and no ill intent,  
Hid in their hearts to them: and yet th'euent,  
To ill conuerted it; for, hauing eate  
Their daintie viands, they did quite forget  
(As all men else, that did but taste their feast)  
Both country-men and country; nor addrest  
Any returne, i'forme what sort of men  
Made fixt abode there; but would needs maintaine,  
Abode themselfes there; and eate that food euer.  
I made out after; and was faine to feuer  
Th'enchanted knot, by forcing their retreate,  
That striu'd, and wept, and would not leaue their meate  
For heauen it selfe. But, dragging them to feete,  
I wrapt in sure bands, both their hands and feete,  
And cast them vnder hatches; and away  
Commanded all the rest, without leaft stay;  
Left they should taste the *Lote* too; and forget  
With such strange raptures, their despide retreate.  
All then aboord, we beate the sea with Ores;  
And still with sad hearts saild by our-way fhores;  
Till th'out-lawd *Cyclops* land we fetcht; a race  
Of proud-lu'd loiterers, that never fow,  
Nor pur a plant in earth, nor vse a plow;  
But trust in God for all things; and their earth,

*The Lophagie.*

*The idle Cyclop.*

Vn-

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

(*Vnflowne, vnplowd*) giues every of-spring birth,  
That other lands haue. Wheate, and Batley, Vincs  
That beare in goodly Grapes, delicious wines;  
And *soe* sends showeres for all: no counsels there,  
Nor counsellors, nor lawes; but all men beare  
Their heads aloft on mountaines, and those steepe,  
And on their tops too: and there, houses keepe  
In lawtie Caus; their households gouernd all  
By each mans law, impos'de in seuerall;  
Nor wife, nor child awd; but as he thinks good,  
None for another caring. But there stood  
Another little Ile, well stor'd with wood,  
Betwixt this and the entry; neither tie  
The *Cyclops* Ile, nor yet farre off doth lie.  
Mens want it fuffer'd, but the mens supplies,  
The Goates made with their inarticulate cries.  
Goates beyond number, this small Iland breeds,  
So tame, that no acceſſe disturbs their feeds.  
No hunters (that the tops of mountaines scale,  
And rub through woods with toile) seeke them at all.  
Nor is the soile with flocks fed downe, nor plow'd;  
Nor ever in it any seed was sow'd.  
Nor place the neighbour *Cyclops* their delights,  
In braue Vermilion prow-deckt shippes, nor wrights  
Vſefull and skiffull, in such works, as need  
Perfection to thosc trafficks, that exceed  
Their natural confines: to flic out and see  
Cities of men, and take in, mutually  
The prease of others; To themclues they liue,  
And to their Iland, that enough would giue  
A good inhabitant; and time of yeare  
Obserue to all things. Art could order there.  
There, close vpon the sea, sweet medowes spring,  
That yet of fresh streames want no watering  
To their soft burthenes: but of ſpeciall yeed,  
Your vincs would be there; and your common field,  
Burgentle worke make for your plow; yet beare  
A loftie haruest when you came to haſte.  
For passing far the soile is. In it lies  
A harbor ſo opportune, that no ties,  
Halfers, or gables need; nor anchors cast,  
Whom stormes\* put in there, are with stay embrac't;  
Or to their full wils ſafe, or winds aſprie  
To Pilots vſes their more quicke deſire.  
At entry of the hauen, a ſiluer foord  
Is from a rock-impreſſing fountaine powrd,  
All ſet with ſable Poplars; and this Port  
Were we arriu'd at, by the ſweet refort

*The descriptions  
of all these commu-  
nities, have admis-  
ſible allegories,  
besides their arti-  
ſy and pleauing  
relation.*

Of

Of lome God guiding vs: for twas a night  
 So gasty darke, all Port was past our fighr,  
 Clouds hid our shps, and would not let the Moone  
 Afford a beame to vs; the whole Ile wonne,  
 By not an eye of ours. None thought the Blore  
 That then was vp, shoud waues against the shore,  
 That then to an vimeasur'd hight put on.  
 We stll at sea esteemed vs, till alone  
 Our fleet put in it selfe. And then were strooke  
 Our gatherd sailes: our rest ashore we tooke,  
 And day expected. When the Morne gaue fire,  
 We rose, and walke, and did the Ile admire.  
 The *Nymphs*, *Jones* daughters, putting vp a heard  
 Of mountaine Goates to vs, to render cheard  
 My fellow louldiers. To our Fleet we flew,  
 Our crooked bowes tooke, long-pil'd darts, and drew  
 Our scelus in three parts out; when, by the grace  
 That God vouch-lafte, we made a gainfull chace.  
 Twelue shps we had, and euery shp had nine  
 Fat Goates allotted; ten only mine.  
 Thus all that day, even till the Sunne was set,  
 We late and feasted; pleasant wine and meate,  
 Plenteously taking, for we had not spent  
 Our ruddie wine a ship-boord: supplement  
 Of large fort, each man to his vessele drew,  
 When we the sacred Citie ouerthrew,  
 That held the *Cicons*. Now then saw we neare,  
 The *Cyclops* late-praifd Iland; and might heare  
 The murmure of their sheepe and goates; and see  
 Their smokes ascend. The Sunne then set, and we  
 (When Night succeeded) tooke our rest ashore.  
 And when the world the Mornings fauour wore,  
 I calld my friends to councell, charging them  
 To make stay there, while I tooke shp and streme,  
 With some associates; and explor'd what men  
 The neighbour Ile held: if of rude dildaine,  
 Churlish and tyrannous, or minds bewraid  
 Pious and hospitable. Thus much faid,  
 I boorded, and commanded to ascend  
 My friends and louldiers, to put off, and lend  
 Way to our shp. They boorded, late, and beate  
 The old sea forth, till we might see the scafe,  
 The greatest *Cyclop* held for his abode;  
 Which was a deepe Caue, neare the common rode  
 Of shps that toucht there, thicke with Lawrels spred,  
 Where many sheepe and goates lay shadowed:  
 And neare to this, a Hall of torn-e-vp stone,  
 High built with Pines, that heauen and earth attone;

And

And loftie-fronted Okes: in which kept house,  
 A man in shpe, i-nuanc, and monstorous,  
 Fed all his flocks alone; nor would afford  
 Commerce with men; but had a wit abhord,  
 His mind, his body answering. Nor was he  
 Like any man, that food could possibly  
 Enhance so hugely; but (beheld alone)  
 Shev'd like a steepe hils top, all ouergrownne  
 With trees and brambles; little thought had I  
 Of such vast obiects. When, arriu'd so nic,  
 Some of my lou'd friends, I made stay aboard,  
 To guard my shps, and twelue with me I shord,  
 The choice of all. I tooke besides along,  
 A Goat-skin flagon of wine, blake and strong,  
 That *Maro* did present; *Euanthus* sonne,  
 And Priest to *Phaebus*, who had mansion  
 In *Thracian Imlarus* (the Towne I tooke)  
 He gaue it me; since I (with reverence strooke,  
 Of his graue place, his wife and childrens good)  
 Freed all of violence. Amidst a wood  
 Sacred to *Phaebus*, stood his house; from whence  
 He fetche gifts of varied excellency;  
 Seuen talents of fine gold, a boll all fram'd  
 Of massie siluer. But his gift, most fam'd,  
 Was twelue great vesseles, filld with such rich wine,  
 As was incorruptible, and diuine.  
 He kept it as his iewell, which none knew  
 But he himselfe, his wife, and he that drew.  
 It was so strong, that neuer any fill'd  
 A cup, where that was but by drops instill'd,  
 And drunke it off; but twas before allaid  
 With twentie parts in water; yet so swaid  
 The spirit of that litle, that the whole,  
 A sacred odour breath'd about the boll.  
 Had you the odour smelt, and sent it cast,  
 It would haue vexed you to forbeare the taste.  
 But then (the taste gaide too) the spirit it wrought,  
 To dare things high, set vp an end my thought.

Of this, a huge great flagon full I bore,  
 And in a good lirge knapacke, vittles store;  
 And longd to see this heape offortitude,  
 That so illiterate was, and upland rude,  
 That lawes diuine nor humane he had learnd.  
 With speed we reacht the Cauerne, nor differnd  
 His presence there. His flocks he fed at field.

Enterin his den; each thing beheld, did yeld  
 Our admiration: shelues with cheefes heapt;  
 Sheds stuft with Lambs and Goates, distincly kept;

N

Vinum Maro-  
neum memo-  
rable.

Distinct

Distinct the biggest, the more meane distinct;  
 Distinct the yongest. And in their precinct  
 (Proper and placefull) stood the troughs and pales,  
 In which he milkt, and what was giuen at meales,  
 Set vp a creaming: in the Euening still,  
 All scouring bright, as dew vpon the hill.  
 Then were my fellowes instant to conuay  
 Kids, cheefes, lambs, a ship boord, and away  
 Saile the salt billow. I thought best, not so,  
 But better otherwile; and first would know,  
 What guest-gifts he would spare me. Little knew  
 My friends, on whom they would haue prey'd: his view  
 Prou'd after, that his inwards were too rough  
 For such bold vysge: we were bold enough,  
 In what I suffered; which was there to stay;  
 Make fire and feed there, though heare none away.  
 There late we, till we saw him feeding come,  
 And on his necke a burthen lugging home,  
 Most highly huge of Sc're-wood; which the pile  
 That fed his fire, supplide all supper while.  
 Downe by his den he threw it, and vp rose  
 A tumult with the fall. Afraid, we clost  
 Withdrew our felues, while he into a Caue  
 Of huge receit, his high-fed cattell draue,  
 All that he milkt; the males he left without  
 His losse roofes, that all belltrowd about  
 With Rams and buck-goates were. And then a rocke  
 He lift aloft, that dam'd vp to his flocke,  
 The doore they entred: twas so hard to wield,  
 That two and twentie Waggons, all foure-wheeld,  
 (Could they be loaded, and haue teames that were  
 Proportion'd to them) could not stirre it there.  
 Thus, making sure, he kneeld and milkt his Ewes,  
 And braying Goates, with all a milkers dues.  
 Then let in all their yong: then, quicke did dresse,  
 His halfe milke vp for cheese, and in a presse  
 Of wicker prest it; put in bolls the rest,  
 To drinke, and eate, and serue his supping feast.  
 All works disparte thus, he began his fire,  
 Which blowne, he saw vs, and did thus enquire:  
 Ho! Guests! what are ye? whence saile ye these seas?  
 Traffike, or rouer: and like theeues opprefse  
 Poore strange aduenturers; exposing so  
 Your soules to danger, and your liues to wo?  
 This vit'ld he, when Feare from our hearts tooke  
 The very life, to be lo thunder-stroke  
 With such a voice, and such a monstur see.  
 But thus I answere: Eting Grecians we,

From Troy we're turning homewards, but by force  
 Of aduerse winds, in far-diverced course,  
 Such vnknowne waies tooke, and on rude seas tost,  
 (As *some* decreed) are cast vpon this Coast.  
 Of Agamemnon (famous *Atræs* sonne)  
 We boast our felues the fouldries, who hath wonne  
 Renowme that reacheth heauen, to ouerthrow  
 So great a Citie, and to ruine so,  
 So many nations. Yet at thy kneeslie  
 Our prostrate bosomes, for't with praires to trie,  
 If any hospitable right, or Boone  
 Of other nature, (such as haue bin wonne  
 By lawes of other houses) thou wilt gieue.  
 Reuerence the Gods, thou greatest of all that liue.  
 We suppliants are; and hospitable *Troy*  
 Poutes wreake on all, whom praires want powre to moue:  
 And with their plagues, together will prouide,  
 That humble Guests shall haue their wants supplide.

He cruelly answere: O thou foole (said he)  
 To come so farre, and to importune me  
 With any Gods feare, or obserued loue;  
 We Cyclops care not for your Goat-fed *Troy*;  
 Nor other Blest ones, we are better farre.  
 To *Troy* himselfe, dare I bid open warre;  
 To thee, and all thy fellowes, if I please.  
 But tell me: where's the ship, that by the feas  
 Hath brought thee hither? If farre off, or neare,  
 Informe me quickly. These his temptings were.  
 But I, too much knew, not to know his mind,  
 And craft, with craft paid; telling him the wind  
 (Thrust vp from Sea, by him that shakes the Shore)  
 Had dash't our ships aginst his rocks, and tore  
 Her ribs in pecces, clost vpon his Coast;  
 And we from high wracke saud', the rest were lost.

He answere nothing, but rusht in, and tooke  
 Two of my fellowes vp from earth, and strooke  
 Their braines against it. Like two whelps they flew  
 About his shoulders, and did all embrew  
 The blushing earth. No mountaine Lion tore  
 Two Lambs so sternly; lapt vp all their gore,  
 Gifft from their torne-vp bodies, lim by lim,  
 (Trembling with life yet) rauish't into him.  
 Both flesh and marrow-stuffed bones he eate,  
 And even th'uncleas'd entrails made his meate.  
 We weeping, cast our hands to heauen, to view,  
 A sight so horrid. Desperation flew  
 With all our after liues, to instant death,  
 In our beleev'd destruction. But when breath,

This his relation  
 of Agamemnon,  
 and his glory &  
 theirs for Troyes  
 sake, with the  
 piece of supple  
 and receit, to  
 him that was so  
 barbare and  
 impious, must be  
 intended spoken  
 by *Phœbus*, with  
 supposition that  
 his hearers wold  
 note, full acorde  
 shew how vain  
 they would beow  
 to the Cyclops  
 who respected li-  
 ste Agamemnon,  
 or their valiant  
 exploit against  
 Troy, or the Gods  
 themselves. For  
 otherwise the se-  
 rious obseruatis  
 of the words  
 (through good &  
 graue, if spoken  
 to another) want  
 their intentionall  
 sharpesse and  
 life.

The fury of his appetite had got,  
Because the gulfe his belly, reacht his throte,  
Mans flesh, and Goates milke, laying late on laire,  
Till neare chokt vp, was all the pale for aire.  
Along his den, amonst his cattell, downe  
He rushe, and streate him. When my mind was growne  
Desperate, to step in; draw my sword, and part  
His bosome, where the strings about the heart  
Circle the Liver, and addes strength of hand.  
But that rash thought, More staid, did countermand,  
For we all had perisht, since it past  
Our poweres to lift aside a log so vast,  
As bard all outcapse; and so figh'd away  
The thought all Night, expecting active Day.  
Whiche come, he first of all, his fire enflames,  
Then milks his Goates and Ewes, then to their dams  
Lets in their yong, and wondrous orderly,  
With manly hafte, dispatcht his houwfery.  
Then to his Breakfast, to which, other two  
Of my poore friends went: which eate, out then go  
His beards and fat flocks, lightly putting by  
The churifh barre, and cloide it infandy;  
For both thofe works, with ease, as much he did,  
As you would ope, and thus your Quiner lid.

With stormes of whifflings then, his flocks he drave  
Vp to the mountaines, and occasion gane  
For me to vfe my wits, which to their height,  
I striu'd to skew vp; that a vengeance might  
By ſome meaneſ fall from thence; and *Pallas* now  
Aſſoord a full eare to my needieſt vow.

This then, my thoughtes preferd: a huge club lay  
Cloſe by his milk-houſe, which was now in way  
To drie, and feaſon, being an Oliue tree  
Which late he feld; and being greene, muſt be  
Made lighter for his manage. I was ſo vast,  
That we reſembld it to ſome ſit Maſt,  
To ſerue a ſhip of burthen, that was driven  
With twentie Ores; and had a bignefc giuen,  
To beare a huge ſea. Full ſo thicke, ſo tall  
We iudg'd this club, which i, in part, he wud ſmall,  
And cut a fathome off. The pece I gauē  
Amongſt my ſouldiers, to take downe, and ſhuue,  
Which done, I ſharpen'd it at top, and then  
(Hardn'd in fire) I hid it in the den,  
Within a naſtie dunghill reeking there,  
Thicke, and ſo moist, it iſſude every where.  
Then made I lots cast, by my friends to trie,  
Wholē fortune ſeu'd to dare the bord' out cie

Of that man-eater: and the lot did fall  
On foure I wifht to make my aid, of all;  
And I, the firſt made, chofen like the reſt.  
Then came the Eueng, and he came from the feaſt  
Of his fat cattell, draue in all, nor kept  
One male abroad: if, or his memory ſlept  
By Gods direſt will; or of purpoſe was  
His driving in of all then, doth ſurpaſſe  
My comprehension. But he cloſe againe  
The mighty barre, milke, and did ſtill maſtaine  
All other obſeruation, as before.  
His worke, all done, two of my ſouldiers more,  
At once he ſnatcht vp, and to ſupper went.  
Then daſt I words to him, and did preſent  
A boll of wine, with these words: *Cylop!* take  
A boll of wine from my hand, that may make  
Way for the mans flesh thou haſt eate, and ſhow  
What drinke our ſhip held, which in faceted vow,  
I offer to thee, to take ruth on me  
In my diſmiffion home. Thy rages be  
Now no more ſufferable. How ſhall men  
(Mad and inhumane that thou art) againe  
Greet thy abode, and get thy actions grace,  
If thus thou rageſ, and eateſ vp their race.  
He tooke, and drunke; and vehemently loyd  
To taste the ſweet cup, and againe employd  
My flagons powre, entreating more, and ſaid:  
Good Gueſt, againe affoord my taste thy aid;  
And let me know thy name; and quickly now;  
That in thy recompence I may beſtow  
A hoſpitable gift on thy defter;  
And ſuch a one as ſhall reioyce thy heart;  
For to the *Cylop* too, the gentle Earth  
Bares generous wine, and *Jove* augments her birth,  
In ſtore of ſuſh, with ſhoweres. But this rich wine,  
Fell from the riuere that is meere diuine,  
Of *Nectar* and *Ambroſia*. This againe  
I gauē him; and againe, nor could the foole abſtaine,  
But drunke as often. When the noble Iuyce  
Had wrought vpon his ſpirit, I then gaue vſe  
To fairer language, ſaying: *Cylop!* now  
As thou demandit, Ile tell thee my name, do thou  
Make good thy hoſpitable gift to me;  
My name is *No-Man*, *No-Man*, each degree  
Of friends, as well as parents, call my name.  
He anſwerd, as his cruel ſoule became:  
*No-Man!* Ile eate thee laſt of all thy friends;  
And this is that, in which ſo much amends

I vowd to thy deservings; thus shall be  
My hospitable gift, made good to thee.  
This said; he vpwards fell; but then bent round  
His fleshie necke; and *Sleepe* (with all crownes, crownd)  
Subdide the Sauage. From his throe brake out  
My wine, with mans flesh goblets, like a spout;  
When loded with his cups, he lay and snord.  
And then tooke I the clubs end vp, and gor'd  
The burning cole-heape, that the point might bese. Confirmd my fellowes minds, left *Fear* should let  
Their vowd assay, and make them die my aid.  
Strait was the Olyue Leuer, I had laid.  
Amidst the huge fire, to get hardning, hot,  
And glowlde extremely, though twas greene; (which got  
From forth the cinders) clole about me stood  
My hardie friends: but that which did the good,  
Was Gods good inspiration, that gaue  
A spirit beyond the spirit they vide to haue:  
Who tooke the Olyue Sparre, made keene before,  
And plung'd it in his eye: and vp I bore,  
Bent to the top clofe, and helpt poure it in,  
With all my forces: And as you haue seen  
A ship-wright bore a nauall beame; he oft  
Thrulst at the *Angars* Froode; works still aloft,  
And at the shanke, helpe others, with a cord  
Wound round about, to make it sooner bor'd;  
All plying the round still: So into his eye,  
The firie stake, we laboured to imly.  
Our gushit the blood that scalded; his eye-ball  
Thrust out a flaming vapour, that scorcht all  
His browes and eye-lids; his eye-strings did cracke,  
As in the sharpe and burning rafter brake.  
And as a Smith to harden any toole,  
(Broad Axe, or Mattocke) in his Trough doth coole  
The red-hote substance, that so feruent is,  
It makes the cold wauie strait to feeth and hulse:  
So sod, and hizd his eye about the stake.  
He roard withall, and all his Cauerne brake  
In claps like thunder. We, did frighted flic,  
Disperst in corners. He from forth his eie,  
The fixed stake plukkt: after which, the blood  
Flowd frethly forth; and, mad, he hund' the wood  
About his houill. Out he then did crie  
For other *Cyclops*, that in Cauernes by,  
Vpon a windie Promontorie dwelld;  
Who hearing how impetuosity he yeld,  
Rush't every way about him; and enquir'd,  
What ill afflicted him, that he expir'd

### **Similar**

### Similar

Such horrid clamors; and in sacred Night,  
To break their sleepes so: Ask him, if his fright  
Came from some mortall, that his flocks had druen?  
Or if by craft, or might, his death were giuen?  
He answere from his den, By craft, nor might,  
No man hath giuen me death. They then laid right,  
If no man hurt thee, and thy selfe alone;  
That which is done to thee, by ~~me~~ is done.  
And what great ~~me~~ inflicts, no man can fie;  
Pray to thy Father yet, \*A Deities,  
And proue, from him, if thou ~~canst~~ helpe acquire.  
Thus spake they, leauing him. When all on fire,  
My heart with ioy was; that so well my wit,  
And name deceiu'd him, whom now paine did split,  
And groaning vp and downe, he groping tride,  
To find the stome, which found, he put asides  
But in the doore late, feeling if he could  
(As his sheepe issude) on some man lay hold,  
Esteeming me a foole, that could deuise  
No stratageme to scape his grosse surprise.  
But I, contending what I could inuent,  
My friends and me, from death so imminent,  
To get deliuerd: all my wiles I woe,  
(Life being the subiect) and did this approue;  
Fat fleecie Rams, most faire, and great, lay there,  
That did a burthen like a Violet beare.  
These (while this learn'd in villanie did sleepe).  
I yoke with Osters cut there, sheepe to sheepe;  
Three in a ranke, and still the mid sheepe bore  
A man about his belly: the two more,  
Marcht on his each side for defence. I then,  
Chusing my selfe the fairest of the den,  
His fleecie belly under-crept; embrac't  
His backe, and in his rich wooll wrapt me fast  
With both my hands, arm'd with as fast a mind.  
And thus each man hung, till the Morning shin'd;  
Which come, he knew the houre, and let abroad  
His male-flocks first: the females, vnmilkt stood  
Bleating and braying; their full bags so sore,  
With being vnemptied; but their shepheard more,  
With being vnfighted; which was caufe, his mind  
Went not a milking. He (to wreake enclyn'd)  
The backs fel as they past, of those male dams:  
(Grosse foole) beleevung, we would ride his Rams.  
Nor euer knew, that any of them bore  
Vpon his belly, any man before.  
The last Ram came to passe him, with his wooll,  
And me together, loded to the full:

Нормы

Wool of a violet  
colour.

For there did I hang: and that Ram he staid,  
And me withall had in his hands; my head  
Troubl'd the while, not candlefly, nor least.  
This Ram he grop't, and talkt to: Laxie heft!  
Why last art thou now? thou haft never vife  
To lag thus hindmost: hor stiil stiil haft brude  
The tender blossom of a flowre; and held  
State in thy steps, both to the flood and field:  
First stiil at Fold, at Euen; now last remaine:  
Doest thou not wish I had mine eye againe,  
Which that abhord man *N. & M.* did par our,  
Assisted by his execrable roue,  
When he had wrought me downe with wine? but he  
Must not escape my wreke, so cunningly.  
I would to heauen thou knewst, and could but speake,  
To tell me where he lurk's now; I would breake  
His braine about my Cae, strew'd here and there,  
To ease my heart of those foulē ills, that were  
Th'inflictions of a man, I pride at noughe.

Thus let hi him abroad, when I (once brought  
A litle from his hold) my selfe first losde,  
And next, my friends. Then draue we, and dispeude,  
His strai-legged fat fleece-bearers ouer land,  
Euen till they all were in my shps command,  
And to our lou'd friends, shewd our praid-for fight,  
Escap't from death. But for our losse, outright  
They brake in teares, which with a looke I staid,  
And bad them take our Boote in. They obaid;  
And vp we all went, fate, and vise our Ores,  
But having left as faire the sauge shores,  
As one might heare a voice, we then might see  
The Cyclop at the hauen, when instantly  
I staid our Ores, and this insultance vife:  
*Cyclop!* thou shouldest not haue so much abusde  
Thy monstrous forces, to oppose their least,  
Against a man immartiall, and a guest;  
And eate his fellowes: thou mightst know there were  
Some ills behind (rude swaine) for thee to beare;  
That feard not to deuoure thy guests, and breake  
All lawes of humanes: *Aw.* fends therefore wreke,  
And all the Gods, by me. This blew the more  
His burning furie, when the top he tote  
From off a huge Rocke; and so right a throw  
Made at our shp, that just before the Prow,  
It overfiel and fell: mist Mast and all  
Exceeding litte, but about the fall,  
So fierce a waue it raid, that backe it bore  
Our shp so farre, it almost toucht the shore.

*Phyllis infates  
over the Cyclop.*

A bead-hooke then (a far-extended one)  
I snatcht vp, thrust hard, and so set vs gone  
Some litle way, and strait commanded all  
To helpe me with their Ores, on paine to fall  
Againe on our confusio. But a signe,  
I with my head made; and their Ores were mine,  
In all performance. When we off were set,  
(Then first, twice further) my heart was so great,  
It would againe prouoke him: but my men  
On all sides rusht about me, to containe,  
And said: Vnhappy! why will you prouoke  
A man so rude, that with so dead a stroke,  
Gien with his Rock-dart, made the sea thrust backe  
Our shp so farre, and neare hand forc't our wracker?  
Should he againe, but heare your voice resound,  
And any word reach, thereby would be found  
His Darts direction; which would, in his fall,  
Crush piece-meale vs, quite split our shp and all;  
So much dart weilds the monstre. Thus vrg'd they  
Impossible things, in feare; but I gaue way  
To that wrath, which so long I held deprest,  
(By great *N. & C.* conquer'd) in my brest.

*Cyclop!* if any aske thee, who imposde  
Th'vnslightly blemish that thine eye enclosde;  
Say that *Vlysses* (old Laertes sonne,  
Whose seat is *Ithaca*, and who hath wonne  
Surname of *Citie-racer*) bor'd it our.

At this, he braid so loud, that round about  
He draue affrighted Ecchoes through the Aire;  
And said: O beast! I was premonist faire,  
By aged Prophecie, in one that was  
A great, and good man; this should come to passe;  
And how tis prou'd now? *Augur Telemus*,  
*Sumarid Eurymedes* (that spent with vs  
His age in *Augurie*, and did exceed  
In all prefage of *Truth*) said all this deed,  
Should this evnt take; author'd by the hand  
Of one *Vlysses*, who I thought was mad  
With great and goodly personage; and bore  
A vertue answerable: and this shre  
Should shake with weight of such a conqueror,  
When now a weakling came, a dwarfie thing,  
A thing of nothing, who yet wit did bring,  
That brought supply to all, and with his wine,  
Put out the flame, where all my light did shine.  
Come, land againe, *Vlysses*! that my hand,  
May Guest-rites give thee, and the great command,  
That *Neptune* hathat fea, I may conuert

*Vlysses* continued  
infatise, no more  
to repeate what  
he said to the Cy-  
clop, then to let  
his hearers know  
Epitheter, and  
estimation in the  
world.

To the dedu<sup>c</sup>tion, where abides thy heart,  
With my solliciting, whose Sonne I am;  
And whose fame boasts to bear my Fathers name.  
Nor thinke my hurt offends me; for my Sire  
Can fonde repole in i<sup>t</sup> the vilfull fire,  
At his free pleasure, which no powre beside  
Can boast of men, or of the Deuide.

I answerd: Would to God I could compell  
Both life and foule from thee; and fend to hell  
Those spoiles of nature. Hardly *Neptune* then  
Could cure thy hurt, and give thee all again.

Then flew fierce vowes to *Neptune*, both his hands

*Polphemus im-  
prestation a-  
gainst Ulysses.*

To starre-borne heauen cast: O thou that all lands  
Girdst in thy ambient Circle, and in aire  
Shak'st the curld Tresses of thy Saphire haire;  
If I be thine, or thou maile iutly want,  
Thou art my Father: heare me now, and grant  
That this *Ulysses* (old *Laertes* sonne,  
That dwels in *Ithaca*; and name hath wonne  
Of Citie-ruiner) may never reach  
His naturall region. Or if to fetch,  
That, and the sight of his faire rooses and friends,  
Be fatal to him; let him that *Amends*  
For all his miseries, long time and ill,  
Smart for, and faile of: nor that *Fate* fulfill,  
Till all his fouldiers quite are cast away  
In other ships. And when, at last, the day  
Of his sole-landing, shall his dwelling shew,  
Let *Detriment* prepare him wrongs enow.

Thus praid he *Neptune*; who, his Sire appeard;  
And all his praire, to every syllable heard,  
But then a Rocke, in size more amplified  
Then first, he raiseth to him, and implied  
A dismal strength in it; when (wheeld about)  
He fent it after vs, nor flew it out  
From any blind ayme; for a litle passe  
Beyond our Fore-decke, from the fall there was:  
With which the sea, our ship gaue backe wpon,  
And shrunke vp into billowes from the stone;  
Our ship againe repelling, neare as neare  
The shore as first. But then our Rowers were  
(Being wam'd, more arm'd) and stronger stend the flood  
That bore backe on vs, till our ship made good  
The other Iland, where our whole Fleet lay;  
In which our friends lay mourning for our stay;  
And every minute lookt when we shold land.  
Where (now arriu'd) we drew vp to the sand,  
The *Cyclops* sheepe diuiding, that none there

(Of

(Of all our priuates) might be wrung, and beare  
Too much on powre. The Ram yet was alone,  
By all my friends, made all my portion,  
Aboue all others; and I made him then,  
A \*sacrifice for me, and all my men,  
To cloud-compelling *Love*, that all commands.  
To whom I burn'd the Thighs: but my sad hands,  
Reciu'd no grace from him; who studied how  
To offer, men and flete to *Overthrow*.

All day, till Sun-set yet, we fate and eat;  
And liberall store tooke in, of wine and meate.  
The Sunne then downe, and place resign'd to shade,  
We slept; Morne came, my men I raid, and made  
All go aboord; weigh Anker, and away.  
They boorded, fate and beate the aged sea,  
And forth we made saile; sad for losse before,  
And yet had comfort, since we lost no more.

*Finis libri noni Hom. Odyss.*

THE



No occasion let  
pass to *Ulysses*  
fete in our Po-  
ets, singular wit  
and wisedome.

# THE TENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Vlysses now relates to vs,  
The grace he had with Aeolus,  
Great Guardian of the hollow winds:  
Which in a leather bag he binds,  
And gives Vlysses; all but one,  
Which Lephyre was; who sild alone  
Vlysses sailes. The Bag once scene  
(While he slept) by Vlysses men;  
They thinking it did gold me lofe;  
To find it all the winds did losse.  
Who backe flew to their gward againe,  
Forth said he; and did next attaine  
To where the Læstrigoniens dwell.  
Where he eleven shys lof; and fell  
On the Aezan coast; whose shore  
He sends Eurylochus t' explore,  
Dividing with him halfe his men:  
Who go, and turne no more againe;  
(All save Eurylochus, to swime  
By Circe turn'd.) Their shyes entlne  
Vlysses to their search; who got  
Of Mercurie an Autidote,  
(Which Moly mai) aginst Circes charmes,  
And so avaid his soldierns harmes.  
A yere with Circe abremaine,  
And then their nativie formes regaine.  
On uther shores, a time they dwell,  
While Ithacus defends to hell.

Another.

Kasse: Great Aeolus  
And Circe, friends,  
Finds Ithacus;  
And Hell descends.

O the Aeolian land we attaind,  
That swumme about still on the sea; where raign'd  
The God-lou'd Aeolus Hippolytes.  
A wall of steele it had; and in the seas,  
A wawe-beat smooth-rocke, mou'd about the wall.  
Twelue children, in his houfe imperial,  
Were borne to him: of which, fixe daughters were,  
And sixe were sonnes, that youths sweet flowre did bear.

His

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

145

His daughters, to his sonnes he gaue, as wifes;  
Who spent in feafull comforts all their liues;  
Clofe feated by their Sire, and his graue Spouse.  
Past number were the dishes, that the houfe  
Made euer fauour; and still full the Hall;  
As long as day shin'd; in the night-time, all  
Slept with their chaffe wifes. Each his faire car'd bed  
Most richly furnisht; and this life they led.

We reacht the Cittie, and faire roofes of these;  
Where, a whole moneths time, all things that might please  
The King vouchaf't vs. Of great Troy enquir'd,  
The Grecian flete, and how the Grecians retur'd:  
To all which, I gaue answere, as behou'd.

The fit time comes, when I dismission mou'd;  
He nothing would denie me, but addrest  
My passe with such a bountie, as might best  
Teach me contentment. For he did enfold  
Within an Oxe hide, dead at nine yeares old,  
All th'arie blasts, that were of stormie kinds.  
Saturnius made him Steward of his winds;  
And gaue him powre, to raise and to asswage;  
And thefe he gaue me, curbd thus of their rage.  
Which in a glittering siluer band I bound  
And hung vp in my ship: encloſd so round,  
That no egression, any breath could find.  
Only he left abroad the Weferne wind,  
To speede our ships and vs, with blasts secure.  
But our securities, made all vnsure:  
Nor could he conſummat our course alone,  
When all the rest had got egression.  
Which thus succeeded. Nine whole daies and nights  
We faild in fatigie, and the tenth, the lights  
Borne on our Countrey earth, we might desrie:  
So neere we drew, and yet euen then fell I  
(Being ouerwatcht) into a fatall sleepe:

For I would suffer no man elſe to keepe  
The foote that rul'd my vſcels course; to leade  
The faſter home. My friends then Envy fed,  
Abou the bag I hung vp; and ſuppoſde,  
That gold, and siluer, I had there encloſd,  
As gift from Aeolus. And ſaid, O heauen!  
What grace, and graue price, is by all men giuen  
To our Commander? What foer coast  
Or towne, he comes to, how much he engroſt  
Of faire and precious prey, and brought from Troy?  
We the ſame voyaige went, and yet enjoy  
In our returne, theſe empty hands for all.  
This bag now, Aeolus was to liberall

Jupiter.

maſſe  
He calleth  
Saturn, the  
ſterne, the  
ſoote of the ſhip.

To

To make a Guest-gift to him. Let vs tie  
Of what confis, the faire-bound Treasurie,  
And how much gold, and siluer it contains.  
*Ill confise, present approbation gaine.*

" They op't the bag, and out the vapours brake;  
When instant tempest did our vessele take,  
That bore vs backe to See; to mourne anew  
Our absent Countrey. Vp amazd I flew,  
And desperate things discouerst; if I should cast  
My selfe to ruine in the seas; or taste  
Amongst the liuing more mone, and sustaine?  
Silent, I did so; and lay hid againe  
Beneath the hatches: while an ill winde tooke  
My shippes, backe to *Aolia*: my men strooke  
With woe enough. We paump't and landed then;  
Tooke foode, for all this; and (of all my men,)  
I tooke a Herald to me, and away  
Went to the Court of *Aolus*; Where they  
Were feasting still: he, wife and children set  
Together close. We would not (at their meate)  
Thrust in; but humbly on the threshold sat.  
He then amazd, my prefence wonderd at;  
And calld to me: *Vtiffis!* how, thus backe  
Art thou arriu'd here? what soule spirit brake  
Into thy bosome to retire thee thus?  
We thought we had deduacion, curious  
Giuinc thee befor; to reach thy shore and home:  
Did it not like thee? I (even ouercome  
With worthy sorrow) answerd: My ill men  
Haue done me mischiefe; and to them hath bene  
My sleepe th'vnhappie motiue. But do you  
(Dearest of friends) daigne succour to my vow:  
Your poures command it. Thus endeword I  
With soft speach to repaire my misery.  
The rest, with ruth, sat dumbe: but thus spake he;  
Avant; and quickly quy my land of thee,  
Thou wort of all that breathe, it fits not me  
To conuoy, and take in, whom heauens exposse.  
Away, and with thee go, the wort of woes,  
That feek't my friendship, and the Godshy foes.  
Thus he diuinit me, fighing, foorth we fai'd,  
At heart affliected: and now wholy fai'd  
The minds my men sustaing: so spent they were  
With toiling at their oares; and woe did beare  
Their growing labours, that they cauld their grough,  
By selfe-wilid follies; nor now, euer thought  
To see their Countrey more. Six nighes and daies  
We fai'd; the seuenth, we saw faire *Lemnos* raise

Her

Herlofie Towres (The *Lastriganian State*)  
That bears her Ports, so faire diserminate.  
Where \* Shepheard, Shepheard calls out; he at home  
Is calld out by the other that doth come  
From charge abroad; and then goes he to sleepe,  
The other issuing. He wholke turne doth keepe  
The Night obleruance, hath his double hire;  
Since Day and Night, in equall length expire,  
About that Region; and the Nights watch weigh'd  
At twice the Daies ward; since the charge that's laid  
Vpon the Nights-man (besides breach of sleepe)  
Exceeds the Daies-mans: for one, oxen keepe,  
The other sleepe. But when the haunes we found,  
(Exceeding famous, and enuirond round  
With one continuare rocke: which, so much bent,  
That both ends almost met; so promisht  
They were; and made, the haunes mouth passing streight)  
Our whole flete, in we got; in whole receipt  
Our Ships lay anchor'd close: nor needed we  
Fear harme on any \* fates; *Tranquillite*  
So purely fate there: that waues great, nor small  
Did euer rise to any height at all.  
And yet would I, no entrie make; but staid  
Alone without the haunes; and thence suruaid  
From out a lofie watch-towre raised there,  
The Countrey round about: nor any where  
The wroke of man or beast, appeard to me;  
Only a smoke from earth breake, I might see.  
I then made choice of two; and added more,  
A Herald for associate, to explore  
What sort of men liu'd there. They went, and saw  
A beaten way, through which, carts vld to draw  
Wood from the high hills, to the Towne; and met  
A maid without the Port; about to get  
Some neare spring-water. She, the daughter was  
Of mightic *Lastriganian*, *Antiphos*:  
And to the cleare spring, cald *Artacia*, went;  
To which the whole Towne, for their water sent.  
To her they came, and askt who gouern'd there?  
And what the people, whom he orderd were?  
She answerd not, but led them through the Port,  
As making haffe, to shew her fathers Court.  
Where, entred; they beheld (to their affright)  
A woman like a mountaine top, in height.  
Who rusht abroad; and from the Counsaile place  
Cald home her horrid husband *Antiphos*.  
Who (deadly minded) straight he fatcht vp one,  
And fell to supper. Both the rest were gone;

O 2

This place suf-  
fers different  
conuincion, in  
all the Commu-  
nities, (in which  
all are from the  
mindfull Po-  
et: in a hun-  
dred other pla-  
ces (whch is I  
wrote time to ap-  
prove) especially  
about *Vtiffis*  
the sunnes, &c.  
Proper enim  
noctis & diei  
lunt viae, (or li-  
miles which  
iijps signifi)  
which they will  
have to be-  
under foot, that  
the daies in that  
region are long  
and the nightis  
short; where  
Hom. intends,  
that the Equi-  
noctiall is thret  
(for how else is  
the course of day  
and night neare  
or equal?) but  
therefore the  
night-men  
hath his double  
hire, being as  
long about his  
charge as the o-  
ther; and the  
night being more  
dangerous, &c.  
And if the day  
were so long,  
why should the  
night man be  
prefer'd in  
wages?  
\* For being easie  
on the shippes, as  
shippes are by  
weather.

*Antiphos* was  
king there.

And

And to the flete came, *Anipbar*, a cric  
Draue through the Cite; (which heard,) instantly  
This way, and that, innumerable sort,  
Not men, but Gyants, issed through the Ports;  
And mightie stnts from rocks tote, which they threw  
Amongst our shps, through which, an ill noise flew,  
Of shuert shps, and life-expiting men,  
That were, like fishes, by the monsters slaine,  
And borne to sad seaf. While they slaughtered these,  
That were engag'd in all th'advantages,  
The clofe-mouth'd, and molt dead-calm haue could gine,  
I (that without lay) made some meanes to live;  
My sword drew; cut my gables; and to oares  
Set all my men; and, from the plagues, thos' shores  
Let fie amongst vs, we made haste so fie;  
My men, clofe working, as men loth to die.  
My shp flew freely off; but theirs that lay  
On heapes in harbors, could enforce no way  
Through these sterne fates, that had engag'd them there.

Forth our sad remnant fald; yet still retain'd,  
The ioyes of men, that our poore few remain'd,  
Then to the Ile *Aeas* we attaint;  
Where faire-haired, dreadfull, eloquent *Circe* raignd,  
*Aeas* sister, both by Dame and Sire;  
Both daughters to heauens man-enlightning fire,  
And *Perse*, whom *Oceanus* begat.  
The ship-fit Port here, loone we landed at:  
Some God directing vs. Two daies; two nights,  
We lay here pining in the fatall fights  
Of toile and frowr. But the next third day  
When faire *Aurora* had informd; quicke way  
I made out of my shp; my sword and lance  
Tooke for my furer guide; and made aduance  
Vp to a prospect, I affay to see  
The works of men; or heare mortallitie  
Expira a voice. When I had climb'd a heighth  
Rough and right hardly accessible, I might  
Behold from *Circes* house (that in a groue  
Set thicke with trees, stood; a bright vapor mone.  
I then grew \*curious in my thought to tric  
Some fit enquierie; when so spritley fie  
I saw the yellowe smoke. But my discoure,  
A firt returing to my shp gave force  
To giue my men their dinner, and to fend,  
(Before th'aduenture of my selfe) some friend.  
Being neare my shp, of one so defolate  
Some God had pitie, and would recreate  
My woes a little, putting vp to me

<sup>\*propositum</sup>  
Caro cogito,  
\* adhuc cogito,  
dixi, figurans  
rutilas: by rea-  
son of the fire  
mixt with it.  
Fumus qui si-  
dam aliquid  
accidens.

A great and high-palmd Hart; that (fatallic,  
lutt in my way it felte, to taſte a flood)  
Was then defcending: the Sunne heate had ſure  
Importun'd him, beſides the temperature  
His naturall heate gaue. Howſoever, I  
Made vp to him, and let my Iauelin fie,  
That ſtrooke him through the mid-part of his chine;  
And made him (braying) in the dulf confine  
His flying forces. Forth his ſpirit flew;  
When I ſtept in, and from the deaths wound drew  
My ſhrewdly-bitten lance; there let him lie  
Till I, of cut-vp Osiers, did imply,  
A With, a fathome long, with which, his ſeete  
I made together, in a fure league meeete;  
Scoop't vnder him, and to my necke, I heau'd  
The mightie burthen; of which, I receau'd  
A good part on my lance: for elfe I could  
By no meanes, with one hand alone, vphould  
(loynd with one ſhoulder) ſuſh a deathfull lode.  
And ſo, to both my ſhoulders, both hands stood  
Needfull aſſitants: for it was Dearly  
Goodly-wel-grownne: when (coming ſomething neare  
Where rode my shps) I caſt it downe, and re'd  
My friends with kind words; whom, by name I cheerd,  
In note particular, and ſaid; See friends,  
We will not yet to *Platos* houſe, our ends  
Shall not be haſtend, though we be declind  
In caufe of comfort, till the day deſign'd  
By Fates fixt finger. Come, as long as food  
Or wine laſts in our shp, let ſpiriit our blode  
And quiſt our care and hunger, both in one.

This ſaid, they frolikt, came, and looکt vpon  
With admiration, the huge bodied beaſt;  
And when their firſt ſeru'd eyes, had done their eaſt;  
They waſht, and made a to-be-ſtru'd-for meale,  
In \* point of honour. On which all did dwell  
The whole day long. And, to our venzons ſtore,  
We adde wine till we could wiſh no more.  
Sunne ſet, and darkneſſe vp; we ſlept, till light  
Put darkneſſe downe: and then did I excite  
My friends to \* counſaile, vtering this: Now, friends,  
Affoord vnpaſſionate eare, though ill Fate lends,  
So good caufe to your paſſion; no man knowes  
The reaſon whence, and how, the darkneſſe growes;  
The reaſon, how the Morne is thus begunne:  
The reaſon, how the Man-enlightning Sunne  
Diues vnder earth: the reaſon how againe  
He reres his golden head. Thoſe counſailes then

<sup>\*agmina, ha. duci m.</sup>  
The whole end of  
thiſ counſaile  
was to perſuade  
hiſ poſſiders to  
explore thiſe  
parts: which he  
kn w. would  
proce a moſt un-  
pleaſing motion  
to ſtart for their  
fellowes terrible  
entertainment  
with Antiphates,  
and Polyphe, and  
therefore he pre-  
pares the little  
he haſh to ſay,  
with thiſ long  
circumſtance  
implying a ne-  
ceſſarie of that  
ſervice, and ne-  
ceſſary reſolution  
to addle the triall  
of the event, to  
their other ad-  
uentures,

That passe our comprehension, we must leue  
 To him that knowes their cautes; and receue  
 Direction from him, in our acts, as faire  
 As he shall please to make them regular;  
 And stoope them to our reason. In our state,  
 What then behoues vs? Can we estimate  
 With all our counfailes, where we are, or know  
 (Without instruction, past our owne skils) how  
 (Put off from hence) to stree our course the more?  
 I thinke we can not. We must then explore  
 Theſe parts for information; in which way  
 We thus faire are: last Morn I might diſplay  
 (From off a high-raifd cliffe) an Iland lie  
 Girt with th'vnmeaſur'd ſea; and is fo ne  
 That in the midſt I ſaw the ſmoke arife  
 Through tuſt of trees. This reſt then to aduife,  
 Who ſhall explore this. This ſtrooke dead their hearts,  
 Rememb'ring the moſt execrable parts  
 That *Laſtrigonian Aniſphæ* had plaid:  
 And that foul Cyclop, that their fellowes braid  
 Bewixt his iawes, which mou'd them ſo; they cried.  
 But idle teares, had neuer wants ſupplied.  
 I, in two parts diuided all, and gaue  
 To either part his Captaine: I muſt haue  
 The charge of one; and one of God-like looke,  
*Eurylochus*, the other. Lots we ſhooke,  
 (Put in a canke together,) which of vs  
 Should leadeth attempt; and twas *Eurylochus*.  
 He freely went; with two and twenty more:  
 All which, tooke leaue with teares; and our eyes wore  
 The ſame wet badge, of weake humanity.  
*Circles house*. Theſe, in a dale, did *Circles* house defirie;  
 Of bright ſtone buiilt, in a conſpicuous way:  
 Before her gates, hill-wolues, and Lyons lay;  
 Which with her virtuous drugs, ſo tame ſhe made;  
 That Wolſe, nor Lyon, would one man inuade  
 With any violence, but all aroſe;  
 Their huge long tailis wagd; and in fawnes would cloſe,  
 As louing dogs, when maſters bring them home  
 Relicks of feaſt; in all obſeruance, come  
 And ſooth their entries, with their fawnes and bounds;  
 All guests, ſtill bringing, ſome ſcraps for their hounds:  
 So, on theſe men, the Wolues, and Lyons ramp'd;  
 Their horrid paws ſet vp. Their ſpirits were damp't  
 To ſee ſuch monſtrous kindneſſe; ſtaid at gate,  
 And heard within, the Goddessē eleuate  
 A voicediuine, as at her web, ſhe wrought,  
 Subtle, and glorious, and paſt earthly thought;

Similes.

As

As all the houſwifries of Deities are.  
 To heare a voice, ſo rauifhing rare;  
*Polites* (one exceeding deare to me,  
 A Prince of men; and of no meane degree  
 In knowing vertue; in all Actis, whole mind  
 Discreete cares all wayes, vſde to turne, and wind)  
 Was yet ſurprid with it; and laid; O friends,  
 Some one abides within here, that commands  
 The place to vs; and breathes a voice diuine;  
 As ſhe ſome web wrought; or her ſpindles twine  
 She cheriſh with her ſong: the paument rings  
 With imitation of the tunes ſhe ſings;  
 Some woman, or ſome Goddessē tis; Aſſay  
 To ſee with knocking. Thus ſaid he; and they  
 Both knockt, and calld; and ſtraight her ſhining gates  
 She opened, iſſing: bade them in, to cates.  
 Led, and (vnwife) they follow'd; all, but one  
 Which was *Eurylochus*, who ſtood alone  
 Without the gates, ſuspicioſ of a feaſt;  
 They enterd, ſhe made ſit; and her deceit  
 She cloakt with Thrones, and goodly chaires of State;  
 Set hearby honey, and the delicate  
 Wine brought from *Smryna*, to them; meale and cheeſe;  
 But harmefull venoms, ſhe commixt with theſe;  
 That made their Countryt vaniſh from their thought.  
 Which, eat, ſhe toucht them, with a rod that wrought  
 Their transformation, farre paſt humane wunts;  
 Swines ſnowts, swines bodies, tooke they, briftles, grunts;  
 But ſtill retain'd the ſoules they had before;  
 Which mad them mourne their bodies change the more.  
 She shut them ſtraight in ſties; and gaue them meate  
 Oke-maſt, and beech, and Cornell fruite, they eat,  
 Groueling like ſwine on earth, in fowleſt fort.  
*Eurylochus*, ſtraight hasted the report  
 Of this his fellowes moſt remorceland fate.  
 Came to the ſhips; but ſo exacuteate  
 Was with his woe; he could not ſpeak a word:  
 His eyes stood full of teares; which ſhew'd how stor'd,  
 His mind with moſe remained. We all admir'd;  
 Ask what had chanc't him, earnestly defir'd  
 He would refolue vs. At the laſt, our eyes,  
 Enflam'd in him, his fellowes memories:  
 And out his griefe burst thus; You willd; we went  
 Through thoſe thicke woods you ſaw; when, a deſcent  
 Shew'd vs a faire houſe, in a lightsome ground,  
 Where (at ſome worke) we heard a heauenly ſound  
 Breath'd from a Goddessē, or a womans breſt:  
 They knockt, ſhe op't her bright gates; each, her guest

*advice*  
*Cuius animus*  
*curas prudentes*  
*veritas*

*Seeing them, he  
 thought of his  
 fellowes.*

Wyses, mon'd  
for his soldiern.  
Eurylochus.

Her faire iuinentment made: nor would they stay,  
(Fooles that they were) when she once led the way.  
I entred not, suspecting some deceipt.  
When all together vanish't, nor the fight  
Of any one, (though long I lookt) mine eye  
Could any way discouer. Instantly,  
(My sword, and bow reacht) I bad shew the place,  
When, downe he fell; did both my knees embrace,  
And praid with teares thus; O thou kept of God,  
Do not thy selfe losse, nor to that aboard  
Leade others rashly; both thy selfe, and all  
Thou ventur'st thither, I know well, must fall  
In one sure ruine: with these few then fie;  
We yet may shunne the others deceipt.  
I answred him: *Eurylochus!* stay thou  
And keepe the shipp then; eat and drinke: I now  
Will vndertake th adventure; there is cause  
In great *Necessities*, vnalterd lawes.  
This said, I left both ship and seas; and on  
Along the sacred valies all alone  
Went in discouery: till at last I came  
Where, of the maine medicine-making Dame  
I saw the great houfe: where, encounterd me,  
The golden-rod-sustaining *Mercurie*,  
Euen entring *Circes* doores. He met me in  
A yong mans likeness, of the first-flow'd chin,  
Whose forme hath all the grace, of one so yong:  
He first cald to me: then my hand, he wrung,  
And said; Thou no-place-finding for repose,  
Whither, alone, by these hill-confines, goes  
Thy erring foote? Th' art entring *Circes* houfe,  
Where, (by her medicines, blacke, and forceous)  
Thy fouldiers all are shut, in well-arm'd sties,  
And turnd to swine. Art thou arriu'd with pris  
Fit for their ransomes? Thou com'st out no more  
If once thou entest. Like thy men before  
Made to remaine here; But Ile guard thee free;  
And saue thee in her spire: receive of me  
This faire and good receipt; with which, once arm'd,  
Enter her roofer, for th' art to all prooef charm'd  
Against the ill day: I will tell thee all  
Her banfull counfaile. With a festiwall  
Sheele first receive thee; but will spice thy bread  
With flowrys paysons: yet vnalterd  
Shall thy firme forme be; for this remedy  
Stands most approu'd, aginst all her Sorcery.  
Which, thus particularly shunne: When she  
Shall with her long rod strike thee, instantly

Draw from thy thigh thy sword, and stie on her  
As to her slaughter. She, (surprise with feare  
And loue) at first, will bid thee to her bed;  
Nor say the Goddesse nay, that welcomed  
Thou maist with all respect be, and procure  
Thy fellowes freedomes. But before, make sure  
Her fauours to thee; and the great oath take  
With which the blessed Gods, assurance make  
Of all they promise: that no prejudice  
(By stripping thee of forme, and faculties)  
She may so much as once attempt on thee.  
This said, he gaue his *Antidote* to me;  
Which from the earth he pluckt, and told me all  
The vertue of it: With what Deities call  
The name it beares. And *Moly* they impose  
For name to it. The root is hard to loole  
From hold of earth, by mortals: but Gods powre  
Can all things do. Tis blacke, but beares a flowre  
As white as milke. And thus flew *Mercurie*  
Up to immense *Olympus*, gliding by  
The syluan Iland, I, made backe my way  
To *Circes* houfe: my mind, of my assay  
Much thought reuoluing. At her gates I staid  
And cald: she heard, and her bright doores displaid;  
Invited, led; I followed in: but tract  
With forme distractio[n]. In a Throne she plac't  
My welcome person. Of a curious frame  
Twas, and so bright; I fate as in a flame.  
A foote-stoole added. In a golden boule  
She then subornd a potion: in her soule,  
Deform'd things thinking: for amidst the wine  
She mixt her man-transforming medicine:  
Which when she saw I had deuoured, she then,  
No more obseru'd me with her soothing vaines;  
But strooke me with her rod, and, To her Sty,  
Bad, out, away, and with thy fellowes lie,  
I drew my sword, and charg'd her, as I ment  
To take her life. When out she cri'd, and bent  
Beneath my sword, her knees, embracing mine;  
And (full of teares) said, Who's of what high line  
Art thou the issue? whence? what shores sustaine  
Thy natvie Cittie? I amaz'd remaine  
That drinking these my venomes, th' art not turnd.  
Neuer drunke any this cup; but he mournd  
In other likeness; if it once had past  
The iuorie bounders of his tongue, and taste.  
All but thy selfe, are brutifly declind:  
Thy breast holds firme yet, and vnchang'd thy mind:

The herbe *Moly*  
which with P-  
effe while  
Narration, hath  
in chiffor *Al-*  
*legorical expof-*  
*tion. 2* (with-  
standing I say  
with our Spou-  
danus. Credo in  
hoc vafio mun-  
di ambiu extra-  
re res innume-  
ramur and fa-  
cultatis; adeo,  
ve ne quide illa  
qua ad tran-  
formanda cor-  
pora pertinet,  
sue e mundo  
eximi possit, &c

Thou canst be therefore, none else but the man  
 Of many virtues : *Ithacensias*,  
 Deep-foul'd *Vijfys* : who, I oft was told,  
 By that sile God, that beares the rod of gold,  
 Was to arrive here, in retreat from *Troy*.  
 Sheath then thy sword, and let my bed enjoy  
 So much a man; that when the bed we proue,  
 We may 'believe in one anothers loue.  
 I then : O *Circe*, why entreat'st thou me  
 To mixe in any humane league with thee,  
 When thou, my friends haft beafe turn'd: and thy bed  
 Tenderst to me; that I might likewise leade  
 A beafe's life with thee, lofn'd, naked stript,  
 That in my blood, thy bane, may more be steept.  
 I never will ascend thy bed, before  
 I may affirme, that in heauens sight you swore  
 The great oath of the Gods, that all attempt  
 To do me ill, is from your thoughts exempt.  
 I said, she swore : when, all the oath-rites said,  
 I then ascended her adorned bed;  
 But thus prepar'd: four handmaids seru'd her there,  
 That daughters to her siluer fountaines were,  
 To her bright-sea-obseruing sacred floods;  
 And to her vneut confecrated woods.  
 One deckt the Throne-tops, with rich clothes of state;  
 And did, with filles, the foote-pace, confecrate.  
 Another, siluer tables set before  
 Th' pompos Throne; and golden dishes store  
 Seru'd in with feuerall feast. A third fild wine;  
 The fourth brought water, and made fewell shone  
 In ruddy fires; beneath a wombe of braffe.  
 Which heat, I bath'd; and odorous water was  
 Disperpled lightly, on my head, and necke;  
 That might my late, heart-hurting sorrowes checke  
 With the refreshing sweetnesse; and, for that,  
 Men sometimes, may be something delicate.  
 Bath'd, and adorn'd, she led me to a Throne  
 Of massis siluer, and of fashon  
 Exceeding curious. A faire foote-stoole set;  
 Water appolde, and every sort of meate  
 Set on th' elaborately polisht boord.  
 She wist my taste emploid; but not a word  
 Would my cares taste, of taste : my mind had food  
 That must digest; eye meate would do me good.  
*Circe* (obseruing, that I put no hand  
 To any banquet, hausing counterman  
 From weightier cares; the light cares could excuse.)  
 Bowing her neare me, these wing'd words did vse:

Why

Why sin *Vijfys*, like one dumber? his mind  
 Lessening with languors? Nor to food enclined;  
 Nor wine? Whence comes it, our ofany feare  
 Of more illusion? You must needs forbear  
 That wrongfull doubt, since you haue heard me sware.

O *Circe*! (I replied) what man is he,  
 Awd with'the rights of true humanitie,  
 That dares taste food or wine; before he sees  
 His friends redemp'd from their deformities?  
 If you be gentle, and indeed incline  
 To let me taste the comfort of your wine;  
 Dissolue the charmes, that their forc't formes encheine  
 And shew me here, my honord friends, like men.

This said, she left her Throne, and tooke her rod,  
 Went to her Stie, and let my men abroad,  
 Like swine of nine yeares old. They opposite stood,  
 Obseru'd their brutifl formes, and look'for food;  
 When, with another medicine, (euery one  
 All ouer (meer'd) their briftles all were gone,  
 Produc't by malice of the other bane;  
 And euery one, afresh, lookt vp a man.  
 Both yonger then they were; of stature more;  
 And all their formes, much goodlier then before.  
 All knew me; clinged about me, and a cry  
 Of pleasing mouraing, flew about so hie,  
 Th' horrid roofe resounding; and the Queene  
 Her selfe, was mou'd, to see our kinde so keene.  
 Who bad me now; bring ship and men aforo,  
 Our armes, and goods, in caues hid; and restore  
 My selfe to her, with all my other men.  
 I granted, went, and op't the weeping veine  
 In all my men; whose violent ioy to see  
 My safe retурne, was passing kindly fice  
 Of friendly teares, and miserably wept.  
 You haue not seene yong Heifers (highly kept;  
 Fild full of daisies at the field, and druien  
 Home to their houes; all so spritley giuen  
 That no roome can containe them; but about,  
 Bace by the Dams, and let their spirits out  
 In ceasselesse bleating) of more iocund plight  
 Then my kind friends, eu'en crying out with sight  
 Of my retурne so doubted. Cirl'd me  
 With all their welcomes, and as cheerfully  
 Disposde their rapt minds, as if there they saw  
 Their naturall Countrie, cliffe *Ithaca*;  
 And eu'en the roofer where they were bred and borne.  
 And vowed as much, with teares : O your retурne  
 As much delights vs; as in you had come

Our

Our Countrie to vs, and our naturall home.  
 But what vnhappy fate hath left our friende  
 I gave valoock for answere; That amends  
 Made for their mourning, bad them first of all,  
 Our ship ashore draw, then in Cauens shall  
 Our foodie cattell, hide our mutuall pride;  
 And then (faid I) attend me, that your cies,  
 In *Circes* sacred house, may see each friend,  
 Eating and drinking, banquets out of end.  
 They soone obeid; all but *Eurylochus*;  
 Who needes would stay them all; and counseild thus,  
 O wretches! whither will ye? why are you  
 Fond of your mischiefs? and luch gladnesse shew  
 For *Circes* house, that will tranforme ye all  
 To Swine, or Wolves, or Lions? Neuer shall  
 Our heads get out; if once within we be,  
 But stay compell'd by strong *Necessitie*.  
 So wrought the *Cylop*, when tis caue, our friends  
 This bold one, led on, and brought all their ends  
 By his one indiscretion. I, for this  
 Thought with my swerd (that desperate head of his  
 Hewne from his necke) to gath vpon the ground  
 His mang'd bodie, though my blood was bound  
 In neare alliance to him, But the rest  
 With humble suite containd me, and request,  
 That I would leave him, with my ship alone;  
 And to the sacred Pallace leade them on.

I led them; nor *Eurylochus* would stay,  
 From their attendance on me: Our late fray  
 Stroke to his heart so, But meane time, my men,  
 In *Circes* house, were all, in seuerall baine  
 Studiously sweetn'd, smugd with oile, and deckt  
 With, in, and outweeds: and a feast secret  
 Seru'd in before them: at which, close we found  
 They all were fet, cheer'd, and carousing round.  
 When (mutuall fight had, and all thought on) then  
 Feast was forgotten; and the mone againe  
 About the houle flew, driven with wings of toy.  
 But then spake *Circe*: Now, no more annoy:  
 I know my selfe, what woes by sea, and shore,  
 And men vniust, haue plagu'd enough before  
 Your iniur'd vertues: here then, feast as long,  
 And be as cheerfull, till ye grow as strong,  
 As when ye first forsooke your Countrie earth.  
 Ye now fare all, like exiles; nor a mirth  
 Flasht in amogst ye, but is quenchtagaine  
 With still-renewd tears: though the beaten vioce  
 Of your distresses, should (me thinke) be now

*scattered in sea*  
*te.*  
 Commemora-  
 banqueonnia.  
 Intending all  
 their miseries,  
 escapes, and  
 meetings:

Benumb with sufferance. We did well allow  
 Her kind perswasions; and the whole yeaer staid  
 In varied feast with her. When, now arraid  
 The world was with the Spring, and orbie houres  
 Had gone the round againe, through herbs and flowres,  
 The moneths abfolud in order; till the daies  
 Had runne their full race, in *Apollo* rages;  
 My friends rememberd me of home, and said,  
 It euer Fate would signe my passe; delaid  
 It should be now no more. I heard them well,  
 Yet that day, spent in feast, till darknesse fell;  
 And sleepe, his virtues, through our vapours shed.  
 When I ascended, sacred *Circes* bed;  
 Implor'd my passe; and her performed vow  
 Which now, my soule vrg'd; and my foaldiers now  
 Afflied me with tears to get them gone.  
 All thefe I told her; and she answere these;  
 Much-skilled *Phyllis* *Laertes*!  
 Remaine no more, against your wils with me:  
 But take your free way: onely this must be  
 Perform'd before you sterte your course for homes,  
 You must the way to *Platos* ouercomes  
 And sterte *Persephone*, to forme your passe,  
 By th'aged *Teban Soule Tiresias*;  
 The dark-browd Prophet: whose foule yet can see  
 Clearly, and firmly: graue *Persephone*,  
 (Euen dead) gaue him a mind; that he alone  
 Might fing *Trithib* solide wisedome, and not one  
 Proue more then shade, in his comparisone.

This broke my heart; I funke into my bed;  
 Mournd, and would never more be comforted  
 With light, nor life. But haung now exprest  
 My paines enough to her, in my vniest,  
 That so I might prepare her ruth, and get  
 All I held fit, for an affaire so great;  
 I said, O *Circe*, who shall sterte my course  
 To *Platos* kingdome? Neuer ship had force  
 To make that voiage. The diuine in voice,  
 Said, Seeke no guide, rafe you your Mast, and hoice  
 Your ships white sailes; and then, fit you at peace;  
 The fresh North spirit, shall waft ye through the seas.  
 But, haung past th'*Ocean*, you shall fee;  
 A little shore, that to *Persephone*  
 Puts vp a consecrated wood, where growes,  
 Tall Firres, and Sallowes, that their fruits soone loose:  
 Caff anchor in the gulphes: and go alone  
 To *Platos* darke house, where, to *Acheron*  
*Cetym* runnes, and *Pyriphlegiton*.

Cocytw borne of Styx, and where a Rocke  
 Of both the met floods, beares the toring shooke,  
 The darke Heret, (great *Tiresias*)  
 Now coming neare, (to gaine propitious passe)  
 Dig (of a cubit euery way) a pit;  
 And powre (to all that are deceast) in it  
 A solemne sacrifice. For which, first take  
 Honey and wine, and their commixtion make:  
 Then sweete wine, neare, and thirdly, water powre;  
 And lastly, adde to thefe, the whitest flore:  
 Then vow to all the weake necks of the dead,  
 Offerings a number: and when thou shalt tread  
 The *Ithacensian* shore, to sacrifice  
 A Heifer neuer tam'd, and most of pris';  
 A pyle of all thy most-esteemed goods  
 Enflaming to the deare streames of their bloods:  
 And, in secret Rites, to *Tiresias* vow  
 A Ram cole blacke, at all parts, that doth flow  
 With fat, and flesce; and all thy flockes doth leade:  
 When the all-calling nation of the dead  
 Thou thus haft praid to; offer on the place,  
 A Ram and Ewe all blacke: being turn'd in face  
 To dreadfull *Erebus*; thy selfe aside  
 The floods shore walking. And then, gratified  
 With flocks of Soules, of Men, and Dames deceast,  
 Shall all thy pious Rites be. Straight, arrest  
 See then the offering that thy fellowes slew;  
 Flayd, and impofde in fire, and all thy Crew,  
 Pray to the state of either *Deitie*,  
*Grave Plato*, and feuerie *Persephone*.  
 Then draw thy sword, stand firme, nor suffer one  
 Of all the faint shades, of the dead and gone,  
 T'approch the blood, till thou haft heard their king,  
 The wife *Tiresias*: who, thy offering  
 Will instantly do honour: thy home wayes,  
 And all the measure of them, by the feas  
 Amply unfoldeing. This the Goddesse told;  
 And then, the morning in her Throne of gold,  
 Suruaid the vast world; by whose orient light,  
 The *Nymph* adorn'd me with attires as bright,  
 Her owne hands putting on, both thirt and weede,  
 Robes fine, and curios; and vpon my head,  
 An ornament that gliterd like a flame:  
 Girt me in gold, and forth betimes I came  
 Amongst my fouldiers; roud them all from sleepe;  
 And bad them now; no more obfervance keepe  
 Of eafe, and feast; but straight, a shipboard fall,  
 For now the Goddesse had inform'd me all:

Which is ex-  
 plained in  
 the  
 Epistles of Pla-  
 to, and by An-  
 toine, belongs to  
 the dead, quod  
 ad se omnes ad-  
 vocet.

Their noble spirits agree'd; nor yet so cleare  
 Could I bring all off; but *Elopes* there  
 His heedleſſe life left: he was yongest man  
 Of all my company, and one that wanne  
 Leaſt fame for armes; as little for his braine;  
 Who (too much ſtept in wine, and ſo made faint,  
 To get refreſhing by the coole of ſleepe;  
 Apart his fellowes; plung'd in vapors deepe;  
 And they as high in tumult of their way)  
 Sodainly wakt, and (quite out of the ſtay  
 A sober mind had giuen him) would defcend  
 A huge long Ladder, forward, and an end  
 Fell from the very rooſe; full pitching on  
 The deareſt ioynt, his head was plac't vpon;  
 Which (quite diſſolu'd,) let loose his ſoule to hell.  
 I, to the reſt; and *Circe* meaneſ did tell  
 Of our returne (as croſſing cleane the hope  
 I gaue them firſt) and ſaid; You think the ſcope  
 Of our endeoures now, is ſtraight for home,  
 No: *Circe* otherwife deſign'd, whoſe doome  
 Enjoyd us firſt, to greet the dreadfull house  
 Of *Auſtere Plato*, and his glorious ſpouse;  
 To take the counaile of *Tiresias*  
 (The reuerend *Tebas*) to direc't our paſſe.  
 This brake their hearts, and griefe made teare their haire  
 But griefe was neuer good, at a greataffaire.  
 It would haue way yet. We went wofull on  
 To ſhip and ſhore, where, was ariu'd as ſoone  
*Circe* vnfene; a blacke Ewe, and a Ram,  
 Binding for ſacrifice; and as ſhe came  
 Vanift againe, vnvitneſt by our eyes;  
 Which grieu'd not vs, nor chek't our ſacrifice;  
 For who would ſee God, loath to let vs ſee?  
 This way, or that bent; ſtill his waies are free.

Finis decimi libri Hom. Odyſſ.

THE

# THE XI. BOOK E OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Vlysses way to Hell appears;  
Where he, the grave Tiresias beare,  
Enquires his owne, and others fates.  
His mother sees, and th' after seates,  
In which, were held, by sad Deceas  
Heroes, and Heroicess;  
A number, that at Troy wroght, d'warres;  
At Ajax that was still at iorre  
With Ithacus, for th' armes he left;  
And with the great Achilles Ghost.

Another.

Aphrodite. Vlysses here  
Inuokes the dead;  
The lines appear,  
Hereafter led.

Riu'd now at our ship; we lancht, and set  
Our Mast vp, pur forth saile; and in did get  
Our late-got Cattell. Vp our sailes, we went;  
My wayward fellowes mourning now th' event.  
A good companion yet, a foreghe wind;  
Circe, (the excellent vitter of her mind)  
Supplied our munnuring consorts with, that was  
Both speed, and guide to our adventurous pale.  
All day our failes stood to the winds; and made  
Our voyage prosperous. Sunne then set, and shad  
All wayes obscuring: on the bounds we fell  
Of deepe Oceanus, where people dwel  
Whom a perpetuall cloud obscures outright:  
To whom the cheerfull Sunne lends never light;  
Nor when he mounts the star-sustaining heauens;  
Nor when he stoopes earth, and sets vp the Euen:  
But Night holds fixt wings, feathered all with Banes,  
Aboue those most vnbright Cimmerianes.  
Here drew we vp our ship: our sheepe with-drew;  
And walk the shore till we attain the view  
Of that sad region Circe had foreshow'd;  
And then the sacred offerings, to be vow'd,  
Eurylochus, and Persemedes bore.  
When I, my iword drew, and earths wombe did gore

They mourned the  
event before  
they knew it.

Till

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

Till I, a pit digg'd of a cubite round;  
Which with the liquid sacrifice, we crow n'd  
First, honey mixt with wine; then, sweete wine neare;  
Then water powr'd in, last the flowre of wheate,  
Much I importun'd then, the weake-neckt dead,  
And yowd, when I the barren soile should tread  
Of cliffe Ithaca; amidst my hall  
To kill a Heifer, my cleare best of all,  
And glue in offering: on a Pile compos'd  
Of all the choise goods, my whole house enclos'd.  
And to Tiresias, himselfe, alone  
A sheepe cole-blacke, and the selectest one  
Of all my flockes. When to the powres beneath,  
The sacred nation, that suruive with Death,  
My prayrs, and vowed, had done deuotions fit,  
I tooke the offrings, and vpon the pit  
Bereft their liues. Our gulft the fable blood,  
And round about me, fled out of the flood,  
The Soules of the deceast. There cluster'd then,  
Youths, and their wiues, much suffering aged men,  
Soft tender virgins, that but new came there,  
By timelesse death, and greene their sorrowes were.  
There, men at Armes, with armors all embrew'd,  
Wounded with lances, and with faulchions hew'd:  
In numbers, vp and downe the ditch, did stalk,  
And threw vmeasur'd cries, about their walke;  
So horrid that a bloodlesse feare surprise,de,  
My daunted spirits. Straight then, I aduise  
My friends to slay the slaughter'd sacrifice,  
Put them in fire, and to the Deities,  
Sterne Pluto, and Persephone, apply  
Excitfull prayrs. Then drew I from my Thy,  
My well-edg'd sword; stept in, and firmly stood  
Betwix the preafe of shadowes, and the blood;  
And would not suffer any one to dip  
Within our offring, his vnsolide lip;  
Before Tiresias, that did all controule.  
The first that preast in, was Elpenors soule,  
His body, in the broad-waid earth, as yet  
Vnmournd, vnburied by vs; since we sweet  
With other vrgent labours. Yet his smart,  
I wept to see; and ru'd it from my heart,  
Enquiring how, he could before me be,  
That came by ship? He mourning, answred me:  
In Circes house, the spite some Spirit did bear,  
And the vnspeakable good licour there  
Hath bene my bane. For being to descend  
A ladder much in height, I did nottend

P 3

My

My way well downe, but forwards made a proe  
To tread the rounds; and from the very roofe  
Fell on my necke, and brake it. And this made  
My soule thus vifite this internall shade.  
And here, by them that next thy ſelfe are deare,  
Thy Wife, and Father, that a little one  
Gave food to thee; and by thy onely Sonne  
At home behind thee left, (Telemachus)  
Do not depart by stealth, and leaue me thus,  
Vnmour'd, vnburied: leſt neglected I  
Bring on thy ſelfe, th' incensed Deuine.  
I know, that ſaide from hence, thy ſhip muſt touch  
On th' Ile Alae, where vouchafe thus much  
(Good king) that, landed, thou wilt instantly,  
Beſtow on me, thy roiall memory;  
To this grace, that my body, armes and all,  
May reſt conſum'd in firie funeral.  
And on the fomic ſhore, a Sepulchre  
Ereſt to me; that after times may hear  
Ofone ſo hapleſſe. Let me theſe implore,  
And fixe upon my Sepulcher, the Ore  
With which aliu, I ſhooke the aged ſeas;  
And had, of friends, the deare ſocietieſ.

I told the wretched Soule, I would fulfill  
And execute to th' vtmoſt point, his will;  
And, all the time, we fadly talkt; I fill  
My ſword about the blood held; when aſide  
The Idoll of my friend, ſtill ampliſed  
His plaint, as vp and downe, the ſhades he cri'd.  
Then, my deceaſed mothers Soule appeard;  
Faire daughter of Anteles, the Great;  
Graue Anteles, Whom, when forth I ſet  
For ſacred Iliou, I had leſt aliu.  
Her ſight, much mou'd me; and to teares did drine  
My note of her deceaſe: and yet, not ſhe  
(Though in my ruth, ſhe held the highest degree)  
Would I admit to touch the ſacred blood;  
Till from Tiresias, I had underſtood  
What Circes told me. At the length did land,  
Theban Tiresias ſoule; and in his hand  
Sustained a golden Scepter, knew me well;  
And ſaid, O man vnhappy, why to hell  
Admitſt thou darke artiuall; and the light  
The Sunne giues, leau't; to haue the horrid ſight  
Of this blacke region, and the shadowes here!  
Now ſheathe thy ſharpe ſword; and the pit forbare.  
That I the blood may taste; and then relate  
The truth of thofe acts, that affect thy Fate.

Mifters apud  
Virgilium, in  
geno mole, &c.

Tiresias v.  
by ſelfe.

I heath'd my ſword; and leſt the pit, till he  
The blacke blood tasting, thus inſtructed me;  
Renoun'd Vlyſſer! all vnoakt, I know  
That all the cauſe of thy artiuall now,  
Is to enquire thy wiſt retreate, for home:  
Whiſch hardly God will let thee ouercome;  
Since Neptune ſtill will his oppouſure trie,  
With all his laid vp anger, for the eye  
His lou'd Sonne loſt to thee. And yet through all  
Thy ſuffering course, (which muſt be capitall)  
If both thine owne affeſtions, and thy friends  
Thou wilt containe; when thy acceſſe ascends  
The three-forc't land, hauiing ſcap't the ſeas;  
(Where ye ſhall find fed, on the flowri leas,  
Fat flockes, and Oxen; which the Sunne doth owne;  
To whom are all things, as well heard as ſhowne:  
And neuer dare, one head of thofe to ſlay;  
But hold, vnharmefull on, your wiſhed way)  
Though through enough affliction; yet ſecure  
Your Fates ſhall land ye. But Preſage ſaies ſure,  
If once ye ſpoile them, ſpoile to all thy friends  
Spoile to thy Fleete; and if the iuſtice ends  
Short of thy ſelfe, it ſhall be long before,  
And that length, for'e out, with iñflictions ſtore:  
Wh'en, loſing all thy fellowes, in a faile  
Of forreign built (when moſt thy Fates preuale  
In thy deliueraunce) thuſt euent ſhall forſt;  
Thou ſhalt find ſhipwracke, raging in thy Port:  
Proud men, thy goods conuiving; and thy Vvife  
Vrging with giſts, giue charge vpon thy life.  
But all theſe wrongs, Reuenge ſhall end to thee;  
And force, or cuſſing, ſet with ſlaughter, free  
Thy houſe of all thy ſpoilers. Yet againe,  
Thou ſhalt a voyage make; and come to men  
That know no ſea; nor ſhips, nor oares, that are  
Wings to a ſhip; nor mixe with any fare,  
Salts fauorie vapor. Where thou firſt thal' land,  
This cleare giuen ſigne, ſhall let thee vnderſtand,  
That there thofe men remaine: aſſume aſhore,  
Up to thy roiall ſhoulder, a ſhip oare;  
With which, when thou ſhalt meete one on the way,  
That will, in Countey admiration, ſay  
Wha doſt thou with that wanne, vpon thy necke?  
There, fixe (that wanne) thy oare; and that ſhore decke  
With ſacred Rites to Neptune: ſlaughter there  
A Ram, a Bull, and, (who for ſtrength doth bear  
The name of husband to a herd) a Boore.  
And, coming home, vpon thy naturall ſhore,

Men that never  
are ſafe with  
their ſoſe.

Give pious *Hecatomb*, to all the Gods  
(Degrees obseru'd). And then the *Periods*  
Of all thy labors, in the peace shall end  
Of easie death, which shall the lese extend  
His passion to thee; that thy foe, the Sea  
Shall not enforce it, but *Death's* victory,  
Shall chance in onely earnest pray-vow dage:  
where all trans-  
late iemuchus  
sub. moll. The  
Iepheus. Norw.  
not of xerxes.  
viz. pugnac. or  
armes. But now  
per. pugnac  
figuratus. o-  
rando. To which  
pugnac. or  
armes. But now  
all. And.  
Obtaing at home, quite emptied of his rage;  
Thy subiects round about thee, rich and blest:  
And here hath *Traub* summ'd vp, thy vital rest.  
I answ'rd him, We will suppose all these  
Decreed in Deity; let it likewife please  
*Tiresias* to refolue me, why so neare  
The blood and me, my mothers Soule doth bear;  
And yet, nor word, nor looke, vouchsafe her Sonne:  
Doth she not know me? No (said he) nor none  
Of all these spirits, but my selfe alone;  
Knowes any thing, till he shall taste the bloods;  
But whomfoever, you shall do that good,  
He will the truth, of all you wish, vnfold;  
Who, you enuy it to, will all withhold.  
Thus said the kingly soule, and made reteate,  
Amidst the inner parts of *platos* Seate,  
When he had spoke thus, by diuine instinct:  
Still I stood firme, till to the bloods precinct  
My mother came, and drunke, and then she knew,  
I was her Sonne; had passion to renew  
Her naturall plaints, which thus she did pursw'g:  
How is it, (O my Sonne) that you alue,  
This deadly-darksome region vnderdue?  
Twixt which, and earth, so many mighty feas,  
And horrid currents, interpose their preafe?  
*Oceane*, in chiefe, which none (vnlesse  
More helpt then you) on foote now can transgresse.  
A well built ship he needs, that ventures there:  
Com'st thou from *Troy* but now? enforc't to ere  
All this time with thy foulidiers? Nor halfe scene,  
Ere this long day, thy Countrey, and thy Queen?  
I answ'rd; That a necessary end  
To this infernal state, made me contend;  
That from the wife *Tiresias* *Teban* Soule,  
I might, an Oracle, inuolu'd, vnrowle:  
For I came nothing neare *Achias* yet;  
Nor on our lou'd earth, happy foote had set;  
But (mihaps suffering) err'd from Coast to Coast;  
Euer since first, the mighty *Grasian* host  
Divine *Atrides*, led to *Ilion*,  
And I, his follower, to set warte vpon

The rapefull *Troyans*: and so praid she would  
The Fate of that vngentle death vnfound:  
That forc'd her thither: if some long disease,  
Or that the Spence, of her that arrowes please,  
(*Diana*, envious of most eminent Dames)  
Had made her th' obiect of her deadly aimes:  
My Fathers state, and sonnes, I fought; if they  
Kept still my goods: or they became the prey  
Of any other, holding me no more  
In powre of safe retурne, or if my store  
My wife had kept together, with her Sonne:  
It she, her first mind held; or had bene wonne  
By some chiefe *Grecian*, from my loue, and bed:  
All this she answ'rd; that *Affliction* fed  
On her blood still at home; and that to grieve,  
She all the dayes, and darknesse, of her life,  
In tears, had confecrate. That none posselt  
My famous kingdomes Throne; but th' interest  
My sonne had in it; still he held in peace.  
A Court kept, like a Prince; and his increase  
Spent in his subiects good; administring lawes  
With iustice, and the generall applause  
A king should merit; and all calld him king.  
My Father, kept the vpland, labouring;  
And shun'd the Citie: vs'd no sumptuous beds;  
Wonderd at furnitures; nor wealthy weeds;  
But, in the Winter, strew'd about the fire  
Lay with his slaues in ashes, his attire  
Like to a beggers. When the Sommer came,  
And Autumnne all fruits ripend with his flame,  
Where Grape-charg'd vines, made shadows most abound,  
His couch with falte leaues, made vpon the ground:  
And here lay he, his Sorrowes fruitfull state,  
Increasing, as he faded, for my Fate.  
And now, the part of age, that irksome is  
Lay sadly on him. And that life of his,  
She led, and perisht in; not slaughtered by  
The Dame, that darts lou'd, and her archerie;  
Nor, by disease inuaded, vaste, and soule  
That wafts the body, and sends out the soule  
With shame and horror: onely in her mone,  
For me, and my life, she confirnd her owne.  
She thus, when I, had great desire to proue  
My armes, the circle, where her soule did moue;  
Thrice prou'd I, thrice she vanisht, like a sleepe;  
Or fleeting shadow, which strooke much more deepe  
The wounds, my woes made; and made, aske her why  
She would my Loue to her embraces flie;

Persephone or  
Prosphe.

And not vouchsafe, that even in hell we might,  
Pay pious Nature, her vnalterd right,  
And givē *Veritas* here, her cruell fill,  
Should not the Queene here, to augment the ill  
Of every sufferance (which her office is)  
Enforce thy idoll, to affoord me this?

O Sonne (the answerd) of the race of men  
The most vnhappy, our most equall Queene,  
Will mocke no folid armes, with empoy shadē;  
Nor suffer empoy shadē, againe t'made  
Flesh, bonē, and nerues: nor will defraud the fire  
Of his last dues; that, loone as spirits expire,  
And leaue the white bone, are his natuē right;  
When, like a dreame, the fōule affumes her flight.  
The light then, of the living, with most haste  
(O Sonne) contend to: thi thy little tafte  
Of this state is enough; and all this life,  
Will make a tale, fit, to be told thy wife.

The old Heroe  
often appears  
in Tyre.

This speech we had, when now repai'd to me  
More female spirits, by *Persephone*,  
Driuen on before her. All the heroes wiues  
And daughters, that led there their second liues,  
About the blacke blood throngd. Of whom, yet more  
My mind impell'd me to enquire, before  
I let them altogether taste the gore;  
For then would all haue bene dispert, and gone,  
Thicke as they came. I therefore, one by one  
Let tafte the pit: my sword drawne from my Thy  
And stand betwixt them made; when, scuerally  
All told their stokkes. The first that quencht her fire,  
Was *Tyre*, issu'd of a noble Sire.  
She said the sprong from pure, *Salomonē* bed,  
And *Cretē*, Sonne of *Aslus* did wed.  
Yet the diuine flood *Enipeus*, lou'd,  
Who much the most faire streme, of all floods mou'd.  
Neare whose stremes, *Tyre* walking: *Nepturne* came,  
Like *Enipeus*, and enyoyd the Dame:  
Liketo a hill, the blew, and Snakie flood  
Above th'immortall, and the mortall flood;  
And hid them both, as both together lay,  
Iust where his current, falles into the Sea.  
Her virgine wif, disfol'd, she slumberd then;  
But when the God had done the wroke of meu,  
Her faire hand gently wringing; thus he said;  
Woman! Reioyce in our combined bed;  
For when the yeare hath runn his circle, round  
(Because the Gods loues, must in fruite abound)  
My loue shall make (to cheere thy teeming uones)

Tyre.

Thy

Thy one deare burthen, beare two famous Sonnes;  
Loue well, and bring them vp: go home, and see  
That, though of more ioy yet, I shall be free;  
Thou dost not tell, to gloriſe thy birth:  
Thy Loue is *Nepturne* shaker of the earth.  
This Iaſt, he plung'd into the ſea, and the  
(Begor with child by him) the light let ſee  
Great *Pelias*, and *Neleus*; that became  
In *Ioue* great miniftre, of mighty fame.  
*Pelias*, in broad *Iolcus*, held his Thronē,  
Wealthy in cattel, th'other roiall Sonne  
Rul'd sandy *Pylos*. To theſe, ſiue more  
This Queene of women, to her husband bore:  
*Aſon*, and *Pheres*, and *Amythaon*,  
That for his fight on horſebacke, ſtoopt to none.

Next her, I ſaw admir'd *Amiope*  
*Aſopus* daughter, who (as much as ſhe  
Boasted attraction, of great *Nepturne* loue)  
Boasted to ſlumber in the armes of *Ioue*:  
And two Sonnes likewife, at one burthen bore,  
To that, her all-controlling Paramore:  
*Amphion*, and faire *Zethus*, that first laid  
Great *Thebes* foundations; and ſtrong wals conuaide  
About her turrets, that ſeven Ports encloſide.  
For though the *Thebani*, much in ſtrength repreſide,  
Yet had not they, the strength to hold their owne,  
Without the added aides, of wood, and ſtone.

*Alcmena*, next I ſaw; that famous wife  
Was to *Amphytritē*; and honor'd life  
Gae to the Lyon-hearted *Heracles*,  
That was, of *Ioue* embrace, the great increase.

I law beſides, proud *Creas* daughter there,  
Bright *Megara*; that nuptiall yoke did weare  
With *Ioue* great Sonne; who never field did try,  
But bore to him, the floore of victory.

The mother then, of *Oedipus*, I ſaw,  
Faire *Epicasa*; that beyond all law,  
Her owne Sonne maried, ignorant of kind;  
And, he (as darkly taken, in his mind)  
His mother wedded, and his father ſlew,  
Whose blind act, heauen expoſte at length to view:  
And he, in all-lou'd *Thebes*, the ſupreme ſtate  
With much mone manag'd, for the heauy Fate  
The Gods laid on him. She made violent flight  
To *Plutō* darke house, from the lothed lights;  
Beneath a ſteepē beame, strangl'd with a cord;  
And left her Sonne, in life, paines as abhord,  
As all the furies powr'd on her in hell.

Antiope like Ty-  
re.

Alcmena.

Megara.

Epicasta the mo-  
ther of Oedipus.

Then

Then saw I *Chloris*, that did so excell  
In answering beauties, that each part had all;  
Great *Nelus* married her, when gifts not small,  
Had wonne her fauour; term'd by name of dowre.  
She was of all *Ampionis* feed, the flowre:  
(*Ampionis*, calld *Iaphetes*, that them  
Rul'd strongly, *Myriaces* *Orchemus*)  
And now his daughter rul'd the *Pykes* Throne;  
Because her beauties Empire overthone.  
She brought her wife-awd husband, *Nelus*,  
*Nefos*, much honord, *Peryclimenes*,  
And *Chromius*, Sonnes, with foueraigne vertues gracie,  
But after, brought a daughter that surpasst;  
Rare-beautied *Perse*, so for forme exact;  
That *Nature*, to a miracle, was rakk,  
In her perfections, blaz'd with th'eyes of men.  
That made of all the Countries hearts, a chaine,  
And drew them suuters to her. Which her Sire  
Tooke vantage of, and (since he did aspire  
To nothing more, then to the broad-browd herd  
Of Oxen, which the commone fame so re'd,  
Own'd by *Iaphetes*) not a man should be  
His *Perse* husband, that from *Phylax*,  
Those neuer-yet -driven Oxen, could not drue:  
Yet these, a strong hope held him to achiue;  
Because a Prophet that had neuer er'd,  
Had said, that onely he should be prefer'd  
To their poffeſſion. But the equall Fate  
Of God, withstood his stealth: incarcate  
Imprifoning Bands, and sturdy churifh Swaines  
That were the Heardmen; who withheld with chaines  
The stealth attempter: which was onely he  
That durst abet the Act with Prophecie;  
None else would undertake it; and he muſt:  
The king would needs, a Prophet ſhould be iſt;  
But when ſome daies and moneths, expired were,  
And all the *Houris* had brought about the year,  
The Prophet, did ſo ſatisfie the king  
(*Iaphetes*, all his cumming queſtioneing)  
That he enfranchise him; and (all worſt done)  
*Iones* counſaile made, th'all-safe conclusion.  
Then saw I *Leda*, (link in nupisall chaine  
With *Tyndarus*) to whom, the did ſuſtaine  
Sonnes much renown'd for wifedome; *Caſſis* one,  
That paſt, for ſie of horſe, comparifon;  
And *Pallas*, that exced, in whitbat fight;  
Both theſe, the fruitfull Earth bore; while the light  
Of life infuſ'd them; After which, they found

Such grace with *Some*, that both liu'd vnder ground,  
By change of daies: life ſtill did one ſuſtaine,  
Whilſt the other died; the dead then, liu'd againe,  
The living dying; both, of one ſelfe date,  
Their liues and deaths made, by the Gods and Fate.

*Iphemedia*, after *Leda* came,

That did derive from *Nephele* too, the name  
Of Father to two admirſible Sonnes:  
Life yet made ſhort their admirations;  
Who God-oppoſed *Otos* had to name,  
And *Ephialtes*, fare in ſound of Fame.  
The prodigall Earth ſo fed them, that they grew  
To moſt huge ſtature; and had faireſt hew  
Of all men, but *Orion*, vnder heauen;  
At nine yeares old, nine cubits they were driuen  
Abroad in breadth, and ſprung nine fathomes hie.  
They threatn'd to giue battell to the ſkie,  
And all th'Immortals. They were ſetting on  
*Offa* vpon *Olympus*; and vpon  
Steepc *Offa*, laicu *Pelion*, that euen  
They might a high-way make, with loſtie heauen.  
And had perhaps perform'd it, had they liu'd  
Till they were ſtriplings. But *Iones* Sonne depriu'd  
Their lims of life; before th'age that begins  
The flowre of youth; and ſhould adorne their chins.

*Phadra* and *Procris*, with wife *Minos* flame,  
(Bright *Triadne*) to the offring came.  
Whom whilom *Theseus* made his priſe from *Crete*;  
That *Athens* ſacred ſoile, might kiſſe her ſteete.  
But neuer could obtaine her virgin Flowre;  
Till, in the ſea-girt *Dia*, *Dians* powre  
Detain'd his homeward halfe; where (in her Phane,  
By *Bacchus* witned) was the fatal wane  
Of her prime Glorie. *Mera*, *Clymene*,  
I witneſt there; and loth'd *Eryphile*,  
That honou'red "gold more, then the lou'd her Spouse.

But all th'*Heroesſes* in *Pluto*'s house,  
That then encountered me, exceeds my might  
To name or number; and *Ambroſian* Night  
Would quite be ſpent; when now the formall houres,  
Prefent to *Sleepe*, our all-dispoſed powres.  
If at my ſhip, or here, my home-made vow,  
I leaue for fit grace, to the Gods and you.

This ſaid; the ſilence his diſcourse had made,  
With pleaſure held ſtill, through the houſes thad.  
When, white-arm'd *Arete* this ſpeech began:  
*Phaeacians*! how appears to you this man?  
So goodly perfon'd, and ſo matcht with mind?

*Iphemedia*.

*Phadra* and  
*Procris*.

*Mera* and *Cly-  
mene*.

*Ambroſian* was  
her husband, who  
ſhe bore to him  
vaine on *Thibet*,  
for gold taken of  
Adraſis her  
brother.

Venust & fale  
diction.

My guest he is; but all you stand combin'd,  
In the renowne he doth vs. Do not then  
With carelesse haste dismiss him: nor the maine  
Of his dispatch, to one so needie, maine;  
The Gods free bountie, givnes vs all iust claire  
To goods know. This speech, the oldest man  
Of any other *Phaecean*,  
The graue *Hero*, *Echinus* gauie  
All approbation; saying: Friends! ye haue  
The motion of the wifc Queenes; in such words,  
As haue no mist the marke; with which, accords  
My cleare opinion. But *Alcinous*,  
In word and worke, must be our rule. He thus;  
And then *Alcinous* said: This then must stand,  
If while I liue, I rule in the command  
Of this well-skild-in-Nauigation State.  
Endure then (Guest) though most impotunate  
Be your affects for home. A litle stay  
If your expeciance beare; perhaps it may  
Our gifts make more complete. The cares of all,  
Your due deducion asks; but Principall  
I am therein, the ruler. He replied:  
*Alcinous*! the most duly glorified,  
With rule of all; of all men; if you lay  
Commandment on me, of a whole yeares stay;  
So all the while, your preparations rife,  
As well in gifts, as \*time: ye can deuise  
No better wifc for me; for I shall come  
Much fuller handed, and more honoured homes;  
And dearer to my people: in whole loues,  
The richer cuermore the better proues.

He answerd: There is argude in your sight,  
A wortc that works not men for benefit,  
Like Prolers or Impostors; of which crew,  
The gentle blake Earth feeds not wvp a few;  
Here and there wanderers, blanching tales and lies,  
Of neither prafe, nor vfe: you moue our cies  
With forme; our minds with matter, and our cares  
With elegant oration; such as beares,  
A musick in the orderd historie  
It layes before vs. Not *Demodocus*,  
With sweete straines hath vldc to sing to vs,  
All the *Greeke* forrowes, wept out in your owne.  
But lay, of all your worthy friends, were none  
Obiected to your eyes; that *Conforts* were  
To *Ilion* with you! and seru'd definic there!  
This Night is passing long, vnmeafur'd: none  
Of all my houeshold would to bed yet: On,

Relate theſe wondrous things. Were I with you;  
If you would tell me bur your woes, as now,  
Till the divine *Aurora* shewd her head,  
I shold in no night relish thought of bed.

Most eminent King, (said he) *Times*, all must keepe;  
There's time to ſpeak much, time as much to ſleepe.  
But would you haere still, I will tell you still,  
And vtter more, more miserable ill,  
Of Friends then yet, that ſcap't the diſmall warres,  
And perifit homewards, and in houſhold iarras.  
Wag'd by a wicked woman. The chatte\* *Queene*,  
No looneſt made theſe Ladie-ghosts vſeene,  
(Here and there ſitting) but mine eieſight wonne  
The Soule of *Agamemnon*, *Atrœus* ſonne  
Sad; and about him, all his traine of friends,  
That in *Egypthuſ* house, endur'd their ends,  
With his ſterne Fortune. Hauing drunke the blood,  
He knew me iſtantly; and forth a flood  
Of ſpringing teares gulfit. Out he thrust his hands,  
With will t'embrace me; but their old commands,  
Flowd not about him; nor their weakest part.  
I wept to ſee; and mon'd him from my heart.  
And askt: O *Agamemnon*! King of men!  
What ſort of cruell death, hath renderd ſlaine  
Thy royll perfon? *Neptun*, in thy Fleet?  
Heauen, and his helliſh billowes making meeete,  
Rowling the winds? Or haue thy men by land  
Done thee this ill, for viſing thy command,  
Past their conſents, in diſminution  
Of theſe full ſhares, their worts by lot had wonne,  
Of ſheepe or oxen? or of any towne?  
In courteous ſtrife, to make their rights, thine owne,  
In men or women prisoners? He replied:  
By none of theſe, in any right, I died;  
But by *Egypthuſ*, and my murtherous wife,  
(Bid to a banquet at his houſe) my life  
Hath thus bene reſt me: to my ſlaughter led,  
Like to an Ox, pretended to be fed.  
So miserably fell I; and with me,  
My friends lay maſſacred: As when you ſee  
At any rich mans nuptials, ſhot, or feaſt,  
About his kitchin, white tooth'd ſwine lie dreſt.  
The ſlaughters of a world of men, thine eies,  
Both priuate, and in preafe of enemies,  
Haue perfonally wiſhē; but this one,  
Would all thy parts haue broken into mone:  
To ſee how ſtrewd about our Cups and Cates,  
As Tables ſet with Feaſt, ſo we with Fates,

Here he begins  
his other relaſt,  
*Proſperina*.

All gaſt and ſlaine, lay; all the floore embrude  
With blood and braine. But that which moft I ru'd,  
Flew from the heauie voice, that *Priams* ſeed,  
*Cassandra* breath'd; whom, ſhe that wit doth feed  
With banefull craſis, falſe *Clytemneſtra* ſlew;  
Cloſe ſitting by me; vp my hands I threw  
From earth to heauen; and tumbling on my ſword,  
Gave wretched life vp. When the moft abhord,  
By all her ſexes shame, torſooke the roome;  
Nor daind (though then ſo neare this heauie home)  
To ſhut my lips, or cloſe my broken ties.  
Nothing to heapt is with impieties,  
As ſuch a woman, that would kill her Spouſe,  
That married her a maid. When to my house  
I brought her, hoping of her loue in heart,  
To children, maidis, and ſlaves. But ſhe (in th' Art  
Of onely miſchiefe heartie) not alone  
Caf't on her ſelfe, this oule aſperion;  
But louing Dames, hereafter, to their Lords  
Will bear, for good deeds, her bad thoughts and words.

Alas (ſaid I) that *you* ſhould hate the liues  
Of *Atrēus* ſeed, ſo highly for their wiues.  
For *Menelaus* wife, a number fell;  
For dangerous abſence, thine ſent thee to hell.  
For this, (he anſwered) Be not thou more kind  
Then wife to thy wife; neuer, all thy mind  
Let words exprefe to her. Of all ſhe knowes,  
Curſes for the worſt ſtill, in thy ſelfe reprofe.  
But thou by thy wife's wiles, that loſe no blood;  
Exceeding wife the is, and wife in good.

*Icarus* daughter, chaste *Penelope*,  
We left a yong Bride; when for batrell, we  
Forſooke the Nupiall peace, and at her breſt,  
Her firſt child ſucking. Who, by this houre, bleſt,  
Sits in the number of furuiung men.  
And his bliſſe, ſhe hath, that ſhe can containe;  
And her bliſſe, thou haſt, that ſhe is ſo wife;  
For, by her wiſedome, thy returned ties  
Shall ſee thy ſonne; and he ſhall greete his Site,  
With fitting welcomes. When in my retire,  
My wife denies mine eyes, my ſonneſ deare fight;  
And, as from me, will take from him the light;  
Before the addes one iuft delight to life;  
Or her falſe wit, one truth that fits a wife.  
For her ſake therefore, let my harmes aduife;  
That though thy wife be ne're ſo chafe and wife,  
Yet come not home to her in "open view,  
With any ſhip, or any perſonall ſhew.

*This aduice he  
followed at his  
coming home.*

But take cloſe ſhore diſguide: nor let her knowſ,  
For tis no world, to truſt a woman now.  
But what ſayes Fame? Doth my Sonne yet ſuruiue,  
In *Orchomen*, or *Pylos*? or doth lie  
In *Sparta*, with his Vnkle; yet I fee  
Diuine *Oreſtes* is not here with me.

I anſwerd, asking: Whi doth *Atrēus* ſonne:  
Enquire of me, who yet arriu'd where none  
Could giue to theſe newes any certaine wings?  
And its abſurd, to tell vncertainte things.

Such fal ſpeech paſt vs; and as thus we ſtood,  
With kind teares rending vnkind fortunes good,  
*Achilles* and *Patroclus* appear'd;  
And his Soule, whom never ill was heard,  
The good *rebus*; and the Soule of him,  
That all the Greeks paſt, both for force and lim,  
Excepting the vnmatcht *Aegeus*,  
Illiſtuous *Aiax*. But the firſt of theſe,  
That faw, acknowledg'd, and faluted me,  
Was \* *Thetis* conqueſting Sonne, who (heavily  
His ſtate here taking) ſaid: Vnworthy breath!

What aet, yet mightier, imagineth  
Thy ventrous ſpirite? How doet thou deſcend  
Theſe vnder regions; where the dead mans end,  
Is to be looke on; and his foolish shade?  
I anſwerd him: I was induc'd t'inuade  
Theſe vnder parts, (moft excellent of Greece)  
To viſite wife *Tireſias*, for aduice  
Of vertue to direc't my voyage home  
To rugged *Ithaca*; ſince I could come  
To note in no place, where *Achaea* ſtood;  
And ſo liu'd euer, tortur'd with the blood  
In man's vaine veines. Thou therefore (*Thetis* ſonne)  
Haſt equall all, that euer yet haue wonne  
The bliſſe the earth yeelds; or hereafter ſhall.

In life, thy eminence was ador'd of all,  
Euen with the Gods. And now, euen dead, I fee  
Thy vertues propagate thy Emperie,  
To a renew'd life of command beneath;  
So great *Achilles* triumphs o'er death.  
This comfort of him, this encounter found,  
Vige not my death to me, nor rub that wound;  
I rather wiſh, to lie in earth a Swaine,  
Or ſerue a Swaine for hire, that ſcarce can gaine  
Bread to ſustaine him; then (that life once gone)  
Of all the dead, ſway the Imperiall thone.  
But lay, and of my Sonne, ſome comfort yeelds;  
If he goes on, in firſt fightis of the field;

*Achilles of the  
new life.*

Or lurks for safetie in the obscure Rere?  
 Or of my Father, if thy royll care  
 Hath bene aduertisde, that the *Phthian* Throne,  
 He still commands, as greatest *Myrmidon*?  
 Or that the *Phthian* and *Theſſalian* rage,  
 (Now feete and hands are in the hold of Age)  
 Despise his Empire: Vnder thofe bright rayes,  
 In which, heauens feruour hurles about the dayes;  
 Must I no more shine his renenger now,  
 Such as of old, the *Leua* ouerthrow  
 Winct my anger: th' vniuerſall hoſt,  
 Sending before me, to this ſhadie Coaſt,  
 In fight for *Grecia*. Could I now refor,  
 (But for ſome ſmall time) to my Fathers Court,  
 In ſpirit and pouere, as then: thofe men ſhould find  
 My hands inacceſſible, and of fire, my mind,  
 That durft, with all the numbers they are ſtrong,  
 Vnfeate his honour, and ſuborne his wrong.

This pitch ſtill flew his ſpirit, though ſo low,  
 And this, I anſwerd thus: I do not know,  
 Of blameleſſe *Peleus*, any leaſt report,  
 But of your ſonne, in all the vtmoff for,  
 I can informe your care with truth, and thine:

*Phyſes report of Neoptolemus the ſon of Achilles.*  
 From *Syrus*, princely *Neoptolemus*,  
 By Fleet, I conuaid to the *Grecis*, where he  
 Was Chiefe, at both parts: when our granuile  
 Rein'd to councell, and our youth to fight.  
 In councell ſtill (ſo firie was *Concilit*,  
 In his quicke apprehenſion of a cauſe)  
 That firſt he euer ſpake, nor paſt the lawes  
 Of any graue ſtay, in his greateſt haſt.  
 None would contend with him, that counſelld laſt;  
 Vnleſſe illuſtrous *Achilles*, he and I  
 Would ſometimes put a friendly contrary,  
 On his opinion. In our fights, the preafe  
 Of great or common, he would neuer ſeafe;  
 But farre before fight euer. No man there,;  
 For force, he forced. He was slaughterer  
 Of many a braue man, in moft dreadfull fight.  
 But one and other, whom he reſt of light,  
 (In *Grecian* ſuccour) I can neither name,  
 Nor give in number. The particular fame,  
 Of one mans slaughter yet, I muſt not paſſe;  
*Euryalus Telephides* he was,  
 That fell beneath him, and with him, the falls  
 Of ſuch huge men went, that they ſhewd like \*whales,  
 Rampti'd about him. *Neoptolemus*  
 Set him ſo sharply, for the ſumptuous

This place (and  
 a number more)  
 is moſt uiferably  
 miſtaken by all  
 tranſlators and  
 commentators.

Fauours of Miftrefſes, he ſaw him weare;  
 For paſt all doubt, his beauties had no peere,  
 Of all that mine eies noted; next to one,  
 And that was *Memon*, *Tithom* Sun-like ſonne.  
 Thus farre, for fight in publicke, may a taſt  
 Gue of his eminencie. How fare ſurpaſt  
 His ſpirit in priuate, where he was not ſene,  
 Nor glorie could be ſaid, to praife his ſpleene;  
 This cloſe note, I excerpted, When we late  
 Hid in *Epeus* horſe, no *Optimate*  
 Of all the *Grecis* there, had the charge to ope  
 And ſhut the \* *Stratageme*, but I. My ſcope  
 To note then, each mans ſpirit, in a ſtreight  
 Of ſo much danger, muſt the better might  
 Be hit by me, then others: as, prouokt,  
 I ſhifted place ſtill, when, in form I ſmoke  
 Both priuie tremblings, and cloſe vent of teares.  
 In him yet, not a ſoft conceit of theirs,  
 Could all my search ſee, either his wet eies  
 Plied ſtill with wipinges, or the goodly guife,  
 His perfon all waies put forth, in leaſt part,  
 By any tremblings, ſhewd his toucht-at heart.  
 But euer he was vring me to make  
 Way to their fally, by his ſigne to ſhake  
 His ſword hid in his ſabberd, or his Lance  
 Loded with iron, at me. No good chance,  
 His thoughts to *Troy* intended. In th' euent,  
 (High *Troy* depopulate) he made aſcent  
 To his fair ſhip, with prie and treaſure ſtore:  
 Safe, and no touch, away with him he bore,  
 Of farre-off hul'd Lance, or of cloſe-fougt ſword,  
 Whol' wounds, for fauours, Warre doth oft afford;  
 Which he (though fought) miſt, in warres cloſeſt wage;  
 In cloſe fightes, *Mars* doth neuer fight, but rage.

This made the ſoule of ſwift *Achilles* red  
 A March of glorie, through the herbie meades;  
 For ioy to hear me ſo renoume his Sonne;  
 And vaniſh ſtalking. But with paſſion  
 Stood th' other Soules strooke: and each told his bane.  
 Onely the ſpirit \* *Telamonian*  
 Kept farre off; angrie for the victorie  
 I wonne from him at Fleet, though *Aribitrie*  
 Of all a Court of warre, pronouncit it mine,  
 And *Pallas* ſelue. Our prie were th' armes diuine,  
 Of great \* *Aeacides*, propofdet our fames  
 By his bright \* Mother, at his funerall Games.  
 I will to heauen, I ought not to haue wonne,  
 Since for thofe Armes, ſo high a head, ſo ſoone

*The ſhoutes of Achilles*  
*fall.*

*When the ſoule  
 of Telamon,*

*Achilles  
 ſtands.*

The base earth couerd. *Ajax*, that of all  
The hoast of *Greece*, had person capitall,  
And acts as eminent; excepting his,  
Whose armes those were, in whom was nought amisse.  
I ride the great Soule with soft words, and said:  
*Ajax*: great sonne of *Telamon*, araid  
In all our glories! what? not dead refigne  
Thy wrath for those curst Armes? The Powres divine,  
In them for'd all our banes; in thine owne One;  
In thy graue fall, our Towe was ouerthrowne.  
We mourne (for ever maimd) for thee as much,  
As for *Achilles*: nor thy wrong doth touch,  
In septime, any but *Saturnus* doome;  
In whose hate, was the hoast of *Greece* become  
A very horror. Who exprest it well,  
In signyng thy Fate, with this timelife Hell.  
Approch then (King of all the *Grecian* merit)  
Represe thy great mind, and thy flaminie spirit;  
And give the words I give thee, worthy care.

All this, no word drew from him, but lesse neare  
The steme Soule kept. To other Soules he fled,  
And glid along the River of the dead.  
Though Anger mou'd him, yet he might haue spoke,  
Since I to him. But my defres were strooke  
With figh of other Soules. And then I saw  
*Mirra*, that ministred to *Death* a law,  
And *Joves* bright lonne was. He was set, and swaid  
A golden Scepter; and to him did pleade  
A sort of others, set about his Throne,  
In *Platos* wide-door'd houfe; when strait came on,  
Mightie *Orion*, who was hunting there,  
The heards of thole beasts he hadlaughterd here,  
In desart hils on earth. A Club he bore,  
Entire steele, whose vertues never wore.

*Tityus* I saw: to whom the glorious Earth  
Opened her womb, and gaue vnhappy birth,  
Vpwards, and flat vpon the Pavement lay  
His ample lims, that spred in their display,  
Nine Acres compasse. On his bosome fat  
Two Vultures, digging through his caule of fat,  
Into his Liver, with their crooked Beakes;  
And each by turnes, the concrete entraile breakes,  
(As Smiths their steele beate) set on either side.  
Nor doth he euer labour to diuide  
His Liver and their Beakes; nor with his hand,  
Offer them off: but suffers by command,  
Of th'angrie Thunderer, offring to enforce,  
His loue *Latona* in the close resourcfe.

1 pice.

Mirra.

Dr. am.

Tityus.

177

She vise to *Pyrho*, through the dancing land,  
Smooth *Psinopeus*. I saw likewise stand,  
Vp to the chin, amidst a liquid lake,  
Tormented *Tantalus*; yet could not flake  
His burning thirst. Oft as his scornfull cup,  
Th'old man would take, so oft twas swallowd vp;  
And all the blake earth to his feete deseried;  
Divinc powre (plaguing him) the lake still dried.  
About his head, on high trees, cluttering, hung  
Pears, Apples, Grapes, Olives, euer yong;  
Delicious figs, and many fruite trees more,  
Of other burthen, whose alluring store,  
When th'old Soule striu'd to pluck, the winds from sight,  
In gloomy vapours, made them vanish quite.

*Syphus*.  
There saw I *Syphus*, in infinite mone,  
With both hands heaving vp a massie stone;  
And on his tip-toes, racking all his height,  
To wret vp to a mountaine top, his freight;  
When prest to rett it there (his nerues quite spent)  
Downe rusht the deadly Quatrie: the euent  
Of all his torture, new to rase againe;  
To which, strait let his neuer-rested paine,  
The sweate came gushing out from evry Pore;  
And on his head a standing mist he wore;  
Recking from thence, as if a cloud of durt  
Were rai'd about it. Downe with these was thrust,  
The Idoll of the force of *Hercules*.

But his firme selfe, did no such Fate oppresse;  
He feasting liues amongt th'immortal States;  
White-ankled *Hebe*, and himselfe, made mates,  
In heauenly Nuptials. *Hebe*, *Joves* deare race,  
And *Iuno*; whom the golden Sandals grace.  
About him flew the clamors of the dead,  
Like Fowles; and still stoopt cuffing at his head.  
He, with his Bow-like Night, stalkt vp and downe;  
His shaft still nockt; and hurling round his frownt,  
At those vext howrers, aiming at them still;  
And still, as shooting out, desire to still.

A horrid Bawdricke, wore he thwart his brest,  
The Thong all gold, in which were formes imprest,  
Where *Art* and *Miracle*, drew equall breaths,  
In Beates, Bores, Lions, Battels, Combats, Deaths.  
Who wrought that worke, did neuer such before;  
Nor so diuinely will do euer more.  
Soone as he saw, he knew me, and gaue speech:  
Sonne of *Laertes*, high in wisedomes reach;  
And yet vnhappy wretch, for in this heart,  
Of all exploits achieu'd by thy deserf,

Hercules.

She

Thy

Thy worth but works out some sinistre Fate.  
As I in earth did, I was generate  
By ~~me~~ himselfe; and yet past meane, opprest  
By one my farre inferiour; whose proud heft,  
Imposid abhorred labours, on my hand.  
Of all which, one was, to descend this Strand,  
And hale the dog from thence. He could not think  
An act that *Danger* could make deeper sinke;  
And yet this depth I drew; and fetcht as hie,  
As this was low, the dog. The Deitie,  
Of flight and wifedome, as of downe-right powre,  
Both stoopt, and raid, and made me Conquerour.

This said, he made descent againe as low  
As *Plutes* Court; when I stood firme; for shew  
Of more *Heroes*, of the times before;  
And might perhaps haue feene my wish of more;  
(As *Theseus* and *Pirithous*, deriu'd  
From rootes of *Deitie*) but before th'achieu'd  
Rare sight of these; the rank, foul'd multitude  
In infinite flocks rose; venting sounds so rude,  
That pale *Feare* tooke me, left the *Gorgons* head  
Rush't in amongst them; thrust vp, in my dread,  
By grim *Persephone*. I therefore sent  
My men before to ship; and after went.  
Where, boorded, set, and lancht, th'*Ocean* wawe,  
Our Oars and forewinds, speedie passage gaue.

*Finis libri undecimi Hom. Odyss.*

## THE



## THE XII. BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**H**E bnewes from Hell his safe retreate,  
To th' Ile *Ai* ~~xx~~, *Circes* seat.  
And how he scapt the Sirens call,  
With th' erring Rockes, and waters falls,  
That *Scylla* and *Charybdis* breake,  
The Sunnes soleine Herd; and his sad wreake,  
Both of *Vlysses* ship and men,  
His owne head, scaping scarce the paine.

Another.

**M**u. *The Rockes* that errd;  
*The Sirens* call;  
*The Sunnes* soleine Herd;  
*The shoulders* fall.

  
Vr Ship now past the streights of th'*Ocean* flood;  
She plowd the broad seas billowes; and made good,  
The Ile *Aeaea*, where the *Palace* stands  
Of th' early Riser, with the rosie hands,  
*Actine Aurora*; where she loues to dance;  
And where the *Same* doth his prime beames aduance.  
When here atiu'd, we drew her vp to land,  
And trod our felues the reshalut sand:

Found on the shore, fit resting for the Night,  
Slept, and expected the celestiall light.

Soone as the white-and-red-mixt-fingered Dame,  
Had guilt the mountaines with her Saffron flame,  
I sent my men to *Circes* house before,  
To fetch deceast *Elpenor* to the shore.

Strait swelld the high banks with feld heapes of trees,  
And (full of teares) we did due Exequies  
To our dead friend. (Whose Corfe consum'd with fire,  
And honourd Armes: whose Sepulcher entire;  
And ouer that, a Columne raid) his Ore,  
Curiously caru'd (to his desire before)  
Vpon the top of all his Tombe, we fixt,  
Of all Rites fit, his Funerall Pile was mixt.

Nor was our sife acent from hell, conceald  
From *Circes* knowledge; nor so soone reueald,  
But she was with vs, with her bread and food,  
And ruddie wine, brought by her sacred brood

*Redditur ab in-  
fernis ad Circen.*

*Elpenor tumu-  
latur.*

Of woods and Fountaines. In the midift the flood,  
And thus saluted vs: Vnhappie men,  
That haue (inform'd with all your fences) bene  
In *Platos* dismal manfion. You shall die  
Twice now; where others that *Mortalitie*,  
In her faire armes, holds; shall but once deceaſe.  
But eate and drinke out all conceit of theſe;  
And this day dedicate to food and wine,  
The following *Night* to *Sleepe*. When next shall thine  
The chearfull Morniſg, you shall proue the ſeaſ.  
Your way, and euerie act ye muſt addrefſe,  
My knowledge of their order ſhall deſigne:  
Left with your owne bad counſels, ye enccline  
Euenſ as bad againſt ye; and ſuſtaine  
By ſea and ſhore, the wofull ends that raigne  
In wilfull achiens. Thus did the aduifts  
And, for the time, our Fortunes were fo wife,  
To follow wife direCTIONS. All that day  
We ſate and feaſted. When his lower way,  
The Sunne had entered, and the Euen, the hie:  
My friends ſlept on their Gables; ſhe and I,  
(Led by her faire hand, to a place apart,  
By her well forted) did to ſleepe conuerit  
Our timed pouers. When all things were let fall  
In our affaire, ſhe aſkē, I told her all.  
To which ſhe anſwerd: Theſe things thus tooke end:  
And now to thoſe that I informe, attend:  
Which (you rememb'reng) God himſelfe ſhall be,  
The bleſſed author of your memorie.

*Circe preſageſ  
futura penitula.*

*Sirenum deſcripſio.*

First, to the *Sirens* ye shall come, that taint  
The minds of all men, whom they can acquaint  
With their attractions. Whoſoever ſhall  
(For want of knowledge mou'd) but heare the call  
Of any *Siren*: he will ſo depiſe  
Both wife and children, for their forceries,  
That neuer home turns his affections *backe*;  
Nor they take ioy in him, nor he in them.  
The *Sirens* will to loſten with their ſong,  
(Shrill, and in ſenſuall appetite ſo ſtrong)  
His loſe affections, that he gives them head.  
And then obſerue: They ſit amide a meade;  
And round about it ruynes a hedge or wall  
Of dead mens bones: their withered ſkins and all,  
Hung all along vpon it; and theſe men  
Were ſuch as they had fauored into their Fen,  
And then their ſkins hung on their hedge of bones.  
Sail by them therefore, thy compaſſions  
Before hand cauſing to ſtop euerie care

With ſweete ſo waxe ſo cloſe, that none may hear  
A note of all their charms. Yet may you  
(If you aſſeſ it) open eare allow  
To tri their motion: but preſume not ſo  
To truſt your iudgement, when your ſenſes go  
So loſt about you; but giue ſtraight command  
To all your men, to bind you foote and hand,  
Sure to the Maſt, that you may ſafe approue  
How ſtrong in iuſtigation to their loue  
Their taſting tunes are. If ſo much they moue,  
That, ſpite of all your reaſon, your will ſtands  
To be enfranchiſe, both of ſteete and hands;  
Charge all your men before, to ſleight your charge,  
And reſt ſo farre, from fearing to enlarge,  
That much more ſure they bind you. When your friends  
Haue ouſtaid theſe: the danger that tranſcends  
Reſts not in any counſail to preuent;  
Vnleſe your owne mind, finds the tracē and bent  
Of that way, that avoids it. I can lay  
That in your course, there lies a twofold way,  
The right of which, your owne, taught, preſent wit  
And grace diuine, muſt prompt. In general yet  
Let this informe you: Neare theſe *Sirens* ſhore  
Moue two ſteep Rockes, at whose ſteete, lie and rore  
The blacke feas cruel billowes: the bleſſed Gods  
Call them the Rourers. Their abhord abode  
No bird can paſſe: no not the \**Domes*, whose feare  
Sire *Ioue* ſo loues, that they are faid to beare  
*Ambroſia* to him; can their ruaine ſcape;  
But one of them, fulles euer to the rape  
Of thoſe ſlie rockes. Yet *Ioue*, another ſtill  
Adds to the reſt, that ſo may euer fill  
The ſacred number. Neuer ſhip could ſhunne  
The nimble perill wing'd there; but did runne  
With all her bulke, and bodies of her men  
To vete ruine. For the feas retaine  
Not onely their outragious aſture there;  
But fierce aſſilents, of particular fear,  
And ſupernaturall miſchiefe, they expire;  
And thoſe are whirlwinds of deuouring fire  
Whiſking about ſtill. *T' Argive* ſhip, alone

ed the left one, that the number might be full: Albenus failes to it, and helps the other out: Interpreting it to be affirmed of their perpetuall ſupernatural number, though there appeared but ſix: But how lame and laſhyfome theſe Proverbes ſhouer in their aſſeſſed expositions of the Poeticall Minde, thin and an hundred other, ſpent in mere preuafionary graſſe at this inacceſſible and weſtēing. In the 23. of the Iliads, (being v.) at the Games celebrated at Patroclus funerall, they ſet to ſteate to the Maſt, at the Pleiades,

valens impetuſe,  
Columbus inſula  
dicit. What thoſe  
*Domes* were, and  
the whole minde  
of thiſſe places the  
Great Macedon  
aking Chiron  
Amphitrite, he  
anſwerd, they  
were the *Pleiades*  
or ſeven Stars.  
One of which  
(bifide his pro-  
per imperfection,  
of being aqua-  
tis, ſed exiſt,  
vel ſubſiſtacuſ,  
et vix apparet)  
is vix obſer-  
ved or let by  
thiſſe Rockes. Why  
then, or how,

loue, ſtill ſupplieſ

(Which bore the " care of all men) got her gone,  
Come from *Aretæ*. Yet perhaps even the  
Had wrack at those Rocks; if the Deitie  
That lies by *Isore* side, had not lent her hand  
To their transfixion; since the man that mann'd  
In chiefe that voyage, she, in chiefe did loue.  
Of these two spicetfull Rocks, the one doth shoue  
Against the height of heauen, her pointed brow.  
A blake cloud binds it round, and never shew  
A Lende to the sharp point: not the cleare blew skie  
Lets euer view it. Nor the *Sommers* eye;  
Not feruent *Autumnes*. None, that Death could end  
Could euer scale it; or if vp, defend.  
Though twenty hands and fete he had for hold:  
A polisht ice-like glibnesse doth enfold  
The rocke so round, whole midif, a gloomye cell  
Shrowds, so faire *VV*eward, that it fees to hell.  
From this, keepe you as faire, as from his bow  
An able yong man can his shaft beftow.  
For here, the " whuling *Scylla*, shrowds her face:  
That breathes a voice, at all parts, no more base  
Then are a newly-kitt'nd kittlings cries;  
Her selfe a monſter yet, of boundlesſe ſize,  
Whose ſight woulde nothing pleafe a mortals eies;  
No nor the eyes of any God, if he  
Any good of poore (Whom thought ſhould frigh) get foulē on her; and if  
Her full ſhape flew'd. Twelue foulē ſeete bear about  
man gets any  
good by it. And Her ougly bulle. Sixe huge long necks lookt out  
nourisheſtanding  
many of our  
bird-ey'd flarters  
at prophanation  
are for nothing. And every tooth ſtruckt with a ſable death.

She lurkes in midſt of all her denne; and it breakes  
From out a ghastly white poole, all her necks;  
Where, (gloting round her rocke) to fish ſhe falles;

" And whereas, Be. Cæsarius vocatit et al, most reverently translat. it, as my  
" very Canuti Leonis, N. & L. being here dreamt of, out any verification, from Adonis, signifying indigoem, indissimil, or  
" horribilis vocem eadem: But in we kind horribilis: Not for the gravis or greatness of her voice, but for the unseemly  
" or disproportionate small whining of it: she being in the soft frame of her body, as the very words stamp exsicca synapse, wantur  
" ingens: whose disproportion and deformis, is too Poetically (and therein elegantly) ordered, for fit and fit Proverbi to com-  
" prehend. Nor could they make the Poets words serve their comprehension, and therefore they addle of these words, expon, from whence  
" Adonis is derived, signifying excep, or frigida clamo. And exponit, is to be expounded, , canuti super or re-  
" nunt, nec Leonis. But that they batch and abut the incomparabile expro: Because they knew not how otherwise, to be man-  
" ifestis enough themselves, to help the Master. Imagining to be a great bly, must needs have a voice as bly: and then  
" would not our Homer have, likned it to a Lion whose voice, has to the Lions voice, and all had been much so little, to make a  
" voice answerable to her blyness. And therefore found our inimitable master, a new way to express her monstrum disproportionis  
" performing it so, as there can be nullo impo. And I would faine learn of my learned Destriller, that will needs have me only  
" translate out of the Latin, what Latin translation tolles me that or what Grecian had ever found this and a hundred other such  
" which may be from poor infallible, or profi of my Grecian family, as fit as old Homer had in his two simple Poems, but not a fit  
" able further with any little spirit profane.

Aids

And vp rush Dolphins, Dogfish ; somewhiles, Whales,  
If got within her, when her rapine feeds;  
For euer-groaning *Amphitrite* breeds  
About her whirlepoole, a vnmeasur'd stores  
No Sea-man euer boasted touch of thore  
That there toucht with his ship; but still she fed  
Of him, and his. A man for evry head  
Spoiling his ship of. You shall then descrie  
The other humbler Rocke, that moues so nio,  
Your dart may mete the distance. It recaueas  
A huge wild Fig-tree, curld with ample leaues;  
Beneath whose shades, diuine *Charybdis* sits  
Supping the blacke deepes. Thrice a day her pits  
She drinking all drys; and thrice a day againe,  
All, vp she belches, banfull to sustaine.  
When she is drinking, date not neare her draught,  
For not the force of *Nephtyne*, (if once caught)  
Can force your freedome. Therefore in your strife  
To scape *Charybdis*, labour all, for life  
To row neare *Sylla*, for she will but haue }  
For her sixe heads, sixe men, and better sauc }  
The rest, then all, make offerings to the wawe. }

This Neede she told me of my losse, when I  
Defir'd to know, if that *Necessarie*  
(When I had scapt *Charybdis* outrages)  
My powres might not reuenge, though not redresse ?  
She answ'rd: O vnhappy ! art thou yet  
Enflam'd with warre? and thirst to drinke thy swet?  
Not to the Gods give vp, both Armes, and will?  
She, d'athlesse is, and that immortall ill  
Graue, harsh, outragious, not to be subdu'd,  
That men must suffer till they be renew'd.  
Nor liues there any virtue that can flie  
The vicious outrage of their cruetie.  
Shouldst thou put Armes on, and approch the Rockes,  
I feare, sixe more must expiate the shooke.  
Sixe heads, sixe men aske still. Hoile faile, and flie;  
And in thy flight, aloud, on *Cratus* crie  
(Great *Scylla* Mother, who, exposde to light  
That bane of men;) and she will do such right  
To thy obfervance, that she, downe will tread  
Her daughters rage, nor let her shew a head.

From thenceforth then, for euer past her care,  
Thou shalt ascend, the Hill *Triangalare*;  
Where many Oxen of the Sunne are fed;  
And fatted flocks. Of Oxen, fifty head  
In every herd feed; and their herds are seuen;  
And of his fat flocks is their number, Euen.

R 2

In

Increase they yeld not, for they never die,  
There every Shepherdesse, a Deitic.  
Faire Phœbus, and Lempetie,  
The louely Nymphs are, that their Guardians be.  
Who, to the daylights losy-going flame  
Had gracious birthright, from the heauenly Dame  
Still yong *Nere*; who (brought forth and bred)  
Fare off diffimit them; to see duly fed  
Their Fathers herds and flocks, in *Siclie*.  
These herds, and flocks, if to the Deitic  
Ye leue, as sacred things, vntoucht; and on  
Goe with all fit care of your home, alone,  
(Though through some sufferance) you yet safe shall land  
In wifhes *Ibaca*. But if impious hand  
You lay on those herds to their hurts: I then  
Prefage sure ruine, to thy ship and men.  
If thou escapst thy selfe, extending home  
Thy long'd for landing, thou shalt loded come  
With store of losses, most exceeding late,  
And not conforst with a sau'd mate.  
This said, the golden-thron'd *Aurora* rose;  
She, her way went, and I did mine dispole  
Vp to my ship; wchyd' Anchor, and away.  
When reverend *Circe*, helpt vs to conuiae  
Our vessell safe, by making well inclind  
A Sea mans true companion, a forewind;  
With which she fill'd our sails, when, fitting all  
Our Armes close by vs, I did fadly fall  
To graue relation, what concern'd in Fate  
My friends to know, and told them that the state  
Of our affaires succeede, which *Circe* had  
Prefag'd to me alone, must yet be made  
To one, nor onely two knowne; but to all:  
That since their liues and deaths were left to fall  
In their elections, they might life elect,  
And give what would preferue it, fit effect.  
I first inform'd them, that we were to flie  
The heauenly-singing *Sirens* harmony,  
And flowre-adorned Medow. And that I  
Had charge to heare their song; but fenterd fast  
In bands, vnfauor'd, to th'creed Mast;  
From whence, if I should pray; or vse command  
To be enlarg'd, they shoud with much more band  
Containe my fruglings. This I simply told  
To each particular, nor would withhold  
What most enioyn'd mine owne affections stay,  
That theirs the rather might be taught t'obey.  
In meane time, flew our ships; and straight we fetcht

The *Sirens* Ile; a spleenelesse wind, so stretch  
Her wings to waft vs, and so vrg'd our keele.  
But haung reaht this Ile, we could not feele  
The least gaspe of it: it was striken dead,  
And all the Sea, in prostrate flumber spread:  
The *Sirens* diuell charm'd all. Up then flew  
My friends to worke; strooke faille, together drew,  
And vnder hatches stowd them: fast, and pited  
Their polisht oares; and did in curs diuide  
The white-head waters. My part then came on;  
A mighty waxen Cake, I set vpon;  
Chopt it in fragments, with my fword; and wrought  
With strong hand, euer pece, till all were soft.  
The great powre of the Sunne, in such a beame  
As then flew burning from his Diademe,  
To liquefaction helpt vs. Orderlie,  
I stopt their eares; and they, as faire did ply  
My feete, and hands with cords; and to the Mast  
With other halfers, made me soundly fast.  
Then tooke they seate, and forth our passage strooke;  
The somie Sea, beneath their labour strooke.  
Rowd on, in reach of an erected voice;  
The *Sirens* soone tooke note, without our noise;  
Tun'd those sweete accents, that made charmes so strong;  
And these learn'd numbers, made the *Sirens* song:  
*Come here, thou worthy of a world of praise;*  
*That dost so high, the Grecian glory raise;*  
*Vlysses! stay thy ship; and that song heare*  
*That none past euer, but it bent his eare:*  
*But left him rawisht, and instructed more*  
*By vs, then any, euer heard before.*  
*For we know all things: whatsoeuer were*  
*In wide Troy labou'rd; whatsoeuer there*  
*The Grecians and the Trojans both sustain'd;*  
*By those high issues that the Gods ordain'd.*  
*And whatsoeuer, all the earth can shew*  
*To informe a knowledge of deserte, we know.*

This they gaue accent in the sweetest straine  
That ever open'd an enamour'd vaine.  
When, my constrain'd heart, needs would haue mine care  
Yet more delighted, force way forth, and heare.  
To which end I commanded, with all signe  
Sterne looks could make (for not a ioynt of mine  
Had powre to staire) my friends to rise, and giue  
My limbs free way. They freely striaud to druide  
Their ship still on. When (farre from will to lose)  
*Eurylochus*, and *Perimedes* role  
To wrap me surer, and opprest me more

## THE TWELFTH BOOKE

With many a halfer, then had vfe before.  
 When, rowing on, without the reach of sound,  
 My friends vnloft their eares; and me, vnbound:  
 And, that Ile quite we quittid. But agane  
 Fresh feares emploid vs. I beheld a mane  
 Of mighty billows, and a smoke ascend:  
 A horrid murmur hearing. Every friend  
 Astonisht fat: from every hand, his oare  
 Fell quite forsaken: with the dismal Rore  
 Where all things there made Echoes, stone still stood  
 Our ship it selfe: because the ghastly flood  
 Took all mens motions from her, in their owne:  
 I, through the ship went, labouring vp and downe  
 My friends recouerd spirits. One by one  
 I gaue good words, and laid: That well were knownne  
 These ills to them before: I told them all;  
 And that thefe could not proue, more capitall  
 Then those the *Cyclop*, blockt vs vp in; yet  
 My vertue, wit, and heauen-help Countailes, set  
 Their freedomes open. I could not beleue  
 But they remembred it, and wifht them give  
 My equall care, and meanes, now equall trust:  
 The strength they had, for fluring vp, they must  
 Rouze, and extend, to trie if *lone* had laid  
 His powres in theirs vp, and would adde his aid  
 To scape euен that death. In particular then  
 I told our Pylot, that past other men  
 He, most must bear firme spirits; since he swaid  
 The Continent, that all our spirits contaid  
 In his whole guide of her. He saw there boile  
 The fierie whiptoole; that to all our spoile  
 Incloſe a Rocke: without which, he must stere,  
 Or all our ruines stood concluded there.

All heard me, and obaid; and little knew  
 That, shunning that Rocke, sixe of them should rue  
 The wracke, another hid. For I conceald  
 The heauy wounds that never would be heald,  
 To be by *Scylla* opened; for their feare  
 Would then haue robd all, of all care to stere;  
 Oſt stirre an oare, and made them hide beneath:  
 When they, and all, had died an idle death.  
 But then, eu'en I forgot to shunne the harme  
*Circe* foreward: who wilid I ſhould not arame,  
 Nor ſhew my ſelfe to *Scylla*, left in vaine  
 I ventur'd life. Yet could not I containe  
 But arm'd at all parts; and two lances tooke:  
 Vp to the foredecke went, and thence did looke  
 That Rockie *Scylla* would haue fift appear'd,

And

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

And taken my life, with the friends I feard.  
 From thence yet, no place could afford her fight;  
 Though through the darke rocke, mine eye threw her light,  
 And ransackt all waies. I then tooke a ſtreight  
 That gaue my ſelfe, and ſome few more receipt  
 Twixt *Scylla*, and *Charybdis*; whence we ſaw  
 How horridly *Charybdis* throat did draw  
 The brackifh ſea vp, which, when all abroad  
 She ſpit againe out: neuer Caldron ſod  
 With ſo much feruor, fed with all the ſtore  
 That could enrage it. All the Rocke did rore  
 With troubl'd waters: round about the tops  
 Of all the ſteepē crags, flew the fomy drops.  
 But, when her draught, the ſea and earth diſſunderd,  
 The troubl'd bottomſ turnd vp, and the thunders;  
 Fare vnder ſhore, the ſwart lands naked lay.  
 Whose whole ſterne fight, the ſtartl'd blood did fray  
 From all our faces. And while we on her  
 Our eyes beſtowd thus, to our ruines ſcarē;  
 Sixe friends had *Scylla* ſnatcht out of our keele,  
 In whom, moſt loſſe, did force and virtus feele.  
 When looking to my ſhip, and lending eye  
 To ſee my friends estates, their heeles turnd hie,  
 And hands caſt vp, I might diſcernē; and heare  
 Their caſles to me for helpe, when now they were  
 To ty me in their laſt extremities.  
 And as an Angler, medicine for ſurprise  
 Of little fish, ſits powring from the rocks,  
 From out the crookt horne, of a fold-bred Ox;  
 And then with his long Angle, hoifts them hie  
 Vp to the Aire; then ſleightly hureles them by, S  
 When, helpleſſe ſprauling on the land they lie.  
 So eſeily *Scylla* to her Rocke had rapt  
 My woſfull friends; and ſo vnhelpt, entrapt  
 Strugling they lay beneath her violent rape;  
 Who in their torture, desperatē of eſcape;  
 Shriekt as ſhe tore; and vp, their hands to me  
 Still threw for ſweete life. I did neuer ſee  
 In all my ſufferance ransacking the ſeas,  
 A ſpectacle ſo full of miſeries.

Thus hauing fled theſe rocks (theſe cruell damaſes  
*Scylla*, *Charybdis*. ) where the king of flames  
 Hath offerings burn'd to him; our ſhip put in  
 The Iland, that from all the earth doth winne  
 The Epithete, *Fauſtelleſſe*: where the broad of head  
 And famous Oxen, for the Sunne are fed,  
 With many fat flockes of that high-gone God.  
 Set in my ſhip, mine eare reaſt, where we rod

## THE TWELFTH BOOKE

The bellowing of Oxen, and the bleate  
Of fleecis sheepe, that in my memories seate  
Put vp the formes, that late had bene imprest  
By dread *Alban Circe*, and the best  
Of Soules, and Prophets, the blind *Theban Seer*;  
The wife *Tiresias*, who was graue deccrer  
Of my retumres whole meanes. Of which, this one,  
In chiefe he vrg'd, that I shold alwaies shunne  
The Iland of the Man-delighting Sunne.  
When, (fad at heart for our late losse) I praid  
My friends to heare fit counsaile, (thoug dismaid  
With all ill fortunes) which was giuen to me  
By *Circe*, and *Tiresias* Prophecie;  
That I shold fie the Ile, where was ador'd  
The Comfort of the world : for ills, abhor'd  
Were ambusht for vs there; and therefore, willd  
They shold put off, and leane the Ile. This kill'd  
Their tender spirits, when *Eurylochus*  
A speech that vext me vitter'd, answering thus:  
Cruell *Nysses*! Since thy nerues abound  
In strength, the more spent; and no toyles confound  
Thy able lims, as all beate out of steele;  
Thou ablest vs to, as vnapt to feele  
The teeth of *Labor*, and the spoile of *Slepe*,  
And therefore still, wet wast vs in the deepe;  
Nor let vs land to eate; but madly, now;  
In Night, put forth, and leaue firme land to strow  
The Sea with errors. All the rabide flight  
Of winds that ruine ships, are bred in Night.  
Who is it, that can keepe off cruell Death,  
If sudainly should rush out th'angry breath  
Of *Natura*, or the eager-spirited Weft?  
That cuffe ships, dead; and do the Gods their best!  
Serue black Night still, with shore, meate, sleepe, and easie;  
And offer to the *Morning* for the feas.

This all the rest approu'd; and then knew I  
That past all doubt, the diuell did apply  
His slaughterous works. Nor would they be withheld;  
I was but one; nor yeelded, but compell'd.  
But all that might containe them, I assaid:  
A sacred oath, on all their powres I laid;  
That if with herds, or any ricchet flocks  
We chanc't to encounter, neither sheepe, nor Oxe  
We once should touch; nor (for that constant ill  
That follows folly) scone aduise, and kill:  
But quiet sit vs downe, and take such food  
As the immortall *Circe* had bestow'd.  
They swore all this, in all severit for;

And

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

And then we accord, in the winding Port,  
Neare a fresh Riuier, where the longd-for shore  
They all flew out to; tooke in vichtes store;  
And, being full, thought of their friends, and wept  
Their losse by *Scylla*; weeping till they slep.

In *Nights* third part; when stars began to stoope;  
The Cloud-assembler, put a Tempt vp.  
A boiftrous spirit he gaue it; draue out all  
His flocks of clouds; and let such darknesse fall,  
That Earth, and Seas for feare, to hide were driuen;  
For, with his clouds, he thrift out *Night* from heauen.

At *Morne*, we drew our ships into a caue,  
In which the *Nymphs*, that *Phabius* cattaille draue;  
Faire dancing Roomes had, and their seates of State.  
I vrg'd my friends then, that to shunne their Fate,  
They would obserue their oath; and take the food  
Our ship afforded; nor attempt the blood  
Of thole faire *Herds* and *Flocks*; because they were,  
That dreadfull Gods, that all could see, and heare.

They stood obseruant, and in that good mind  
Had we bene gone: but so aduerse the wind  
Stood to our passage, that we could not go.  
For one whole moneth, perpetually did blow  
Impetuous *Norts*; not a breaths repaire  
But his, and *Eurus*, rul'd in all the Aire.  
As long yet, as their ruddy wine, and bread  
Stood out amongst them; so long, not a head  
Of all those Oxen, fell in any strife  
Amongst those students for the gut, and life.  
But when their vichtes faid, they fell to prey:  
*Necesarie* compell'd them then, to stray  
In rape of fish, and fowle: what euer came  
In reach of hand or hooke; the bellies flame  
Afflicted to it. I then, fell to praire,  
And (making to a close *Retreate*, repaire  
Free from, both friends, and winds) I washt my hands,  
And all the Gods besought, that held commands  
In liberal heauen; to yeeld some meane to stay  
Their desperate hunger; and set vp the way  
Of our retурne restraint. The Gods, in steed  
Of giving what I prayd for, powre of deed,  
A dedlie sleep, did on my lids distill,  
For meane to worke vpon, my friends their fill.  
For, whiles I slept, there wak't no meane to curb  
Their headstrong wants, which he that did distract  
My rule, in chiefe, at all times; and was chiefe  
To all the rest in counsaile to their griefe;  
Knew well, and of, my present absence tooke

## THE TWELFTH BOOKE

His fit aduantage; and their iron strooke  
At highest heate. For (feeling their desire  
In his owne Entrails, to allay the fire  
That *Famine* blew in them) he thus gaue way  
To that affection : Hearre what I shall say,  
(Though words will stanch no hunger) every death  
To vs poore wretches, that draw temporall breath,  
You know, is hatefull; but all know, to die  
The Death of *Famine*, is a miserie  
Past all Death loathsome. Let vs therefore take  
The chiefe of this faire herd; and offerings make  
To all the Deathlesse that in broad heauen liue,  
And, in particular, vow, if we attiue  
In naturall *Itace*, to strait erect  
A Temple to the haughtie in aspect;  
Rich, and magnificent, and all within  
Decke it with Relicks many, and diuine.  
If yet, he stands incenst, since we haue slaine  
His high-browd herd; and therefore will sustaine  
Desire to wracke our ship : he is but one;  
And all the other Gods, that we attone  
With our diuine Rites, will their luffage give  
To our design'd returne, and let vs liue.  
If not; and all take part, I rather craue  
To serue with one sole Death, the yawning waue;  
Then, in a desart Iland, lie and sterue;  
And, with one pin'd life, many deaths obserue.

All cried, He counsailes nobly; and all speed  
Made to their resolute driving. For the feed  
Of thise coleblacke, faire, broad-browd, Sun-lou'd Beeues:  
Had place, close by our shipp. They tooke the liues  
Of sense, most eminent. About their fall  
Stood round, and to the States celestiall  
Made solemne vowed: But, other Rites, their ship  
Could not afford them; they did therefore strip  
The curld-head Oke, of fresh yong leaues, to make  
Supply of seruice for their Barly cake.  
And, on the sacredly enflam'd, for wine  
Powrd purest waters; all the parts diuine  
Spitting, and rosting: all the Rites beside  
Orderly vsing. Then did light diuide  
My low, and vpper lids; when, my repaire  
Made neare my shipp, I met the delicate ayre  
Their rost exhal'd. Out instantly I cried;  
And said, O *Iwe*, and all ye Deified,  
Ye haue opprest me with a cruell sleepe;  
While ye confest on me, a losse as deepe  
As *Death* descendes to. To themselues, alone

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

191  
My rude men, left vngouernd; they haue done  
A deed so impious, I stand well asur'd  
That you will not forgiue, though ye procr'd.

Then flew *Lempette*, with the ample Robe,  
Vp to her Father, with the golden Globe;  
*Ambasidress*, informe him, that my men  
Had slaine his Oxen. Heart-incenfed then;  
He cried, Reuenge me (Father, and the rest  
Both euer liuing, and for euer blest.)  
*Vlysses* impious men, haue drawne the blood  
Of thosse my Oxen, that it did me good  
To looke on, walking, all my starrie round;  
And when I trod earth, all with medowes crown'd  
Without your full amends, Ile leaue heauen quite;  
*Du*, and the Dead, adorning with my light.

The Cloud-herd answerd, Son! thou shalt be ours,  
And light those mortals, in that Mine of floweres;  
My red hote flashe, shall grafe but on their ship,  
And eate it, burning, in the boylng deepe.

This by *Calypso*, I was told, and she  
Inform'd it, from the verger *Mercurie*.

Come to our ship; I chid, and told by name  
Each man, how impiously he was to blame.  
But chiding got no peace; the Beeues were slaine:  
When straight the Gods, fore-went their following paine  
With dire Ostents. The hicles, the flesh had lost,  
Crept, all before them. As the flesh did rost  
It bellowed like the Oxen it selfe, alive.  
And yet my soulidiers, did their dead Beeues drieue  
Through all thes Prodigies, in daily feasts,  
Sixe daies they banqueted, and sluc fresh beasts,  
And when the seuenth day, *Iwe* reduc't the wind  
That all the moneth rag'd; and so in did bind  
Our ship, and vs, was turnd, and calm'd; and we  
Lancht, put vp Masts; Sails hoisid, and to Sca.

The Iland left so farre; that land no where;  
But onely sea, and skie, had powre to appere,  
*Iwe* fixt a cloud aboue our ship; so blacke  
That all the sea it darkned. Yet from wracke  
She ranne a good free tyme: tll from the West  
Came *Zephrye* ruffling forth, and put his breast  
Our, in a singeing tempest; so moist vsht,  
It burst the Gables, that made sure our Mast;  
Our Masts came tumbling downe: our cartell downe,  
Rusht to the Pump: and by our *Pylos*'s crowne  
The maine Mast, past his fall, pasht all his Skull,  
And all this wracke, but one flaw, made at full.  
Off from the Sterne, the Sternesman, diuining fell,

My

And

## THE TWELFTH BOOKE

And from his sinewes, flew his Soule to hell.  
 Together, all this time, *lones* Thunder chid,  
 And through, and through the ship, his lightning glid.  
 Till it embrac't her round : her bulke was fill'd  
 With nasty sulphur ; and her men were kill'd:  
 Tumbld to Sea, like Sea-mews swumme about,  
 And there the date of their retурne was out.  
 I tost from side to side still, till all broke  
 Her Ribs were with the storme : and she did choke  
 With let-in Surges; for, the Mast torn downe;  
 Tore her vp pecemeale; and for me to drowne  
 Left little vndissolu'd. But to the Mast  
 There was a lether Thong left, which I cast  
 About it, and the keele, and so far tost  
 With banefull weather, till the West had lost  
 His stormy tyranny. And then arose  
 The South, that bred me more abhorr'd woes;  
 For backe againe his blasts expell'd me, quite  
 On rauenous *Charybdis*. All that *Night*  
 I totter'd vp and downe, till *Light*, and I  
 At *Scylla* Rocke encounter'd, and the nie  
 Dreadfull *Charybdis*. As I draue on these,  
 I saw *Charybdis*, supping vp the seas,  
 And had gone vp together, if the tree  
 That bore the wilde figs, had not refu'd me;  
 To which I leapt, and left my keele, and hie  
 Chambring vpon it, did as close imly  
 My breft about it, as a Reremouse could:  
 Yet , might my feete, on no stub fasten hold  
 To easfe my hands : the roots were crept so low  
 Beneath the earth; and so aloft did grow  
 The far-spred armes, that (though good height I gat)  
 I could not reach them. To the maine Bole, flat  
 I therefore still must cling; till vp againe  
 She belch'd my Mast, and after that, amaine  
 My keele came tumbling : so at length it chanc't,  
 To me, as to a Judge, that long aduanc't  
 To judge a sort of hote yong fellowes iarrs,  
 At length time frees him from their ciuill warres;  
 When, glad, he riseth, and to dinner goes;  
 So time, at length, releasft with ioyes my woes,  
 And from *Charybdis* mouth, appear'd my keele.  
 To which (my hand, now loof'd, and now, my heele  
 I altogether, with a huge noise, dropt;  
 Lust in her midft fell, where the Mast was propt;  
 And there rowd off, with owers of my hands.  
 God, and *Charybdis* Father, would not, from her lands  
 Let *Scylla* fee me; for I then had died

That

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

That bitter death, that my poore friends supplied,  
 Nine Daisies at Sea, I houer'd : the tenth *Night*  
 In th'le *Ogygia*, where about the bright  
 And right renoun'd *Calypso*, I was cast  
 By powre of Deitie; Where I liu'd embrac't  
 With *Lone*, and feasts. But why shoul'd I relate  
 Thoſe kind occurrents? I ſhoul'd iterate  
 What I in part, to your chaste Queene and you  
 So late imparted. And for me to grow  
 A talker ouer of my tale againe,  
 Were past my free contentment to sustaine.

*Finis duodecimi libri Hom. Odyſſe.*

Opus nouem dictum.

Euu 6ic.

